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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW

OR

CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR

OCTOBER, 1842 . . . . JANUARY, 1843.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

JUDEX DAMNATUR CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.
PUBLIUS SYRUS.

VOL. LXXVI.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND HUGHES,
FOR LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS, LONDON;
AND ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK, EDINBURGH.

1843.

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1842.

No. CLIII.

ART. I.—*History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in* 1789, *to the Restoration of the Bourbons in* 1815. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, Esq., F.R.S.E., Advocate. 10 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh and London: 1839–1842.

THERE is much in Mr Alison's History of the French Revolution against which we intend to record our decided protest; and there are some parts of it which we shall feel compelled to notice with strong disapprobation. We therefore hasten to preface our less favourable remarks by freely acknowledging that the present work is, upon the whole, a valuable addition to European literature, that it is evidently compiled with the utmost care, and that its narration, so far as we can judge, is not perverted by the slightest partiality.

A complete history, by an English author, of all the great events which took place in Europe from 1789 to 1815, has long been a *desideratum;* and whatever may be the imperfections of Mr Alison's work, we cannot say that it does not supply the vacancy. Its defects, or what we deem such, are matter partly of taste, and partly of political opinion. Some readers may consider them as beauties—many will overlook them; and even the most fastidious must acknowledge that they are not such as materially to interfere with the great plan of the work. Its merits

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are minuteness and honesty—qualities which may well excuse a faulty style, gross political prejudices, and a fondness for exaggerated and frothy declamation.

We cannot better illustrate the fulness and authenticity of Mr Alison's history, than by quoting his own statement of the admirable plan on which he has selected and applied his authorities. His invariable rule, we are informed by his Preface, has been 'to give, on every occasion, the authorities by volume and page 'from which the statement in the text was taken. . . . Not 'only are the authorities for every paragraph invariably given, 'but in many instances also those for every sentence have been 'accumulated in the margin. . . . . Care has been taken 'to quote a preponderance of authority, in every instance where 'it was possible, from writers on the opposite side to that which 'an English historian may be supposed to adopt; and the reader 'will find almost every fact in the internal history of the Revolution, supported by two Republican and one Royalist authority; and every event in the military narrative drawn from at 'least two writers on the part of the French, and one on that of 'their opponents.' We feel convinced that Mr Alison has acted up to the spirit of this candid and judicious system throughout his whole work. We cannot, of course, pretend to have verified his statements by constant reference to the writers from whom he has drawn his information. The events which he records are of such recent occurrence, and such deep interest, that the enormous mass of details published respecting them may well defy the curiosity of an ordinary reader. But we are bound to remark, that whenever we have been led to compare the conflicting accounts of any important event in Mr Alison's history, we have almost invariably found that his narrative steers judiciously between them, and combines the most probable and consistent particulars contained in each. We apply this remark more especially to his narration of the intestine commotions of the French Revolution, and of the military conflicts of the Empire—particularly those which occurred in Spain. No one, we think, can read the various accounts of the troubles which led to the Reign of Terror, as collected in the able work of Professor Smyth, or the histories of the Peninsular war by Napier, Foy, and others, without feeling satisfied of the care and judgment which Mr Alison has shown in constantly selecting, where authorities differ, the most probable and most authoritative statements.

We have already hinted our opinion, that Mr Alison's general style is not attractive. It is not, however, at least in the narrative part of his work, either feeble or displeasing. Its principal

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defect is the cumbrous and unwieldy construction of its sentences, which frequently cause them to appear slovenly and obscure, and sometimes render their precise meaning doubtful. We quote, almost at random, a single passage by way of specimen:—'Mortier, following the orders which he had received to keep nearly 'abreast of, though a little behind the columns on the right 'bank, and intent only upon inflicting loss upon the Russian 'troops which he knew had passed the river, and conceived to 'be flying across his line of march from the Danube towards 'Moravia, was eagerly emerging from the defiles of Diernstein, 'beneath the Danube, and the rocky hills beneath the towers of 'the castle where Richard Cœur de Lion was once immured, 'when he came upon the Russian rearguard, under Milaradowitch, 'posted in front of Stein, on heights commanding the only road 'by which he could advance, and supported by a powerful artil-'lery.'—(v. 444.) We have purposely selected a sentence obscure merely by its length and involution, and not disfigured by any tangible solecism; and we believe we speak within compass when we say, that it would be difficult to select half-a-dozen consecutive pages, from any part of Mr Alison's work, in which one or more passages of at least equally faulty construction might not be found. But there are not wanting offences of a still less excusable nature. Whenever the historian warms with his subject, he is constantly hurried into the most singular verbal blunders—some puzzling, some ludicrous—but all of a kind which a careful reperusal could scarcely have failed to discover. We quote three or four instances, not for the sake of ridiculing a few slight oversights in a long and laborious work, but in order to draw Mr Alison's attention to a defect which, comparatively trivial as it is, might give great and unjust advantage to critics less disposed than we are to treat him kindly. Thus he speaks of the '*vast* and varied inhabitants' of the French empire—a phrase which can scarcely be actually misunderstood, but which sounds ludicrously inapplicable, considering that the average size of the French conscripts is stated, a few pages before, at only five feet English.—(ix. 105.) In 1800, the French armies appear to have unjustly seized some English vessels at Leghorn, 'an ac-'quisition which,' in the singular phraseology of Mr Alison, 'speedily *recoiled upon the heads* of those who acquired them.' —(iv. 381.) In the campaign of Austerlitz we find the Austrians defeated by Murat, 'who made 1800 of their wearied '*columns* prisoners,' (v. 406.)—a capture which, supposing the statement to be literally true, and the columns of average size, must have embraced nearly the whole male population of the empire. And shortly after, we are informed, that the French

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army celebrated the anniversary of Napoleon's coronation by the 'spontaneous combustion' of their huts.—(v. 474.) We will not go farther with examples of this sort, but we cannot forbear soliciting Mr Alison's attention to two crying defects;—his profuse and unscrupulous use of the most barbarous Scotticisms, and the confused and even ambiguous arrangement of his antecedents and relatives. With all these imperfections, Mr Alison's history has merits sufficient to atone, even to those readers who consider only their own amusement, for the want of an easy and polished style. The stirring interest of the events which he relates, his judgment in selecting striking traits of character for preservation, his earnest seriousness of manner, and his obvious honesty of purpose—all combine to make his narrative on the whole both interesting and impressive.

We cannot speak so favourably of the disquisitions on political events, and characters, which abound throughout his work. With all our respect for his merits as a historian, we are bound to declare our honest opinion, that the attempts displayed in them at impassioned and declamatory eloquence, are generally very far below mediocrity. We have already noticed some of the blunders into which he has been betrayed in the course of his ordinary narrative. Few writers soar more easily or more securely than they walk; and Mr Alison's oratorical digressions abound in examples of pointless anti-climax, of quaint and ungrammatical inversion, of the carefully balanced antithesis of synonymous ideas, of periods rounded with sonorous pomp, yet constructed with slovenly obscurity. But we are in haste to dismiss this ungracious part of our task, and we shall therefore content ourselves with pointing out a few individual blemishes, the removal of which we are particularly anxious to effect.

Figurative illustrations are as fatal to Mr Alison as they are, indeed, to most writers who are at once careless and ambitious. His opinion of the age of George III. is expressed by an astronomical metaphor, which he has contrived to distort with a perverse ingenuity rarely surpassed. 'Bright,' he says, 'as were 'the *stars* of its *morning* light, more brilliant still was the *con*-'*stellation* which shone forth in its *meridian* splendour, or cast 'a glow over the twilight of its evening shades.'—(vii. 3.) The simile would have been perfect of its kind, if Mr Alison had but added that his constellation had disappeared, as constellations are wont to do, in the darkness of the ensuing night. In the same manner, he speaks of a narrative as 'tinged with undue 'bias,' (Pref. xxxi.)—of a historical work as 'closed with a ray 'of glory,' (Pref. xxxviii.)—of a truth as 'proclaimed in cha-'racters of fire to mankind,' (viii. 7.) We cannot omit the two

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following sentences, which we consider to be almost unique. The first contains a simile which to us is utterly unintelligible—the other an elaborate confusion of metaphor, which nothing but the most patient ingenuity can unravel. 'In 1787,' says Mr Alison, 'Goethe, profound and imaginative, was reflecting on the 'destiny of man on earth, *like a cloud which "turns up its silver 'lining to the moon."*'—(vii. 103.) 'In Linnæus she (Sweden) 'has for ever unfolded the hidden key by which the endless variety 'of floral beauty is to be classified, and the mysterious link is 'preserved between vegetable and animal life.'—(viii. 612*.)

Mr Alison does not wear his borrowed plumes with a better grace than his original ornaments. The following is an instance of a fine thought carelessly appropriated and thoroughly spoiled. The British Bard in Gray's famous ode speaks of the banners of his victorious enemy as 'fanned by conquest's crimson wing.' Mr Alison has adorned a passage of his history with this easy and spirited metaphor; but he has most unskilfully transferred the ventilation from the banners to the minds of the conquerors, and assures us, that 'it is not while "fanned by conquest's crimson 'wing," that the *real motives* of human conduct can be made ap-'parent.'—(ix. 104.) A similar and still more painful example of bad taste is to be found in the very next page. 'All the *springs*,' says he, 'which the world can furnish to sustain the fortunes of an 'empire, were in full activity, and worked with consummate 'ability; but *one* (query *three?*) was wanting, without which, 'in the hour of trial, all the others are but as *tinkling brass*—a 'belief in God, a sense of duty, and a faith in immortality.' The celebrated passage from which Mr Alison has here borrowed an illustration, is familiar to all our readers. It is that in which St Paul compares the eloquence of an idle declaimer to the tinkling of a cymbal. The original phrase is one of such admirable point and force as to have become almost proverbial. But how has its merit survived Mr Alison's appropriation? He seizes on one half of the simile, severs it from the other, and tacks it to a new object with which it has no natural connexion whatever. Nothing can be more apt and lively than the comparison of unmeaning verbosity to the empty ringing of metal, as every one who studies Mr Alison's specimens of declamation will allow. But how does such a comparison express the inefficiency of a mechanical force? For aught we know, a spring may be of brass, and of tinkling brass too, and yet be sufficiently strong and elastic. A better illustration, or a worse adaptation, of the apostle's forcible image, than the passage just quoted, we do not expect again to see.

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Tedious self-repetition, the most inveterate fault of careless and declamatory writers, has been carried by Mr Alison to an almost unprecedented extent. We have neither space nor time to extract some of his digressions, in which the selfsame current of ideas is run through twice or thrice in various language. But the mere recurrence of favourite phrases cannot fail to strike and displease the most careless reader. The bow of Esop, the small black cloud of Elijah, the boon of Polypheme to Ulysses, together with numberless less remarkable allusions and expressions, are applied three or four times each, precisely under the same circumstances, and almost in the same words. Winds, waves, meteors, thunderbolts, earthquakes, and similar phenomena of all sorts, are constantly ready to be let loose upon the reader; nor, however frequently he may have sustained them, is he ever, for a single page, secure against their recurrence. As a proof that we have not exaggerated the frequency of this unpleasing practice, we must, in justice to ourselves, refer our readers to the first fifteen pages of Mr Alison's *eighth* volume; within which short space they will find no less than thirteen similes and illustrations drawn from light and colour, of which nearly one-half are crowded into twenty-five consecutive lines, and no less than four are expressed in the same identical phrase.

We do not think it necessary to apologise for having dwelt so long upon a subject which we have already admitted to be of secondary importance. If we believed that Mr Alison had failed in one branch of his history from real want of ability, we should have thought it ungenerous to mortify the author of a valuable and laborious work, by cavilling at the false taste of its embellishments. But we cannot imagine that this is the case. It is impossible that a man of Mr Alison's talents and knowledge should be deliberately blind to the defects and the nonsense we have been quoting. Most of these blemishes are such as a little reflection would induce a sensible schoolboy to strike out of his theme. We are apt to think that Mr Alison has neglected these parts of his work; that he has sketched them when fatigued and excited by his labours; and that he has left the first rough draught unaltered for publication. We are unwilling to deal harshly with such errors. There is something both striking and gratifying in the spectacle of a writer who is scrupulous of historical truth and justice, but negligent of his own literary fame—who lavishes that time and trouble in ascertaining his facts which he omits to employ in polishing his style. We are confident that Mr Alison might, with a little care and patience, correct more serious faults than those we have noticed;

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and should this prove to be the case, we shall not be sorry if we have made him feel a certain degree of regret for their commission.

As a military historian, Mr Alison has received general and merited applause. His narratives of warlike operations are well arranged, minute, and spirited; and display considerable scientific knowledge. He is particularly remarkable for the clear and accurate descriptions which he never fails to give of the situations in which the most important manœuvres of the war took place. His sketches are written with as much spirit as topographical knowledge; and he not only impresses on the memory the principal features of the scene of action, but generally succeeds in conveying a vivid picture of them to the imagination. He appears, indeed, to have been induced, by his strong interest in the subject, to visit most of Napoleon's fields of battle in person; and it is but just to say, that he has surveyed them with the feeling of an artist and the precision of a tactician.

The lively colouring of Mr Alison's descriptions of battles is, in general, as pleasing as the accuracy of the outline is praiseworthy. He has a strong and manly sympathy with military daring and devotion, which never blinds him to the sufferings inflicted by war, but which leads him to give warm and impartial praise to every brave action, by whichever party achieved. We might easily fill our pages with interesting extracts of this nature; but we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the work itself. There is scarcely an important victory of the war which Mr Alison has not related in the fullest detail, and with the strictest impartiality. We may also remark the successful art with which he occasionally pauses, in the most critical moment of a great battle, to remind his readers, by a word dexterously thrown in, of the mighty interests at stake. It is an artifice to which he has perhaps too freely resorted, but which he occasionally employs with marked effect.

Still, Mr Alison's finest descriptions are occasionally marred by the same faults which we have remarked in his political dissertations; by the same tendency to flights of poetical extravagance; the same wearisome repetitions; the same flow of sonorous verbosity. We forbear to recommence our reluctant strictures upon these faults of style; but there is a single error which we are unwilling to pass over, because we believe it to be peculiar to this branch of the narrative. We allude to the occasional substitution of the present for the past tense in the relation of events. It is one of the most unimpressive and unpleasing artifices which a writer can employ—rarely admis-

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sible in narrative poetry, scarcely ever in prose romance, and utterly inconsistent with the sober dignity of the historical style. Much of all this is, no doubt, to be attributed to the incorrectness of taste indisputably displayed by Mr Alison in many of the more impassioned passages of his work; but much, we suspect, is owing to an injudicious and indiscriminate, though just and laudable, admiration for the genius of a rival historian.

Mr Alison frequently speaks with warm and generous applause of the ardent military eloquence which distinguishes the style of Colonel Napier. Nothing can be more handsomely expressed than this feeling; but we suspect that it has occasionally betrayed Mr Alison into unconscious, and not always happy, imitation. We appreciate as highly as any one the force and originality of the language employed by this great military historian. Among all his high qualities none is more conspicuous than the warmth and vigour of his narration. It is impossible not to feel animated by the fiery energy, and the graphic minuteness of his descriptions. But his most partial admirers will allow, that the more fanciful and brilliant peculiarities of his style, are such as must make all attempts at imitation difficult and dangerous to an unusual degree. Its fervent impetuosity occasionally overpowers even its master, and it is unlikely to prove more docile in less familiar hands. Colonel Napier's genius, if we may be pardoned the comparison, resembles those Indian *figurantes* described by Captain Mundy in his amusing sketches, whose chief difficulty is to restrain within graceful limits the superabundant suppleness and agility of their limbs. It is the luxuriant vivacity of the writer's imagination, and his unlimited command of pointed and original language, that occasion the principal blemishes in his style. And it is impossible to deny, that when he gives the rein to his fancy, it occasionally hurries him across the fatal step which separates the sublime, we will not say from the ridiculous, but assuredly from the quaint and grotesque.

We are far from accusing Mr Alison of caricaturing Colonel Napier's manner. We think his descriptions a softened, and in some respects an improved copy of those of his great original. But Colonel Napier's battle-pieces are in a style which will not bear softening—we had almost said, in a style which will not bear improvement. We know no description so appropriate to it as the quaint expression applied by Henry Grattan to Lord Chatham's oratory—that 'it was very great, and very odd.' Its eccentricity cannot be corrected without weakening its energy; it is either strikingly yet irregularly lofty, or it becomes tame, hollow, and exaggerated. With Colonel Napier himself the last is never the case. His faults are as racy and as characteristic as

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his beauties; and in his boldest offences against taste, his originality and vigour are conspicuous.

Still, this lively melodramatic style, even when most successful, is not that which we prefer for historical narrative. We are no very rigid advocates for what is called the *dignity* of history. We have no doubt that thousands of interesting facts have perished, never to be recovered, by the supercilious neglect of over formal historians. We would have all circumstances preserved which can add the least effect to the narrative, however trivial they may appear. But we do not see the advantage of ornamental descriptions, however striking in themselves, which comprise merely general and common-place particulars, such as could not but accompany the main facts related. There is, surely, something unpleasing in seeing a historian, while recounting events which shook and terrified all Europe, glance aside to notice the trembling of the earth under a heavy cannonade, or the glittering of helmets in a charge of cavalry. We object to such flights, not because they are beneath the *dignity* of the narrative, but because they diminish the simplicity to which it must owe much of its awful effect; and because they can be far more imposingly supplied by the imagination of the reader. It is not by such rhetorical arts as these, that the great masters of history have produced their most successful effects. Thucydides has never once throughout his work departed from the grave and simple dignity of his habitual style. Yet what classical scholar will ever forget the condensed pathos and energy with which he has described the desolation of Athens during the pestilence, or the overthrow of the Syracusan expedition? Froissart is a still more extraordinary instance. Without for a moment suffering himself to be raised above his ordinary tone of easy and almost childish garrulity, he has yet attained that chivalrous ardour of expression, which, to borrow the emphatic words of Sidney, 'stirs the heart like the sound of a trumpet.' What soldier ever read without enthusiasm his account of the battle of Crecy? Not, we are confident, Colonel Napier, whose warm and ready sympathy with the brave is one of his noblest qualities as a historian. The brilliant array of the French chivalry—the fierce gestures and 'fell cry' of the undisciplined Genoese—the motionless silence of the English archery—the sudden and deadly flight of arrows—the mad confusion of the routed army;—all are painted with the life and vigour of Homer himself. And yet the chronicler has not employed a shade of fanciful colouring or poetical ornament—his whole narrative is full of the same simple and delightful *naïveté* with which he commends the innocence of the Black Prince's oaths; or cele-

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brates the 'small hat of beaver' which became Edward III. so marvellously at the battle of Sluys. In reading such passages as these, we feel the same admiration as in seeing an athlete perform some feat of surpassing strength, without the distortion of a feature or a muscle. They are, in comparison with the florid and highly wrought style on which we have been remarking, what the Belvedere Apollo is in comparison with the beautiful statue of the Attacking Gladiator. Both figures are admirable works of art, and both are represented in the act of vehement and victorious exertion. But how striking is the contrast between the desperate energy of the mortal, and the serene indifference of the divinity!

During the twenty-five years included in Mr Alison's History, Europe was so perpetually involved in war, that in giving our opinion of his merits as a military historian, we may be said to have pronounced upon those of the whole narrative part of his work. But he has taken great pains to give his readers the most complete information of all the internal transactions of the chief European nations, during that period. He has, as he informs us, made it his rule 'to give the arguments for and against 'any public measures in the words of those who originally brought 'them forward, without any attempt at paraphrase or abridgement. 'This is more particularly the case in the debates of the National 'Assembly of France, the Parliament of England, and the Coun-'cil of State under Napoleon. . . . . It is', as he justly remarks, 'the only mode by which the spirit and feelings of the 'moment could be faithfully transmitted to posterity, or justice 'done to the motives, on either side, which influenced mankind.'—(Pref. xliv.) 'Providence,' says Mr Alison, 'has so interwoven 'human affairs, that when we wish to retrace the revolutions of a 'people, and to investigate the causes of their grandeur or misfor-'tune, we are insensibly conducted step by step to their cradle.'—(ii. 536.) The historian has accordingly interwoven with his narrative several very interesting and comprehensive sketches of the previous history and political state of those nations who took the most prominent share in events. We may particularize those of France, England, Russia, Turkey, and Poland, as the most complete and elaborate. They include a general description of the population, of the nature and capabilities of the countries in question, and contain much valuable statistical information. We think Mr Alison mistaken in some of the maxims and theories which he draws from these views of European history; but it is impossible to refuse him the merit of much accurate knowledge, and much patient and ingenious reflection.

Mr Alison's principal and fatal error is one which we can only

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lament; for we can neither blame him for its existence, nor wonder at its effects—he is a rigid, a sincere, and an intolerant Tory. This is the whole extent of his offence. His opinions are displayed with sufficient fairness, if not always with perfect taste and modesty;—he does not permit them to pervert his statements of facts, though he seldom loses an opportunity of asserting them in all their uncharitable austerity. To this practice every liberal-minded reader, of however opposite principles, will easily reconcile himself. He will, it is true, have to travel through an interesting tract of history, in company with an honourable opponent, instead of a sympathizing friend. He will necessarily lose much pleasure, and some instruction; but a few precautions will ensure him against injury or annoyance.

In common with nearly all political writers of the present day, we have had repeated occasion to pronounce our opinion both upon revolutions in general, and in particular upon that which forms the main subject of Mr Alison's history. We shall not, of course, repeat our arguments in detail; as we see no occasion to correct the conclusions which we drew from them. We shall merely allude to them so far as may be necessary for the purpose of comparing them with the opinions of Mr Alison respecting the causes, the character, and the consequences of the French Revolution.

We must, however, preface our observations by declaring, that we have found considerable difficulty in extracting any consistent and definite opinion, from the present work, upon the general tendency of that event. We have been wholly unable to reconcile the author's calm and just remarks upon the nature of the French government under the ancient *régime*, with his vague and incoherent bursts of invective against the spirit by which it was subverted. He speaks of violent revolutions, sometimes as the stern but beneficial punishments of tyranny and corruption—sometimes as national fits of insanity, the judgment of Providence upon moral profligacy and religious scepticism. His *logic* convinces us that what he is pleased to call the revolutionary mania is in itself a very natural feeling—the instinctive desire of the oppressed for peace and security. His *rhetoric* would persuade us that it is a mysterious epidemic, displaying itself merely by a morbid thirst for innovation, and an insane delight in crime. In his second chapter, he details nearly a dozen intolerable grievances which existed in France down to the first outbreak of popular violence; almost any one of which would appear, to a freeborn Englishman, sufficient to cause a civil war. He then proceeds to notice several circumstances which were likely to render the French nation, at that moment, peculiarly impatient of

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the hardships they had to endure. So far, nothing can be more satisfactory. He has clearly shown that a sudden and violent change was inevitable; and that, without the utmost skill and firmness in the government, that change was likely to be followed by fatal excesses. But he goes on to declare, in all the emphasis of capital type, that 'the circumstances which have now been mentioned, without doubt *contributed* to the formation of that discontent which formed the predisposing cause of the Revolution. But the exciting cause, as physicians would say—the immediate source of the convulsion—was the SPIRIT OF INNOVATION, which, like a malady, overspread France at that crisis, precipitated all classes into a passion for changes, of which they were far from perceiving the ultimate effects, and in the end produced evils far greater than those they were intended to remove. . . . It would seem,' he adds, 'as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, an universal frenzy seizes mankind; reason, experience, prudence, are alike blinded, and the very persons who are to perish in the storm are the first to raise its fury.'—(i. 149.) This is a good specimen of the superficial verbiage which formed the chorus of the English Tory press fifty years ago. We confess that we always considered it strange language to come from shrewd, sensible men of the world—from men who, when reasoning on the crimes and follies of social life, would have been the first to laugh such vague jargon to scorn. Still these men had at least an excuse which Mr Alison has not. The explanation, bad as it was, was the best they had to give. They did not possess the information which we now have, respecting the system which had brutalized and enraged the French people; and if they had, they might be excused, at such a crisis, for failing to reason justly upon it. But we are at a loss to conceive how Mr Alison can think it necessary to aid the effect of his able and conclusive details, by a solution so feeble and unmeaning as the above. We forgive the schoolmen of the middle ages for saying that the water rises in the pump because nature abhors a vacuum; for the answer was merely a pompous confession of ignorance. But what should we think of a modern philosopher who should solve the same problem by telling us—'The pressure of the external atmosphere overcomes that of the rarefied air in the cylinder; this circumstance, without doubt, contributes to the phenomenon; but its immediate cause is, that nature abhors a vacuum!' If Mr Alison means, by the 'spirit of innovation,' that natural wish for redress which is the consequence of intolerable suffering, then the sentence we have quoted, besides being a truism in itself, is incorrect in

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its application; for that spirit must have been an intermediate, not a collateral cause of the Revolution. But this he does *not* mean; for it would be absurd to call so rational a desire an inscrutable frenzy. It is therefore clear that he speaks of 'a spirit of innovation,' wholly unconnected with existing inconveniences—a spirit against which the wisest institutions cannot guard, and which is almost as likely to break forth in a free, as in an oppressed nation. We shall permit ourselves a few observations upon this theory; because, briefly as it is here expressed, it appears to be the text of most of his mournful and discouraging speculations both upon the future destiny of France, and the progress of Reform throughout the world.

In the first place, the remark naturally occurs, that admitting the possibility of the explanation, we do not want its assistance. Mr Alison has ably shown that the worst follies and excesses of the Revolution may be fully accounted for by the ordinary motives of human conduct. Why then have recourse to 'causes 'inscrutable to human wisdom?' Why call down a divinity, when the knot can be disentangled by mortal skill? Assume, if you will, that nations, like elephants, are subject to periodical accesses of frenzy; but why apply your theory to such a case where every provocation existed to justify an outbreak of natural resentment? Nothing can, by Mr Alison's account, be more evident, than that the political privileges of the noblesse, the oppressions of the feudal law, and the ruinous state of the finances, must have been in 1789 sources of daily and hourly annoyance to the great majority of the French nation. Most of them, even in the plebeian class, must, in the existing state of intelligence, have felt that their property had been injured, and their prospects in life disappointed, by the accident of their birth. And surely they must have been the meekest race in existence, if the severity of their sufferings, and the consciousness of their strength, and the knowledge of the impotence of their oppressors, would all have been insufficient to urge them to violence, without the assistance of this casual fit of unaccountable insanity.

In speaking thus, we fully bear in mind the wild and visionary speculations which were so common in France at the time of the Revolution. But we cannot see the necessity of referring these delusions to inscrutable causes. No one will deny that a frantic spirit of innovation *did* exist in France at that period;—the question is, whether it originated in natural resentment or spontaneous frenzy—whether, in short, the nation was driven mad, or went mad of its own accord. The latter, as we have seen, is Mr Alison's opinion; and this opinion induces him, as well it may,

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to fear that the feelings which convulsed France half a century since, may be awakened in free and well-governed countries by the progress of constitutional reform. To us nothing can seem more natural than that men, who knew no more of political liberty than a blind man knows of light, should form an extravagant notion of its blessings. All our ideas of human nature would have been confounded, if we had found the French Jacobins recommending the constitution of 1789 in the calm and rational language in which Hampden might have spoken for the abolition of the Star-Chamber, or Lord Somers for the Bill of Rights. It is certain that nations, like individuals, are sometimes captivated by delusive theories. But we appeal to the common sense of our readers whether any reasonable being ever abandoned substantial comforts, or confronted real dangers, with no better motives. Can it be conceived that empty dreams about universal equality, and an age of innocence, would have nerved peaceable men to defy the cannon of the Bastile? Would the mob have massacred good and popular rulers for the sake of resembling Brutus and Timoleon? When an *homme-de-lettres* risked his life as a demagogue, was it to realize his fancies of republics and democracies, or to escape from hopeless poverty and obscurity? When a peasant set fire to the chateau of Monseigneur, was it because he admired the eloquence of Danton or Desmoulins, or because he found it easier to revolt at once, than to stay at home and be ruined by *corvées* and feudal services?

At the conclusion of his first chapter, Mr Alison has explained, with admirable sense and moderation, the causes of the sanguinary violence which distinguished the French Revolution. We are not sure that his remarks upon the various crimes which he has to relate, are always characterized by the same rational calmness; but he has here at least recorded his deliberate opinion, that the atrocities of the French populace were the natural and inevitable fruit of the oppression which they had suffered. We have long ago expressed our belief, that the excesses of every popular convulsion will generally be proportioned to the misgovernment which occasioned it. We are aware that this has been eagerly disputed; but, without pausing to discuss particular examples, we submit that the general rule approaches very nearly to a truism. Will not the violence of the popular party in a revolution be in proportion to their exasperation and their political ignorance? And will not their exasperation be in proportion to their sufferings, and their political ignorance to their inexperience in the use of political power?

Of course, no one will deny that the exactness of the propor-

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tion may be disturbed by various causes. The influence of accidental circumstances, the authority of particular classes, even the personal character of individuals, may have the greatest effect in exciting or restraining popular revenge. We need not remind our readers of the various unhappy coincidences which combined to increase the natural resentment of the French nation;—of the foolish weakness, and more foolish insolence of the court, the unprincipled character of the popular leaders, the want of moral and religious feeling among the lower classes. Still, we do not comprehend the argument which attributes the crimes and impieties of that unhappy time to the demoralizing effects of the Revolution itself. Sudden anarchy may bring evil passions and infidel opinions to light; but we do not understand how it can bring them into existence. Men do not insult their religion and massacre their fellow-creatures, simply because it is in their power. The desire to do so must previously exist, and in France we have every proof that it did exist. We might give innumerable instances of the cruel and vindictive temper displayed from the most ancient times by the lower classes in France. In the *Jacquerie*, in the civil wars of the *Bourguignons* and *Armagnacs*, and in the seditions of the *League* and the *Fronde*, they constantly displayed the ferocity naturally excited by slavery and oppression. Their scorn for Christianity, though more recently acquired, had become, long before the Revolution of 1789, as inveterate as their desire for revenge. We shall give, in Mr Alison's own words, one very singular proof of the extent to which it prevailed. In speaking of the Egyptian expedition, he says—'They' (the French soldiers) 'not only considered the 'Christian faith as an entire fabrication, but were for the most 'part ignorant of its very elements. Lavalette has recorded that 'hardly one of them had ever been in a church, and that in 'Palestine they were ignorant even of the names of the holiest 'places in sacred history.'—(iii. 419.) This was in 1799, only ten years after the first symptoms of popular innovation. Here, then, were 30,000 full-grown men, collected promiscuously from all parts of France—many of them well educated, and all of sound mind and body—who appear to have felt about as much interest in the religion of their ancestors as in that of Brahma or Confucius. And yet the great majority of this army must have been born fifteen or twenty years before the first outbreak of the Revolution; and the very youngest of them must have past their childhood entirely under the ancient *régime*. There cannot, surely, be a stronger proof that, long before the royal authority was shaken, the great mass of the French nation had

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become such thorough infidels as to be almost ignorant of the very existence of Christianity.

Our limits will not permit us to discuss with Mr Alison the great question, whether the French Revolution was on the whole a benefit, or a disaster to mankind. Though some passages in the earlier part of his History seem to bear a more hopeful interpretation, it is clear that upon the whole he considers it as an event most fatal to France, and most menacing to the rest of Europe. The following are, in his opinion, its most pernicious consequences, as regards France alone—'The national morality has been 'destroyed in the citizens of towns, in whose hands alone political 'power is vested. There is no moral strength or political energy 'in the country. . . . France has fallen into a subjection to 'Paris, to which there is nothing comparable in European history. 'The Prætorian guards of the capital rule the state. . . . . 'Commercial opulence and habits of sober judgment have been 'destroyed, never to revive. A thirst for excitement every where 'prevails, and general selfishness disgraces the nation. Religion 'has never resumed its sway over the influential classes. . . . 'And the general depravity renders indispensable a powerful 'centralized and military government. In what respect,' he asks, 'does this state of things differ from the institutions of China or 'the Byzantine empire?'—(x. 548.) In what respect, we prefer to enquire, does it differ from the institutions of France *before* the Revolution? We are no implicit admirers of the present French government; but we appeal to Mr Alison's own statements, whether it is not infinitely preferable to that of Louis XVI.? Still less are we blind to the many and serious faults of the present generation of Frenchmen; but we are at a loss to conceive how any reasonable being, who compares the second revolution with the first, can deny the superiority of the Frenchman of 1830 to the Frenchman of 1793—that is, to the Frenchman of the ancient *régime*, when seen in his true colours. But, without stopping to argue so extensive a question in detail, we must confess that we should be glad to hear from Mr Alison a distinct answer to a few such plain questions as the following:—Would Louis-Philippe, though he were the most depraved and violent man in Europe, dare to imitate the orgies of the regency, or the tyranny of Louis XV.? Are life, property, and honour, less safe than in the time of the Bastile, and the *Parc aux Cerfs?* Is the present condition of the peasantry worse than it was under the feudal law? Have the middle classes less political power than in 1742? Is France less prosperous at home, or less respected abroad, than in 1763 or 1783? However common infi-

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delity may unhappily be, is religion less respected than in the days of Voltaire? However low the national standard of morality, was it higher when Madame de Parabére, or Madame du Barri, was the virtual ruler of France? All the declamation in the world about Oriental tyrannies, and centralized despotisms, will not get rid of these simple tests; and we are at a loss to imagine how even Mr Alison could reply to one of them in the affirmative.

If we are right on this important point, we shall not allow the crimes of the Revolution, or the sufferings which it caused, to prevent us from considering it a beneficial change. In saying this we trust that we shall not be understood as wishing to palliate the excesses of the popular party, or to undervalue the evils inseparable from all popular convulsions. A revolution, at its best, is a painful and perilous remedy; at its worst, it is the severest trial which a nation can undergo. If we are inclined, notwithstanding, to consider such trials as benefits, it is because we believe that they seldom occur, except in cases where hopeless slavery and irreparable decay are the only alternatives. There is no doubt that the French Revolution was an instance of the worst kind;—perhaps it was the very worst that ever occurred. Not only did the popular movement result in atrocities, but the exhaustion which followed led to the usurpation of Napoleon and the wars of the empire. Three millions and a half of Frenchmen,* and a prodigious number of foreigners, perished, who but for the Revolution and its consequences might have ended their days in peace. Human ingenuity, in short, can scarcely imagine means by which a greater amount of violence and bloodshed could have been crowded into a quarter of a century. Still we are persuaded that an escape from this fiery trial would have been dearly purchased by the continuance of the ancient *régime* for another century. The evils of violence and bloodshed, dreadful as they are, cannot be compared to those of oppressive institutions. Violence and bloodshed are necessarily partial, but oppressive institutions are universal. It is impossible to guillotine a whole nation; it is impossible to enrol a whole nation as conscripts; but it is easy to make a whole nation miserable by disabilities and exactions. Even under the

* Mr Alison enumerates the victims of the Revolution, including those of the civil war in La Vendée, at 1,022,351 souls; and the soldiers who perished in the wars of the Empire, at 2,200,400.—(See vi. 410, ii. 400.) This does not include those who fell at Waterloo, in the battles of the revolutionary contest, and in the various naval actions of the war.

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Reign of Terror, each individual citizen must have felt that there were many hundred chances to one in favour of his escape from denunciation; but no peasant had a hope of escaping the tyranny of the feudal customs. Violence and bloodshed are in their nature transitory; but oppressive institutions may be perpetual. Crimes which spring from passion soon exhaust themselves; but crimes which spring from habit may continue for ever. The Reign of Terror was over in fourteen months; but the ancient *régime* might have subsisted until its effects had reduced France to the decrepitude of China or Constantinople. Violence and bloodshed produce merely suffering; but oppressive institutions produce degradation also. A French peasant might retain the pride and spirit of a free man, though he knew that the next day he might be dragged before a revolutionary tribunal, or hurried off to join the army in Spain or Russia. But a French peasant who had been placed in the stocks for want of due servility to his *seigneur*, who had seen his son sent to the galleys for destroying a partridge's eggs, who knew that the honour of his family had been outraged by some licentious noble, such a man could not but feel himself a debased and unhappy slave. The sufferings of the Revolution, in short, were to the sufferings of the ancient *régime* as the plague of London to the *malaria* of a tropical climate. The one was a temporary though overwhelming blow, the other a wasting pestilence—the perpetual source of terror and misery to every successive generation existing within its influence.

Mr Alison's opinions upon the French Revolution induce him to speak with triumphant admiration of the foresight shown by Mr Pitt and Mr Burke upon that subject, and with condescending compassion of the blindness of Mr Fox. 'Posterity,' he assures us, 'will not search the speeches of Mr Fox for historic 'truth, nor pronounce him gifted with any extraordinary politi-'cal penetration. On the contrary, it must record with regret 'that the light which broke upon Mr Burke at the outset of 'the Revolution, and on Mr Pitt before its principal atrocities 'began, only shone on his fervent mind when descending to the 'grave.'—(v. 720.) That, we presume, will depend upon the view taken by posterity of the events in question. It is impossible to deny that Mr Burke appreciated the character of the then existing generation of Frenchmen more truly than Mr Fox. But if future ages see in the French Revolution a shock which, dreadful as it was, saved France from hopeless and lingering decay, they will scarcely deny their admiration to the statesman who discerned its true character; merely because his sanguine and generous nature led him to think too favourably of the individuals

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who conducted it. The physical evils inflicted by the French Revolution are already almost effaced, and their last traces will vanish with the present generation. But its moral consequences may endure for ages, and it is by their ultimate character that the comparative wisdom of the rival statesmen must be tried.

It may be true that Mr Fox was induced, late and reluctantly, to despair of French liberty. But it was not the turbulence of the Revolution which changed his opinions. It was the forcible interruption, not the natural tendency, of its progress, which caused his despondency. He had foreseen that the excesses of the French people were incapable of being a permanent evil; but no human skill could enable him to foresee the downfall of Napoleon. It would be unfair to blame a physician for ignorance in recommending sea-bathing, because his patient happened to be carried off by a shark; and it is equally unjust to assert that Mr Fox was originally wrong in his opinion of the French Revolution, because he lived to see its benefits destroyed for a time by the unexpected interference of a powerful usurper.

We are at a loss to comprehend the precise moral lesson which Mr Alison would lead his readers to draw from the French Revolution. Nor, to say truth, is it easy to conceive how he can find any instruction at all in an event which he believes to have originated in mysterious insanity, and to have terminated in hopeless slavery. It is true that we find in his work plenty of sonorous declamation about the fatal career of guilt, the short-lived triumphs of wickedness, and the inevitable laws of retribution. But we know nothing more annoying to the reader than this sort of rhetorical amplification, upon subjects which require to be discussed with the most rigid precision of which language is capable. No doubt Robespierre was a wicked man, and was as miserable as wicked men generally are. No doubt Napoleon was rash and ambitious, and owed his downfall to his own pride and recklessness. No doubt the French populace were madmen and ruffians, and made themselves as wretched by their crimes as they deserved to be. But all this is not the sort of instruction which we expect from an elaborate history of the Revolution. We have searched Mr Alison's work for a calm dispassionate discussion of the means by which the evils of the ancient government might have been removed, and yet the excesses of the Revolution prevented; and we have found ourselves again and again baffled and bewildered by a mazy tissue of words. No reasonable being who reads Mr Alison's narrative requires to be lectured about the horrors of anarchy. Every body knows that anarchy is a tremendous evil; but was it an avoidable evil? was it a greater evil than continued subjection? was there no middle course by

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which the dangers of both might have been avoided? These are questions which we cannot discover any direct attempt to resolve. If Mr Alison were to see a drover trampled to death by an ox, would not his first reflection naturally be upon the danger of over-driving oxen, and the best means of keeping them in order? And would he not think that the bystanders had lost their senses if they began to dilate upon the shocking nature of the accident, as a proof that it is the duty of over-driven oxen to keep their temper?

Men are wisely forbidden to do evil that good may ensue; but they are not forbidden to admire the merciful arrangements of Providence, by which the sin and folly of individuals are so often made the source of blessings to mankind. We feel as much aversion as Mr Alison for the cruelty and injustice of the French Revolutionists; but we do not pronounce, as he does, that their crimes must bring ruin upon their innocent posterity. We see neither sense, nor justice, nor Christian principle, in his theory of a law of retribution not confined to the guilty parties. Let Mr Alison, if he will, regard the French Revolution as 'the second revolt 'of Lucifer, the prince of the morning.'—(x. 18.) We prefer to recognize in its vicissitudes the same severe but merciful hand which employs earthquakes and tornadoes to dispel the pestilential stagnation of the physical atmosphere.

However vague Mr Alison's digressions may occasionally appear, there is one feeling, in the expression of which he is uniformly clear and consistent. This is his dread and detestation of democratic institutions. So far as these sentiments are called forth by the facts of his narrative, we admit them to be perfectly reasonable. Whatever benefits we may hope from the consequences of the French Revolution, we acknowledge that the democracy which it established was in itself the worst of all possible governments. What we doubt is the intrinsic evil of a democracy in a community prepared for its reception. Still, as we admit that no such community now exists, or is likely to exist for many ages, it may be thought that the subject of our dissent from Mr Alison's opinion is merely theoretical, and therefore scarcely worth discussion. But this is far from being the case. If Mr Alison is right, every political innovation, in every country, is necessarily absurd and mischievous in proportion as it increases the influence of the lower classes. If we are right, such innovations are only dangerous when they give influence to a class unfit to exercise it. The question therefore is, whether the great body of a nation is necessarily and intrinsically unfit to exercise political power.

Mr Alison's first argument, if we rightly understand it, is the

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utter inutility of such an experiment, whether successful or not. He draws, or attempts to draw, a distinction between social freedom and political power, and contends that the one may exist in perfect security without the protection of the other. 'There is, in the first place,' he says, 'the love of freedom; 'that is, immunity from personal restriction, oppression, or in-'jury. This principle is perfectly innocent, and never exists 'without producing the happiest effects. Every concession 'which is calculated to increase this species of liberty, is com-'paratively safe in all ages and in all places. But there is 'another principle, strong at all times, but especially to be 'dreaded in moments of excitement. This is the principle of 'democratic ambition;—the desire of exercising the powers of 'sovereignty, and of sharing in the government of the state. 'This is the dangerous principle;—the desire, not of exercising 'industry without molestation, but of exerting power without con-'trol.'—(i. 174.) The principles may certainly be said to be distinct; but they are so closely connected that we scarcely see how one can exist without the other. They are equally natural, and in themselves equally harmless. The one is the wish for present relief—the other the desire of future security. The former, we suppose, is felt by every human being; the latter by every human being possessed of the commonest sense and foresight. What security, we would ask Mr Alison, can a man have that he will continue to exercise industry without molestation, except the possession, by the class to which he belongs, of a share in the government of the state? The present existence of just and equal laws is not such a security. Who is to guard our guardians? Who is to assure us that those laws will not be repealed, if our rulers can repeal them at any moment without our consent? Suppose that they enact a new law to-morrow, declaring us all slaves and bondmen, what resource have we against it but civil war?

This, it is true, is an extreme case. When the subjects are men of spirit, and the rulers men of sense, there is no fear of such open tyranny as this. But there is fear of insensible encroachment on the national liberties—of that encroachment which has sapped the constitution and undermined the national spirit of so many continental nations—of that encroachment whose progress in England, two centuries ago, was only arrested by seven years of desperate war. Even when the popular rights are so clearly defined as to make this impracticable, there is fear that the class which is passive in the administration of affairs will suffer much unnecessary hardship. There is scarcely any conceivable political measure, which is not certain, sooner or later, directly or

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indirectly, more or less, to affect the personal happiness of the poorest citizen of the commonwealth. And it is in vain to hope that the best absolute government will consult the happiness of such a citizen as impartially as it would if he had the power to interfere; and the wisdom to interfere with effect.

No man of sense will consider political power as an end; but it is surely a means. It is not happiness; but Mr Alison will scarcely dispute that, properly used, it is a powerful instrument for securing happiness. We admit that, like other useful things, it may be desired with reckless eagerness or with pernicious designs; but we say that it is in itself a legitimate object of desire. We admit that the exclusion of the great body of the community from all share in the government, is at present, in almost all European states, a necessary evil. But we say that it *is* an evil; and that, if it ever shall become unnecessary, its continued existence will be a practical as well as a theoretical injustice.

Mr Alison's next objection is the abstract injustice of a democracy. Admitting political power to be a great benefit, he still argues that its extension to the poorer classes is necessarily an unfair and unequal measure; even though 'every man, in whatever rank, were equally capable of judging on political subjects.' His reasoning on this point is more plausible than on the preceding, but, we think, equally fallacious. 'In private life,' he says, 'men are never deceived on this subject. In the administration of any common fund, or the disposal of common property, it never was for a moment proposed to give the smallest shareholder an equal right with the greatest; to give a creditor holding a claim for 20s., for example, on a bankrupt estate, the same vote as one possessed of a bond for L.10,000. The injustice of such a proceeding is quite apparent.'—(i. 351.) This analogy is far from satisfactory. There are several circumstances which make the exclusion of a citizen from the management of the state a greater hardship, than the exclusion of a shareholder from the management of the common fund. In the first place, the shareholder may withdraw his stake if he considers it insecurely deposited. Mr Alison's twenty-shilling creditor may sell his dividend at a fair discount, if he thinks that the assignees are mismanaging the estate. In a commonwealth it is different. Every English citizen must share the fate of his country, or become a homeless emigrant. Secondly, the amount of a shareholder's *pecuniary* interest in the joint stock, is generally a tolerably fair representation of his *moral* interest in the prosperity of the speculation. It is certainly possible that a poor man, with a small venture, may be more deeply involved than a rich man with a much larger one;

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but this is not likely to be a common case. There is certainly every reasonable probability that the small creditor cares comparatively little for the loss of his twenty shillings, and that the large creditor will be ruined by the loss of his L.10,000. And therefore, if we distribute authority among the shareholders in proportion to each man's pecuniary risk, we shall probably distribute it, in most cases, in proportion to each man's actual chance of enjoyment or suffering. Here again the analogy fails. The whole property of the lower classes in a commonwealth, is almost invariably staked upon that commonwealth's existence. An English peasant, who possesses nothing but a cottage and a garden, would dread the loss of his property by foreign conquest or domestic anarchy, as much as if he were Duke of Sutherland or Marquis of Westminster. Lastly, in the disposal of a joint fund, each shareholder incurs a pecuniary hazard, and nothing more. In the management of a commonwealth, the personal safety of its citizens is risked. A mechanic, living solely by his daily labour, cannot strictly be said to have any property to lose by the ruin of the state; but he may lose his life, his liberty, his means of future subsistence. A Reign of Terror, or a French invasion, could not deprive him of a fortune, but they might cause him to be murdered, or enslaved, or starved in the streets. These are our reasons for thinking that, if no other obstacles existed, it would be unjust to deprive the poorer classes of all political influence; merely on the ground that their interest in the welfare of the state is insufficient to withhold them from wanton misgovernment.

Mr Alison repeatedly enlarges, with great justice, upon the practical evils which have hitherto been found to accompany democratic institutions. But we think that he does not sufficiently distinguish between necessary and accidental disadvantages—between the dangers inseparable from popular power, and the dangers arising from its abuse. He does not sufficiently consider that in no state which has yet existed have the poorer classes been equal, or nearly equal, to the richer in civilization and intelligence; and that consequently in no state which has yet existed, could any form of government, at all approaching to what can be properly called a democracy, have any chance of a fair trial. In ancient Athens and modern France, that constitution was adopted by men utterly unfit for its exercise. The consequences were perfectly natural—in the one case, perpetual turbulence and speedy decay—in the other, rapine, bloodshed, and anarchy. In the United States of America, the experiment is now in progress on a far wiser plan, and under far more favourable circumstances. But even here we admit that Mr Alison is

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justified in regarding the result as more than doubtful. Popular power, perhaps from unavoidable causes, has even here outrun popular sense and knowledge; and the consequences have been seen in frequent outbreaks of democratic tyranny, which have created serious alarm for the security of the state. Upon the whole, the British constitution, as established in 1688, may perhaps be considered the most democratic form of government ever yet exercised with continued and undisputed success. And therefore the world has yet to behold the full effect which would be produced by the insensible progress of popular influence in a nation enlightened, religious, and confirmed in sober wisdom by centuries of advancing freedom and civilization.

Mr Alison, in his concluding chapter, points out several important advantages possessed by the aristocratic over the democratic form of government. They may generally be included under two heads: superior security to private property, and superior prudence in public measures. 'It has uniformly 'been found,' says Mr Alison, 'that the holders of property 'advocate measures to protect that property, while the destitute 'masses are perpetually impelled to those likely to induce re-'volutionary spoliation.'—(x. 965.) 'Agrarian laws,' he elsewhere asserts, 'and the equal division of property, or measures 'tending indirectly to that effect, will in every age be the wish 'of the unthinking multitude, who have nothing apparently to 'lose, and every thing to gain, by such convulsions. Their real 'ultimate interests, indeed, will in the end inevitably suffer from 'such changes; but this is a remote consequence, which never 'will become obvious to the great body of mankind.'—(i. 352.) That is assuming the question. If the great body of mankind are really so obtuse as to be incapable, with every advantage of instruction, of comprehending that a state where the poor unite to rob the rich will inevitably be ruined, then we acknowledge their natural unfitness for political power. But Mr Alison forgets that in the passage we have quoted he is arguing on the supposition of 'every man, in whatever rank, being equally 'capable of judging on political subjects.' Surely, if this were the case, no reasonable being would be found to advocate an agrarian law. It is precisely when the multitude cease to be unthinking—when they become competent to judge of their own real and ultimate interests—that we assert, and Mr Alison denies, the necessity of allowing them a share of political power.

Mr Alison's first argument for the superior political skill of aristocratic governments appears to us singular, if not incomprehensible. 'Those classes,' he says, 'who from their affluence 'possess leisure, and from their station have received the educa-

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'tion requisite for acquiring extensive information, are more 'likely, in the long run, to acquire and exhibit the powers neces- 'sary for beneficial legislation, than those who, from the neces- 'sities of their situation, are chained to daily toil, and from the 'limited extent of their funds have been disabled from acquiring 'a thorough education. . . . No person of a different profession 'would think of competing with a physician in the treatment of a 'person afflicted with a dangerous disease, or with a lawyer in the 'management of an intricate or difficult lawsuit. . . . And it 'would be surprising indeed if the science of government could 'be as successfully pursued by those classes whose time is almost 'wholly absorbed in other pursuits, as by those who have made it 'the undivided object and study of their life.'—(i.966.) All this is perfectly true; but what conclusion does Mr Alison draw from it? What is to prevent a democratic state from making proper use of the superior intelligence of any class of its citizens? Does Mr Alison suppose that, if a democracy were established in England, the whole nation would assemble on Salisbury Plain to pass laws and transact business? Or does he think that the representative assembly and the public offices would be filled with labourers and mechanics? Every state where the supreme power is placed in the hands of the numerical majority is a democracy; just as every state where it is held by an individual is a despotism. The people, like the king, may exercise their power by any machinery that may appear convenient; they may delegate it to presidents, senators, ambassadors, and secretaries of state; and they may entrust these offices to the most deserving persons to be found in the community. Why, then, is the science of government likely to be less successfully cultivated in a democratic state? Or why have the statesmen and legislators of such a state less encouragement to make that science the object and study of their lives? History does not convince us that the fact is so. Faulty as popular governments generally are, their fault has seldom been a want of able and experienced servants. Neither America, nor Athens, nor even revolutionary France, found reason to complain of the mediocrity of their statesmen. Such ministers as Pericles, Washington, and Carnot, were surely worthy of the confidence of any aristocratic government on earth.

But, however able might be the rulers of a democratic state, Mr Alison thinks that their policy would be constantly baffled by the thoughtless impatience of the supreme multitude. 'Who- 'ever,' he says, 'has closely observed the dispositions of large 'bodies of men, whether in social or political life, must have become 'sensible that the most uniform and lasting feature by which they

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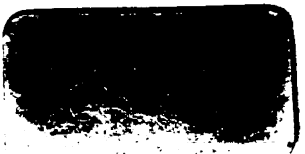
'are distinguished, is that of insensibility to the future.'—(x. 969.) Undoubtedly this is the great defect of all popular governments. They are machines of prodigious power; but it is difficult to set them in motion with quickness, or to direct them with precision. In persevering policy, in cautious secrecy, in unwearying vigilance, a democracy is far inferior to an aristocracy, as an aristocracy is far inferior to a despotism. Nor do we deny that this is in some measure an intrinsic disadvantage, which no degree of national intelligence could entirely eradicate. Still Mr Alison will scarcely contend that it is a disadvantage which all democracies possess in an equal degree. He will allow that the Athenian democracy was less infatuated than the French; and that the American democracy is less thoughtless than the Athenian. He will allow, in short, that the insensibility to the future of which he speaks, varies inversely as the average intellect of the people. If this is the case, the question is, whether the great body of mankind are capable of such a degree of improvement as to diminish the want of foresight peculiar to popular governments, until it is more than balanced by their peculiar advantages.

Mr Alison replies decidedly in the negative; but we do not think that he has fairly stated the point in dispute. He says that 'the doctrine of human *perfectibility* is so agreeable to the 'human heart, so flattering to human vanity, and withal so nearly 'allied to the generous affections, that it will in all probability, to 'the end of the world, constitute the basis on which all the efforts 'of the popular party will be rested, and all the visions of social 'amelioration justified.'—(x. 938.) He cites as examples the visions of Rousseau and Condorcet, and proceeds of course, with perfect success, to show that such theories have always been disappointed; and that they are wholly inconsistent with the revealed doctrine of human corruption. We perfectly agree in all this. No Christian, no philosopher, no experienced man of the world, can reasonably believe in human perfectibility, in the sense in which that term is commonly understood. But will Mr Alison allow no schemes of social amelioration short of angelic purity?—no popular government except by impeccable beings? Does he confound all hopes of human improvement with the dreams of the enthusiasts who predicted that crime, war, disease, and death itself, would shortly yield to the advance of science and virtue? We entertain no such visionary ideas; the only means by which we look for improvement, are the natural progress of reason and religion; and the only result which we expect, is the communication of those qualities to the many, which our own observation has shown us in the few. Mr Alison tells us that a



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good democracy is a dream, because men can never become angels. We reply that we shall be perfectly contented to try the experiment, when they all become Washingtons and Wilberforces.

Surely we shall not be told that this too is an idle vision. If experience, reason, and revelation deny that man is perfectible, do they not combine to assert that he is *improvable*—improvable to a degree which those who have only known him in his lowest state can scarcely imagine? All we venture to hope is, that a certain degree of this improvement will, in course of time, become general. We do not believe in human perfectibility, because we never saw or heard of a perfect man. But we are so fortunate as to have known many wise and good men; many men to whose integrity we would cheerfully entrust our dearest interests. What presumption is there in believing that the advance of knowledge and of Christianity may hereafter multiply their number? We can conceive that a savage, whose highest ideas of human excellence are drawn from the barbarians of his tribe, might ridicule such a hope. By why an Englishman, who perhaps is aware of the actual existence of many excellent men, should deny the possible existence of thousands, is to us incomprehensible.

There is one great difference between aristocratic and democratic constitutions, which Mr Alison does not appear to notice. He constantly speaks as if wisdom and foresight were as inseparable from aristocracy, as he pronounces rashness and indolence to be from democracy. Whether he is right or wrong in the latter opinion, in the former he is assuredly mistaken. The truth appears to be, that a bad democracy displays great faults and great powers, while a bad aristocracy, with faults nearly as great, displays no power at all. The defects of an aristocracy are intrinsic, but its merits are variable; there are certain faults which it must possess, and certain advantages which it may possess. The best aristocracy cannot call forth democratic enthusiasm; but a bad aristocracy may rival democratic recklessness. The aristocracy of Austria was no match for the French republic in its moments of awakened energy; the aristocracy of Ven ice was as supine as the same republic in its feeblest intervals of exhaustion. The reverse of this will apply to a democracy. Its merits are intrinsic; for the worst democracies, such as Athens or revolutionary France, have surpassed, when aroused by imminent danger, the vigour of the best aristocratic governments. Its defects, on the contrary, are variable. They depend upon the average sense and principle of its citizens. When that average is low, the anarchy which ensues is worse than the severest despotism; but when it is raised as high as the

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imperfection of human nature will permit, it might enable a popular government to exert the self-denying vigilance of the wisest aristocracy.

We have been induced by Mr Alison's undistinguishing abhorrence to say so much more than we had intended in favour of democratic institutions, that we feel ourselves compelled to add a few words in explanation. We are as averse, then, as the most rigid Conservative to sudden or violent political changes. It is to avoid the necessity of any such change, whether it assume its sternest or its mildest form—whether it appear as a Revolution or a Reform Bill—that we think the institutions of every state should be gradually modified in proportion to the intellectual progress of its subjects. Whether that progress will ever attain such a height, as to make unrestrained self-government practicable in any community of human beings, we greatly doubt. Such a change may be an idle, though surely not an ignoble or unimproving hope. But the principle for which we contend is simply this, that the fitness of the people for the exercise of political power, is the sole criterion by which political power can be safely or justly granted or denied them.

Mr Alison, as might be expected, applies his whole theory upon popular government to the reforms of the last reign in this country; and most dismal are the forebodings with which it inspires him. We have said that we cannot condemn his devotion to his political creed; but we think we have a right to complain of it as sometimes betraying him into a tone of arrogant assumption. We have been frequently amused, and occasionally, for a moment, provoked, by the cool dogmatical decision with which he finally settles, by a passing remark, the great public controversies of the age, and then proceeds to reason upon his own opinion as upon an indisputable foundation. Thus, he alludes to Catholic Emancipation as 'that loosening of the constitution in Church and State under which 'the nation has so grievously laboured,' (viii. 20,)—'that momentous change in our religious institutions which first loosened 'the solid fabric of the British empire,' (viii. 43;)—and he pronounces upon the Reform Bill, and the abolition of Slavery, in the same peremptory language. If he would condescend to overthrow our political tenets by deliberate argument, we might endeavour to own his superiority with a good grace; but it is too much for human patience to find them dismissed in a parenthesis, as unworthy serious discussion. Mr Alison must surely be aware, that many of the best and wisest of his countrymen approved of the changes which we have mentioned, and still expect them to prove fully successful. Are they at once to be condemned, because an

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overweening and pompous historian chooses to shake his head, with a compassionate sneer, at their 'well-meaning but injudicious' philanthropy? Or is Mr Alison so much their superior, that he has a right to assume, on his own authority, that they are mistaken, and to draw matter of argument and rebuke from that assumption? If the measures in question were the subject of his narrative—if any part of his work were devoted to their details, and to proof of their pernicious tendency—we should not object to his delivering his opinion, however we might disapprove the self-sufficiency of his language. But we must protest against his practice of interweaving with a history of past events, what lawyers call *obiter dicta* upon the politics of the day. The writer of such a work as the present ought to imitate the dignity and self-restraint of a judge on the bench, and carefully to abstain from throwing out imputations and assertions not strictly warranted by the evidence before the court.

We have no intention, as may be supposed, of discussing with Mr Alison the merits of the individual changes which have lately caused so much anxiety in the British nation. Those who hold what are called reforming opinions, may possibly have been wrong in the precise measure of the particular innovations which they proposed; but we certainly apprehend no danger to the British constitution from their general tendency. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the general arguments upon the progress of popular influence which we have already advanced; but we think there are many reasons for hoping that its late advance in this country will be as peaceful in its immediate effects, as beneficial in its final result.

Our chief ground for this hope is the high character, moral influence, and peculiar constitution, of the British aristocracy. That body, splendid and powerful as it is, has for ages been so intimately blended with the middle classes, and so frequently recruited from their ranks, that it is now almost impossible to draw the precise line which separates the gentleman from the *roturier*. The social rank of an Englishman depends upon his wealth, his political influence, and his personal character—not upon arbitrary heraldic distinctions. We do not see, as in Vienna, accomplished families excluded from society because their ancestors were enriched by commerce. We do not see, as in Hungary, ignorant menials assuming ridiculous airs of superiority because they trace their pedigree to some obscure baronial family.

Mr Alison, devoted as he is to the aristocratic form of government, speaks with strong and just detestation of those odious oligarchies, in which an impassable barrier is placed between the nobility and the people, and all political power is treated as the

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hereditary privilege of a certain number of families. It is this tyrannical system which has so often converted the progress of liberty into a servile war—a struggle between anarchy on the one hand, and slavery on the other. It is this which causes so many rulers to resent every effort for political emancipation as a conspiracy to rob them of their private property; and which so often excites, with the first ray of popular intelligence, the deadly jealousy of the government, and the vindictive discontent of the subject. In France we have seen one dreadful instance of the consequences which an obstinate adherence to such institutions may produce. There are still European states in which the nobility, though mild and just in the exercise of their power, cling to their exclusive privileges with a tenacity which is beginning to be bitterly resented by the more aspiring of the middle classes. There may be persons to whom an aristocracy constituted upon this system of haughty superiority may appear a singularly chivalrous and interesting race. There may be persons who consider nobility as the ornament of the state —the Corinthian capital of the column—made to be looked at, boasted of, and paid for. We know that there are tourists who judge of the most important institutions of foreign states according to their own ideas—not always the most tasteful or refined —of the picturesque;—who detest democracy because the ladies of Cincinnati are cold and repulsive; who adore despotism because the countesses of Vienna are graceful and polite; and who forget the cowardly cruelty of a cold-blooded tyrant, in their admiration of his simple habits and familiar manners. To such judges an English gentleman may appear a far less romantic personage than the imbecile Spaniard, in whose veins stagnates the *blue blood* of Guzman or Mendoza; or than the servile and frivolous Austrian, whose worst fear is a frown from Prince Metternich; whose noblest ambition is to be *crême de la crême*, and whose proudest boast is his descent from a long succession of titled Teutonic boors. To us, and, we have no doubt, to Mr Alison, the popular constitution of the British aristocracy appears, not merely a ground of pride and pleasure, but a blessing.

It is certain that the higher classes in England are generally opposed to all political reform. But the existence of a strong minority who hold the contrary opinion, is a sufficient proof that their opposition is that of men acting on conviction, not from sordid *esprit de corps*. They would not risk the peace of the country rather than sacrifice their prejudices; and if they had the wish of doing so, they have no longer the power. The time is past when their influence was able to provoke the collision of physical force. The people, when thoroughly roused,

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can now find legal and constitutional means of redress, which, slow, toilsome, and painful as they may be, are irresistible when perseveringly used. This state of things is not perfect, but it is tolerable and hopeful. We no doubt believe that it would be best for the country if all Englishmen approved of the gradual progress of reform. But as that cannot be, it is well that there should be a strong party whose error is an over cautious wish to retard it. It is well, while there is such an endless variety of opinions, that there should be every security against their result being wrong on the more dangerous side.

If the character of the British aristocracy is favourable to the temperate progress of reform, that of the popular party, generally speaking, is, in our opinion, scarcely less so. This is an assertion which we are aware will find many opponents, and none more strenuous than Mr Alison. But it must be recollected that the Englishmen of the present generation have passed through an ordeal of no common severity—an ordeal which would have driven most nations frantic with party animosity and triumphant exultation. We do not say that they have borne it without some degree of dangerous excitement. But if the great constitutional change of 1832 has encouraged the hopes of a few crazy demagogues—if it has fostered for a time the dreams of Chartists and Socialists—how frequently has it not led to the display of temptation manfully resisted, of distress patiently borne, of power soberly exercised, and of political contests forbearingly carried on!

Mr Alison thinks that a most alarming symptom in the present state of the British nation is 'the constant and uninterrupted increase of crime, through all the vicissitudes of peace and war, unchecked by penal vigilance, undiminished by intellectual cultivation.'—(vii. 11.) A most alarming symptom, indeed, and withal a most unaccountable one. But is the last clause of the sentence really supported by the fact? It is unfortunately true that crimes of the less atrocious kind have of late years considerably increased in this country. But among whom have they increased? Among the members of the aristocracy?—among substantial farmers and tradesmen?—among decent peasants and mechanics? Far from it. The morals of the educated ranks have indisputably improved. Generations have passed since the peerage was disgraced by a Ferrers or a Lovat. Our fathers were more scandalized by a breach of the peace, or a life of open indecorum, in a man of rank, than our great-grandfathers by murder or felony. The Barrymores and Queensburys of the last generation, were but spiritless successors to such men as Mohun and Charteris, the bravos and libertines of Queen Anne's golden

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days. Noble lords now find it easy to acquire an unenviable notoriety by frolics which would have appeared ingloriously tame and tranquil to the Mohocks of the last century. They have the honour of a trial before the Lord Chief-Justice for breaking the head of a single constable, while their ancestors were hardly carried to Bow Street for running half a dozen through the body. Serious crime, in short, is now almost wholly confined to the lowest of the populace. Vice has spread precisely in that direction in which it was not opposed by 'intellectual cultiva-'tion.' This is a very natural effect of advancing civilization. In a barbarous community, crime is almost universal. In a well governed community, it concentrates itself in the most ignorant and most destitute classes; but the general enmity which narrows its limits increases its intensity. In such a country as Afghanistan or Caffraria, almost every man is occasionally guilty of violence and dishonesty; but the professed outcasts from society are comparatively few. In such a country as England, nineteen men in twenty are incapable, under any ordinary circumstances of temptation, of a criminal misdemeanour; but there is a large class who entirely subsist by the practice of petty depredation. But why should Mr Alison pronounce this last stronghold of vice impregnable? Why are our means of improvement unequal to finish what they have so well begun? We do not, indeed, venture to hope, that our posterity will ever regard a burglar or a pickpocket with the surprise and curiosity with which we regard a riotous peer of the realm—as a curious specimen of a singular and nearly extinct species. But it will at least be admitted, that the instruction which has produced a change scarcely less striking in the higher ranks, has yet to exert its full influence upon that class of the community which stands most in need of its benefits.

Whether the advance of civilization will necessarily draw with it an advance of political wisdom, let the experience of posterity decide. Hitherto it will scarcely be denied to have done so. We gather from various passages in Mr Alison's history, that he considers the English constitution, until modified by the Reform Bill, to have been admirably adapted to the state of the nation. Was it equally adapted to the state of the nation three centuries before? Is it not probable, that if that constitution had practically existed in the days of Tyler or Cade, it would have led to anarchy and ruin? This is at least a proof, that at the end of the seventeenth century a degree of popular influence had become useful and necessary, which would have been highly dangerous in the fourteenth or fifteenth. May not a similar improvement have taken place between 1688 and 1842? Might not the restraints swept away by the Reform Bill have become

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as exasperating to our descendants as the absolute rule of the Tudors and Stuarts to our ancestors?

It is certainly possible that the present year may be the turning point of British civilization. It is even possible that the British constitution has reached, if it has not overshot, the utmost limit which popular power can safely be allowed to attain, in any community liable to human vice and folly. We only remind our readers that this assertion has been a hundred times made, and a hundred times refuted. In every stage of unbalanced imperfection, the constitution has been extolled as the masterpiece of human wisdom. One part of it after another has been pronounced the keystone of the fabric, and has yet been discovered to be a mere excrescence. In all ages of British history there have been men, deficient neither in sense nor in honesty, who thought that the growth of liberty should have stopped short precisely when they first became acquainted with it. Such were the men who would have rejected the *Habeas Corpus* act because it was omitted in 1216; and who opposed the Reform Bill because it was not thought of in 1688. And we have no doubt that there were honest Conservatives in the ninth and thirteenth centuries, who dreaded King Alfred as a radical reformer, and thought *Magna Charta* a fatal innovation. We are none of those who affect contempt for the present or former state of freedom in this country. We avow our faith in British superiority, and our love for British institutions. But we think it presumption, we might almost say impiety, to speak of any system of human origin as sacred from decay and from improvement.

Supposing, however, that in England political innovation is not likely to produce the anarchy of the French Revolution, it is still, in Mr Alison's opinion, destined to put an end to her prosperity by more lingering means. Two centuries, as nearly as we can gather, are the longest term which he assigns for her independent existence; and the principal causes from which he anticipates her ruin, are the neglect of national defence, and the existence of the national debt. His only plan of safety appears to be, to increase our present expenditure by several millions yearly; to fortify London; to enlarge our naval force; and to establish an effectual sinking fund. But he acknowledges that no government could at the present time carry through such a system as this, and therefore he avowedly despairs of the republic.

It is our intention, as we have elsewhere noticed, carefully to avoid all questions relating merely to party politics. We shall therefore permit Mr Alison to assume, that of late years the re-

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sources of the British empire have really been suffered to remain dormant to an extent which the present state of our foreign relations renders in the highest degree imprudent. But we are astonished to find him calling this an 'extraordinary decline,' and averring that its 'immediate cause is to be found in the long-con-'tinued and undue preponderance, since the peace, of the popular 'part of the constitution.'—(vii. 777.) When, we would ask, was it otherwise? When did the English nation, or the English government, show themselves wary in providing for remote dangers? How did our ancestors display that far-sighted prudence which Mr Alison boasts as the characteristic merit of aristocratic governments? By leaving the Thames exposed to the Dutch fleet in 1667? by allowing 5000 daring Highlanders to overrun half England in 1745? by their admirable state of military preparation in 1756, in 1775, and in 1793? The truth is, that the British people have for generations been as impatient of vigilance and precaution in time of peace, as they are daring and obstinate in actual war. The present generation may have inherited the reckless imprudence of their ancestors; but we think they would find considerable difficulty in surpassing it.

Mr Alison, however, to our utter perplexity, fixes upon the sixty years preceding the peace of 1815, as an example of the mighty effects of 'combined aristocratic direction and demo-'cratic vigour.'—(x. 981.) He even maintains, that 'if to 'any nation were given, for a series of ages, the combined 'wisdom and energy of England, from the days of Chatham 'to those of Wellington, it would infallibly acquire the empire 'of the world.'—(x. 982.) This, if we glance at the history of that period, will appear strange language. A court intrigue cut short the triumphs of Chatham by an abrupt and inglorious peace. Those of Wellington were achieved by the high qualities of a single individual, in spite of the obstacles thrown in his way by an imbecile government. And against these successes are to be set off the loss of the American provinces, the wilful blunders of the revolutionary war, and the Walcheren expedition. We are not insensible to the glory acquired by the national character during the interval of which Mr Alison speaks. We are aware that neither Lord North nor Mr Pitt could incapacitate British soldiers and sailors from doing their duty. But they could, and did, employ the national energies in such a manner as to deprive them of their reward; and it is doubly mortifying to an Englishman to find his countrymen, after a useless display of strength and courage, baffled and dishonoured by the folly or corruption of an irresponsible oligarchy.

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Mr Alison has given us a very clear and comprehensive history of the national debt. Its present state he is inclined to view in the most gloomy light; but this feeling of despondency by no means interferes with his admiration of the statesman to whose unparalleled profusion we owe its sudden and enormous increase. His principal arguments in defence of Mr Pitt's system of finance are two; the absolute necessity of contracting immense obligations, and the effectual provision made for their speedy discharge. On the former point, we shall at present say nothing. It is, as we shall soon see, Mr Alison's own opinion, that the loans raised during the war were both extravagantly large, and lamentably misapplied. But that war was necessary, and that ample supplies were required to support it, we are not prepared to deny. Of the sinking fund, Mr Alison speaks in terms of exaggerated, and to us incomprehensible, rapture. He considers it worthy, as a scientific conception, to rank with 'the discovery of gravi-'tation, the press, and the steam-engine.' Surely we are not to believe that Mr Pitt was the first demonstrator of the simple theorem, that a sum of money accumulating at five per cent will quadruple itself in twenty-eight years. Nor can we imagine that the natural and obvious plan of forming a fund, on this principle, for the reduction of the national debt, had failed to occur to hundreds of arithmeticians from the very first year in which that debt existed. The *expediency* of the plan is another matter. That is a question on which the best-informed financiers have differed, and still differ. If Mr Pitt, and Mr Pitt alone, judged rightly on this point, he undoubtedly deserves high credit, not as a discoverer in political arithmetic, but as a practical statesman. Even in this respect, indeed, we are inclined to doubt both the originality and the correctness of his opinion. But we cannot think that the mere *possibility* of his scheme could long escape the notice of any man capable of working a sum in compound interest.

This marvellous invention is sufficient, in Mr Alison's opinion, to atone for all Mr Pitt's financial errors; and yet, by his own showing, these were neither few nor trifling. We pass over his just and forcible remarks on the ruinous system of borrowing in the three per cents; and on the undue extent to which the funding system was carried. These faults, serious as they were, are dust in the balance, compared with the one great blunder of Mr Pitt's financial policy. We allude to the obvious, the glaring disproportion between the sacrifices and the exertions which the nation made under his direction. He lavished the wealth of England as if he expected to finish the war by one convulsive effort; while he husbanded her other

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resources so as to ensure its lasting for a whole generation. He wasted the courage of his countrymen in colonial expeditions—he kept eighty thousand of the finest troops in the world in inglorious repose—and he paid Russian and German armies, incomparably inferior in the most formidable qualities of the soldier, to face the enemy on the continent. 'Here,' as Mr Alison truly and pointedly remarks, 'lay the capital error of Mr 'Pitt's financial system, considered with reference to the warlike 'operations it was intended to promote—that while the former 'was calculated for a temporary effort only, and based on the prin-'ciple of great results being obtained in a short time by an ex-'travagant system of expenditure, the latter was arranged on the 'plan of the most niggardly exertion of the national strength, and 'the husbanding of its resources for future efforts, totally incon-'sistent with the lavish dissipation of its present funds.'—(v. 600.) Consider for a moment to what this admission amounts. Simply to this—that Mr Pitt expended 150 millions of the national treasure without the smallest reasonable chance of any decisive advantage in return! This he did at a moment when half the sum, judiciously applied, would have spared a subsequent expense of 500 millions to England, and twenty years of bloodshed and desolation to Europe. And all this is to be forgiven because he abhorred the French Revolution, and established the sinking fund! Mr Alison, zealous as he is in Mr Pitt's defence, has most satisfactorily confirmed the bitter sentence of his enemies, that his war administration, from 1793 to 1799, was at once the most reckless, and the most feeble, that ever disgraced a British cabinet.

Mr Alison, in concluding his dissertation on the national debt, coolly states that, by the abolition of the sinking fund, 'irre-'trievable ultimate ruin has been brought upon the state.'—(v. 616.) We would fain dissent from this startling conclusion, and we shall endeavour to state a few plain reasons which induce us to look upon the present state of our finances, not indeed without anxiety, but still with cheerfulness and hope.

Mr Alison gives two reasons for his prediction of ruin from the national debt, one of which at least he makes no attempt to prove. 'Not only,' he says, 'is the burden now fixed upon our resources 'inconsistent with the permanent maintenance of the national 'independence, but the steady rule has been terminated under 'which alone its liquidation could have been expected.'—(v. 616.) The latter of these two propositions we in substance admit, but the former we greatly doubt. We admit that there is no immediate prospect of any considerable reduction in the amount of the national debt; but we trust there is every prospect that the

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resources of the nation will continue to increase so as to make that amount comparatively immaterial. Let us look to the past history of our finances. During the American war, the mad misgovernment of the sovereign and his ministers increased the national debt by more than 100 millions in seven years. In 1783, its whole amount was 240 millions—more than three-fourths of the revenue was eaten up by its interest—and yet, since all parties agreed that the country was on the verge of bankruptcy, it is but fair to conclude that the national expenditure was as large as any reasonable scale of taxation could supply. The wisest statesmen spoke of our prospects as despondently, if not quite as poetically, as Mr Alison does at present. And yet we know that, if our present debt were no larger than that of 1783, we could, if it were thought advisable, pay it off in ten or twelve years, merely by applying to its reduction the surplus of our present annual income. But the vast strength of the British empire was to be proved in a far more wonderful manner. In 1793 broke out the most dreadful war in modern history. With two brief intervals it lasted twenty-three years. The wealth of England, squandered as it was with wasteful prodigality, was found sufficient to nourish the contest throughout the whole of Europe. In 1815, peace returned, and the British people found themselves nearly 900 millions in debt; and yet their annual expenditure more than tripled the interest of this enormous sum—a proof that the nation, which thirty years before had been nearly ruined by a debt of 240 millions, was now able to support with safety, though not without suffering, a burden nearly four times as large! Have we since become less able to bear it? Have our energies been paralyzed by this tremendous pressure? Let Mr Alison himself answer the question. 'Five-and-twenty years of uninterrupted peace have increased 'in an extraordinary degree the wealth, population, and re-'sources of the empire. The numbers of the people during 'that time have increased nearly a half; the exports and im-'ports have more than doubled; the tonnage of the commercial 'navy has increased a half; and agriculture, following the wants 'of the increased population of the empire, has advanced in a 'similar proportion.'—(vii. 774.) Surely, if we go no further, there is even here ground for hope. It is easy to see that the increase of our national incumbrances, rapid as it has been, has been less rapid than that of our national resources;—that we now bear a debt of 800 millions, with less difficulty than we bore one of 80 millions a century ago.

Let us suppose that in 1783, some soothsayer had hazarded such a prediction as the following:—'It is at present believed,

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'that a long interval of undisturbed peace and rigid economy 'will barely save the country from open bankruptcy. I aver 'that in ten years England shall be struggling for existence 'with the mightiest prince in the world. For twenty years 'her resources shall be lavished with a profusion never before 'imagined; and yet, when the trial is over, it shall be found 'that all her reckless extravagance has barely enabled her 'embarrassments to keep pace with the vigorous growth of 'her prosperity.' How wild would such a prophecy have appeared, even to the most penetrating statesmen! Yet we know that it would have been literally fulfilled. We have borne the debt which sixty years ago seemed so overwhelming; we have survived a sudden addition of 650 millions to its amount; for a quarter of a century we have thriven and flourished under this monstrous load, and we can already look back with thankfulness to a time when it tasked our strength far more severely than at present. And now, it is dogmatically assumed that it must crush us after all! Surely there is no reason why the progress of British prosperity should, for the first time during so many ages, be suddenly arrested. And if this does not happen, who will pronounce it impossible that our descendants may look upon the debt of 1816 as lightly as we look upon the debt of 1783?

These are the considerations which incline us to hope that the national debt has not yet outrun our ability to bear it. We will now give our reasons for thinking that it is not likely to do so, and that it may even fail to keep pace with the future progress of the national wealth, as it has hitherto done. The national debt has now existed about one hundred and fifty years; and no addition has ever been made to its amount, except in time of war. Now, during this period, there have been no less than seven important wars, all perilous and burdensome, and one in particular beyond all comparison the most expensive in which this or any other nation was ever engaged. The present is the only peace, for more than a century past, which England has enjoyed during so many as ten successive years. And, upon the whole, more than seventy of the last hundred and fifty years, or about one year in every two since the origin of the debt, have been employed in active hostilities. This proportion is remarkably, indeed almost unprecedentedly, large. During that part of the seventeenth century which preceded the Revolution, only one year in four was occupied by war, and only one in seven by foreign war. During the sixteenth century, the proportion was about one year in five. It is therefore clear that the increase of the national debt has been hitherto promoted by an unusual suc-

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cession of difficulties; and it does not seem unreasonable to think that, according to the usual course of human events, so long a period of trouble and danger may probably be succeeded by one of comparative tranquillity.

But let us suppose the worst. Let us suppose that England is next year plunged in a fresh struggle with enemies as formidable, and a war administration as imbecile, as in 1793. We have no doubt that, backed by the obstinate courage and vast resources of the British people, the most incapable ministry would sooner or later achieve a triumphant peace. But the result of a prolonged and mismanaged war would of course be a heavy addition to our present burdens. In such a case we admit that national bankruptcy might appear close at hand. But does even this imply loss of national independence? It is now only fifty years since France underwent a national bankruptcy of the most disastrous kind. Is she now less formidable or less prosperous than before that misfortune? But we should not fear even this; for we do not believe that any amount of embarrassments would compel England to so degrading an expedient. Even in so dismal an emergency as we are supposing, we will not doubt that the national spirit would be found equal to the trial. We acknowledge that fearful sacrifices might be necessary—sacrifices which would be bitterly felt by every family in the united kingdom—sacrifices which might long impede the advance of prosperity and civilization. But that a nation containing twenty millions of the Anglo-Saxon race, crowned and strengthened by a century and a half of foreign glory and domestic freedom, could be deprived of its European rank by pecuniary embarrassments, is what we cannot bring ourselves to think possible.

We have attempted, we trust with proper courtesy and forbearance, to express our dissent from some of Mr Alison's political opinions. But there are passages in his work which we own have made us feel some difficulty in preserving this tone of moderation. We allude to the spirit of contempt and suspicion in which he occasionally permits himself to speculate on the motives and probable conduct of the reforming party in this country. When he predicts the speedy ruin of the British empire from the progress of democratic innovation, we admit that we have no right to complain. The utmost which such a prediction imputes to the most democratic politician, is an error of judgment. But when he accuses the liberal party in England of meditating the most atrocious acts of violence and treachery, and that upon mere conjecture, we certainly find it difficult to restrain our indignation. And we think that these calumnies are rendered, if possible, more offensive by the calm affecta-

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tion of historical impartiality with which they are delivered. After relating with just abhorrence the atrocities committed by the British troops, in storming some of the Spanish fortresses, he concludes his remarks with the following reflection:—'A consideration of these mournful scenes, combined 'with the recollection of the mutual atrocities perpetrated by 'both parties on each other in England during the wars of the 'Roses, the horrors of the Tyrone rebellion in Ireland, the cold-'blooded vengeance of the Covenanters after the battle of 'Philiphaugh, the systematic firing and pillage of London 'during Lord George Gordon's riots in 1780, and the brutal 'violence in recent times of the Chartists in England, suggest the 'painful doubt whether all mankind are not at bottom the same, 'in point of tendency to crime, when exposed to the influence 'of the same temptations; and whether there do not lie, smoul-'dering beneath the boasted glories of British civilization, the 'embers of a conflagration as fierce, and a devastation as wide-'spread, as those which followed and disgraced the French Revolu-'tion.'—(ix. 821.) Taken in its literal sense, this passage is a mere truism. Not only are Englishmen capable of such atrocities as disgraced the French Revolution, but they will infallibly be guilty of them, if they are ever situated as the French were fifty years ago. Deprive the British people of their free constitution, oppress and degrade them for a century or two as Louis XV. oppressed and degraded the French, and you will make them what the great body of the French nation was in 1789—a mob of ignorant, degraded, vindictive serfs. But it is impossible to mistake the insinuation which Mr Alison really intends to convey. No one can seriously suppose that he feels real surprise and alarm at finding that his countrymen are not intrinsically exempt from the ordinary vices of human nature. He clearly wishes to impress his readers with the fear, that the *present* temper of the English nation resembles that of the French in 1793; and that the progress of reform in this country is likely to terminate in a violent revolution. It is against this conjecture that we wish to protest.

Nothing can be clearer than that the virtues of our national character do not belong to us by birthright. Two thousand years ago, the inhabitants of Britain offered human sacrifices at Stonehenge. Eight hundred years after, our Saxon ancestors, in morals and humanity, were much upon a par with a modern South Sea islander. The Danes and Normans were some centuries later still in abandoning their savage habits. All this does not, of course, prevent us from claiming a place for the modern English among the most enlightened nations of the world;

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but it induces us to attribute their sympathy with the fallen, their aversion to blood, their generous spirit of fair play, purely to the humanizing effect of free institutions and protecting laws. For 150 years, the British constitution, however imperfect in some particulars, has been, upon the whole, one of the best that ever existed; and even for some centuries earlier, the English had enjoyed more political freedom, and personal security, than almost any nation in the world. These blessings have done much to improve our character; but they have not eradicated the innate passions and weakness of humanity. They have made us a generous and humane nation; but they have not made us incapable of ever becoming otherwise. The descendants of twenty generations of English gentlemen continue to be born with the same natural propensities as the nursling of an Indian wigwam. Send them to be educated in Australia or Sumatra, and they will grow up cannibals and barbarians like their comrades. Had Howard or Romilly been kidnapped in their infancy by a Pawnee war party, they would have undoubtedly acquired a taste for stealing horses, taking scalps, and massacring prisoners. In the same manner, had the English people been trodden down by tyrants when their liberties were insecure, they would have become cowardly, cruel, and revengeful. They may still become so, if those liberties should ever be abandoned. But whether this is probable—whether they are likely deliberately to resume the savage habits so long shaken off—this is the true question at issue.

The examples cited by Mr Alison can mislead no one. They occurred at remote times, or under extraordinary circumstances. He might as well argue the probability of a bloody rebellion from the crimes of Good, or Greenacre, as from the sacking of San Sebastian, or the violence of the Chartist mobs. The question to which his observations point, is this:—whether there are symptoms of an approaching civil war in the British empire. He appears inclined to answer in the affirmative; but how does he support his opinion? We naturally ask whether the British are a sanguinary nation? He tells us that they were so 400 years ago. We ask whether the great body of the people are attached to the laws? He tells us that there have occurred three or four destructive riots during the last half century. We ask whether British citizens are likely to rob and murder their peaceable neighbours? He tells us that British soldiers are sometimes guilty of violence in towns taken by storm. We admit the facts, but we deny that they afford any criterion of the ordinary temper of the nation. We do not flatter ourselves that we are differently constituted from the savage warriors of

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the middle ages, or the brutal rioters of the last generation. We found our hopes of avoiding their example, simply upon the obvious difference of circumstances. When the English return to the barbarism of the 15th century, or the fanaticism of the 17th, then they will treat their political opponents as the Yorkists treated the Lancastrians, or the Covenanters the Royalists. When the mass of the English nation becomes as crazy or as depraved as the madmen and ruffians of the No Popery mob, then they will imitate the plunder and violence of 1780. When English citizens engage in political contests with the excitement of soldiers in a desperate attack, then they will accompany political success with the atrocities of a victorious storming party. All this was really the case in France. In 1789, the French populace were as barbarous as the Yorkists, as fanatical as the Covenanters, as depraved as the lowest follower of Lord George Gordon, as hardened by suffering, as mad with triumph, and as thirsty for revenge, as Picton's grenadiers when they carried Badajos. But the violence of human passion is generally proportioned to the provocation received. Men do not feel the same fury at the refusal of a political privilege, as at a tyranny which makes their lives miserable. The English are on the whole a free and happy nation. They may wish to improve their condition, and the wish may be perfectly justifiable; but their present political state is at least tolerable. The progress of reform in England has long been peaceful and constitutional. The Catholic might be indignant when he was refused a fair chance of public honours and profits; the citizen of Birmingham or Manchester might complain when he was denied a representative in the legislature; but they could not feel like the French peasantry under the feudal laws. The measures which they demanded might be anxiously desired, but they were not matter of life and death. Men might dislike Mr Perceval when he refused Catholic emancipation, or the Duke of Wellington when he opposed Parliamentary reform; but it was impossible that they should hate them as the French populace hated Foulon and Berthier. Angry partisans might be found to abuse them in the papers, or even to throw mud at their windows; but it was not in human nature that any one should wish to hang them upon a lamp-post.

Still we cannot wonder at the sombre influence which Mr Alison's anxious and prejudiced imagination exercises upon his judgment of the future, when we see how strangely it perverts his memory of the past. Singular as it may appear, he actually discovers a resemblance between the agitation of the Reform Bill, and the excesses of the French Revolution. Now we, in common

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with numerous writers of the liberal persuasion, have more than once remarked, with satisfaction and triumph, the circumstances which attended the great constitutional change of 1832. A desperate struggle, a complete victory, an important transfer of political power—all took place without the loss of a life, or the confiscation of an acre. But this is not the most remarkable part of the transaction. If the moderation of the popular party had been remarked and admired at the time, we should have thought the example less striking. But it was not so. Not only did the general tranquillity pass as a thing of course, but the few and slight symptoms of insubordination which did appear, excited universal alarm and indignation. Tumultuous assemblies, seditious harangues, and menacing outcries, were deplored as amounting in themselves to unprecedented atrocities. If a rabble of thoughtless rioters cheered for a republic, or displayed a tricolor flag, words were found wanting to characterise the portentous act. A violent party journal ventured to threaten popular violence, and received from the general resentment an opprobrious *soubriquet* which is not yet forgotten. It is well known that the Duke of Wellington was, for the moment, most unjustly indeed, but naturally and excusably, one of the least popular men in England. He was known to be the strenuous opponent of a measure which the great body of the nation sincerely believed to be indispensable; and he was reported, we believe most falsely, to have accompanied the expression of his disapprobation with a haughty and contemptuous threat. An angry mob followed his carriage with hisses, and threw stones at the windows of Apsley House; and throughout all England one party was transported with rage and dismay, and the other overwhelmed with shame and sorrow. Men of all opinions, in short, were shocked and scandalized to find, that in England the surface of society was ruffled by a movement which in most countries would have broken up its very foundations. We would not be thought to palliate the partial irregularities which did occur. Riot and insult may be almost as criminal in a free citizen, as murder and plunder in an ignorant slave. But we may be permitted to exult in a national temper which leaves those irregularities so little excuse. Nobody thought of pausing among the massacres of 1792, to complain of abusive clamours or broken windows. And surely there is a strong presumption of the ordinary gentleness of an individual, when he overwhelms his friends with surprise and consternation by a slight frown, or a peevish murmur.

Such is not Mr Alison's reasoning. He remembers only the panic of the Conservative party, and forgets the insufficiency of

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the causes which excited it. In his fourth chapter, he has made some strong and just remarks on the infatuation of the French nobility, in deserting their country in a body, almost on the first appearance of danger. In a note to this passage, he quotes the pointedly expressed, but very feeble apology of M. de Chateaubriand, which in effect amounts to this—that the French aristocracy ought not to be blamed, because the danger was fearful and imminent, and because no one, living in a peaceful country, can tell whether he himself would have behaved better in such an emergency. The answer to all this is perfectly obvious. M. de Chateaubriand's arguments may induce us to look upon cowardice and folly as venial faults; but cannot possibly prove that the French nobility were brave or wise men. We perfectly agree with him, that it is the height of presumption to speak with violent indignation of persons who, in trying circumstances, have failed in wisdom and courage; and that no man can decide, without trial, whether he possesses such qualities himself. This is an excellent reason for pardoning and pitying those who are guilty of imprudence or pusillanimity; but none at all for permitting them to deny their guilt. M. de Chateaubriand's defence is at best merely a plea for mercy, and can never be taken as a ground for acquittal. Our author's reply is very different. He takes M. de Chateaubriand at his word, and says—We *have* been tried, and we have stood the trial; for the English aristocracy did not fly their country when the Reform Bill passed. For the benefit of the incredulous reader, we hold ourselves bound to quote this most astonishing passage entire. 'Admitting,' says Mr Alison, 'the caustic eloquence of these remarks, 'the British historian cannot allow their justice. The example 'of the nobility of his own country, in the disastrous days 'which succeeded the passing of the Reform Bill, has furnished him with a decisive refutation of them. The flames 'of Bristol and Nottingham proved that danger had reached 'their dwellings as well as those of the French noblemen; 'and if they had, in consequence, deserted their country and 'leagued with the stranger, it is hardly doubtful that similar 'excesses would have laid waste the whole fair realm of England. 'They did not do so; they remained at home, braving every 'danger, enduring every insult; and who can over-estimate the 'influence of such moral courage in mitigating the evils which 'then so evidently threatened their country?'—(i. 312.) We will fairly compare the circumstances of each case, and for that purpose we will quote from Mr Alison a few of the threatening symptoms which overcame the resolution of the French noblesse. 'Every where the peasants rose in arms, attacked and burnt the

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'chateaux of the landlords, and massacred or expelled the pos-
'sessors. The horrors of the insurrection of the Jacquerie, in the
'time of Edward III., were revived on a greater scale, and with
'deeper circumstances of atrocity. In their blind fury they did
'not even spare those seigneurs who were known to be inclined
'to the popular side, or had done the most to mitigate their suf-
'ferings, or support their rights. The most cruel tortures were
'inflicted on the victims who fell into their hands.'—(i. 228.)
We gladly spare ourselves and our readers the revolting details which follow. Now, what parallel has Mr Alison to produce from English history ten years ago? 'The flames of Bristol and 'Nottingham!' Two isolated riots, *occurring at an interval of several years*—each confined to a single town, and each effectually put down and signally punished by the power of the law. The disturbances of Bristol undoubtedly originated in a political cause; but it is clear that those who were guilty of the chief excesses committed there, acted merely from thirst of plunder. No vindictive feeling was displayed by the mob; no certain plan, no submission to command, was observable in their excesses, —all was indiscriminate thirst for spoil. The fact is, that the civil authorities failed to do their duty in repressing the first symptoms of tumult, and a rabble of thieves and desperadoes seized the opportunity of license and robbery. But in every large community there are numbers of indigent and depraved men, who gladly plunder their neighbours whenever they can do so with impunity. What happened in Bristol would most certainly happen to-morrow in every large city in Europe, if there were reason to suppose that the attempt would not be properly repressed. But how were the British aristocracy peculiarly menaced by a destructive riot in a great commercial town? Had Clumber or Strathfieldsay been burnt to the ground, instead of half-a-dozen streets in Bristol, the case would have been somewhat different. It was not by disturbances at Lyons or Bordeaux that the French noblesse were driven to Coblenz.

We do not know how we can better expose the injustice of Mr Alison's comparison, than by requesting our readers to imagine what their feelings of astonishment would have been, on finding by the papers, the day after the Reform Bill passed the House of Lords, that the Conservative gentry of England had emigrated in a body! Let them imagine an English emigrant peer landing, in 1832, at Calais or New York. He is eagerly pressed to describe the horrors he has witnessed—to communicate the names of the most illustrious victims—to give the particulars of the new British republic. What is his reply? 'England is in an awful 'state. At Bristol, only two hundred miles from my family seat,

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'there has been a dangerous riot and great destruction of property. 'I have been abused in the county newspapers. The *Times* has 'threatened the aristocracy with brickbats and bludgeons. The 'Duke of Wellington's windows have been broken.' And all this would have been addressed to men who could remember the Reign of Terror, or the forays of Brandt and Butler. The French emigration is a subject for serious blame; but that of the English aristocracy would have defied the gravity of all Europe. We pity and despise the selfish cowardice of a man who flies from a dangerous conflagration, instead of staying to rescue his family and protect his property. But our pity and contempt give way to a sense of the ludicrous, when we hear of his jumping headlong from a garret window, because a few idlers in the street have raised the cry of fire.

Not only, it seems, are the liberal party in England prepared to imitate the crimes of the French Revolution, but they are, or were, on the point of betraying their country to the actual perpetrators of those enormities. After noticing that Napoleon had intended to follow his descent upon Great Britain by a proclamation, promising 'all the objects which the revolutionary party 'in this country have ever had at heart,' Mr Alison proceeds as follows:—'That the French emperor would have been defeated 'in his attempt, if England had remained true to herself, can be 'doubtful to no one. . . . But would she have remained 'true to herself under the temptation to swerve produced by such 'means? This is a point upon which there is no Briton who 'would have entertained a doubt, till within these few years; but 'the manner in which the public mind has reeled from the appli-'cation of inferior stimulants since 1830, and the strong partia-'lity to French alliance which has grown up with the spread 'of democratic principles, has now suggested the painful doubt, 'whether Napoleon did not know us better than we knew our-'selves, and whether we could have resisted those methods of 'seduction which had proved fatal to the patriotism of so many 'other people. . . . The warmest friend to his country 'will probably hesitate before he pronounces upon the stability 'of the English mind under the influence of the prodigious 'excitement likely to have arisen from the promulgation of the 'political innovations which Napoleon had prepared for her se-'duction. If he is wise, he will rejoice that in the providence 'of God his country was saved the trial, and acknowledge with 'gratitude the inestimable obligations which she owes to the 'illustrious men whose valour averted a danger under which 'her courage, indeed, would never have sunk, but to which her 'wisdom might possibly have proved unequal.'—(v. 379.)

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We have frequently found occasion to differ from Mr Alison, but this is one of the few passages of his work which we have read with serious regret and deep displeasure. Its meaning is simply this—that had Napoleon landed in England, those Englishmen who approved of the reforms he intended to promise, would have deserted their countrymen and joined his army. The calumny is most disingenuously enveloped in the language of pretended self-abasement; but this disguise is too slight to conceal its real nature for a moment. The suspicion expressed by Mr Alison is obviously applicable only to his political opponents. It is therefore of *their* honour alone that he feels all this timid distrust. The temptation of which he expresses so much anxious dread, is one which could not have attracted *him;* the merit which he is so modestly reluctant to vaunt, is one in which *he* could have had no share. This candid renunciation of other people's credit has a twofold advantage; for it combines the grace of humility, with the pleasure of slander.

We might easily show that the political opinions of what Mr Alison is pleased to call the revolutionary party, are perfectly consistent with the national virtues, and even with the wholesome prejudices, of true-born Britons. We might plead, that an honest Englishman may consider the British constitution as the best in the world, without thinking it absolutely perfect; that he may religiously believe himself able to beat three Frenchmen, without longing to be perpetually employed in doing it. We might plead that it is one thing to desire the support of France abroad, and another to invoke her interference at home; one thing to wish for reform by act of parliament, and another to attempt it by high treason. But we prefer giving Mr Alison a practical proof of the dangerous nature of such rash and odious imputations. We gather two maxims from the elaborate and insidious passage we have just quoted. Every man who wishes for any alterations in the British constitution, is willing to become a traitor to obtain them. Every man who wishes for the alliance of a foreign power, is willing to be its slave. Let us see whether these rules will not cut both ways. Mr Alison is a conscientious opponent of Parliamentary reform, and a warm admirer of Russia. Suppose a Russian army to land at Leith, and to proclaim their intention of repealing the Act of 1832. Is Mr Alison conscious of the slightest inward misgiving lest he should be tempted to assist the invaders? Does he not feel the same instinctive scorn of such treachery, as of theft, or forgery, or any other infamous crime? And what would be his sensations if such a suspicion were publicly expressed, and if some Whig friend of his own were to

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answer it by moralizing upon the frailty of human resolution, and expressing thankfulness that the test is not likely to be applied? We know and feel that in such a case we could depend upon the loyalty of every respectable Conservative as upon our own; and we are heartily sorry, for Mr Alison's own sake, that he cannot bring himself to feel the same honest confidence in the opposite party.

British loyalty has not, in Mr Alison's opinion, survived British honour and patriotism. 'The more advanced of the present 'generation,' he says, 'still look back to the manly and disin-'terested loyalty with which, in their youth, the 4th of June 'was celebrated by all classes, with a feeling of interest increased 'by the mournful reflection, that amidst the selfish ambition and 'democratic infatuation of subsequent times, such feelings, in 'this country at least, must be numbered among the things that 'have been.'—(viii. 22.) We certainly shall not attempt to maintain that the same feverish and thoughtless loyalty now prevails in England, which was so common thirty or forty years ago. We acknowledge our belief that the men of the present generation would scarcely abandon an important political measure, because it was understood to be repugnant to the private opinion of a 'good old King,' or even of a good young Queen. But we do sincerely believe that there never was a period when Englishmen felt more solid, sober, trustworthy attachment to the throne than at present. No man having the slightest pretension to political importance, has, of late years, expressed dislike of the monarchical form of government. No man having the least regard for his character, has with impunity offered any public insult to the reigning monarch. We do not say this without warrant, for the attempt has been made. It was thought that a young and inexperienced Princess might possibly be intimidated by slander and invective. We will not remind Mr Alison with what party the design originated; but we are sure that he remembers, with as much pride and pleasure as ourselves, the signal defeat which it encountered from the generous indignation of the British people. We might go much further than this. We might speak of the general respect, we might almost say the general affection, which is felt for the present occupant of the throne. We might refer to the kindly warmth with which the name of that august lady is almost invariably mentioned in society—to the universal grief and alarm excited by the late supposed attempts upon her life—to the personal unpopularity which certain zealous Conservatives have incurred by a disrespectful mention of her name. Was the return of the fourth of June, we would ask, hailed with a more exuberant loyalty than that the expression of which made the

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farthest hills and mountains of Scotland echo back its heart-stirring sounds, on the late royal visit to this quarter of the Island?

We have now given a few sketches of Mr Alison's opinions respecting his liberal countrymen. The person holding these sentiments is, we believe, a well-educated gentleman, of respectable talents, of extensive historical information, of a benevolent temper, of strong religious feelings, and of a calm and contemplative turn of mind. With all these means and capacities for forming a candid judgment, he has, as we have seen, made up his mind that in 1803 the reforming party in England were prepared to betray their country to Napoleon—that in 1831 they were bent upon imitating the worst excesses of the French Revolution—and that at the present moment they would rather see the British empire perish than contribute to its aid at the risk of personal inconvenience. And yet with what contempt and indignation would the author of these imputations listen to the ravings of some poor, angry, ignorant, thick-headed Chartist, about the depraved morals and evil designs of the British aristocracy!

Mr Alison has shown much good sense and impartiality in his remarks upon the policy of the principal European powers towards France. He speaks with just admiration of the persevering courage displayed by England and Austria; but he notices, with equally just severity, the procrastination, the timidity, the obstinate prejudices, and the unreflecting ignorance of military affairs, which deprived both nations of so many opportunities of victory, and placed such fearful advantages in the hands of their keen and wary antagonist. The errors of Prussia were of a more serious nature; and Mr Alison has too much sense of moral rectitude not to visit them with deserved indignation. We need not retrace his account of the truly degrading policy in which, for ten years, the rulers of that state persisted. The guilty parties have been punished by the scorn of every European nation, and of none more signally than their own injured countrymen. We think, however, that Mr Alison shows far too much lenity in his remarks, upon the personal share of Frederick-William, in the disgrace of this period. It is clear, from his own statements, that the treaty by which Prussia accepted Hanover from France, as the price of her treason to the cause of Germany, originated in the unprincipled cupidity of the King himself. Such an instance of political depravity deserved far stronger censure than any which Mr Alison has applied to its author.

The unhappy situation of Prussia from 1795 to 1806 is, in our opinion, a most striking example of what Mr Alison denies, —the close connexion between political impotence and social insecurity. The Prussians are generally considered admirable

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specimens of the true German character;—brave, generous, honest to a proverb, and distinguished by a simplicity of manners and a kindness of heart, which has often surprised and delighted the traveller, accustomed to the levity of the French, or the reserve of the English. The ardour which they displayed in the struggles of 1806 and 1813, proves that they had felt their disgrace as became an honourable nation. But their rulers were irresponsible, and they were without a remedy. Had Frederick-William been a limited sovereign, Napoleon would have been crushed for ever in the campaign of 1805. Even as it was, the grief and indignation of the people did, too late, what their legitimate interference would have done speedily and effectually. Frederick-William, though not a man of strong sense, was not destitute of all manly feeling. The united voice of his honest and loyal subjects, and the rash insults of the French emperor, at length roused him to a sense of his duty. An army of 120,000 men, who had lain idle in their barracks while Napoleon was struggling for life and empire in the valley of the Danube, marched to encounter him returning in triumph from Austerlitz. A decisive battle was fought—the Duke of Brunswick completed in the field what the King had begun in the cabinet—and a campaign of six weeks left Prussia the powerless slave of France for as many years. Never, with one terrible exception, did a civilized sovereign meet with a more deserved, a more signal, or a more strictly personal chastisement, than Frederick-William. The overthrow of his brave army, the capture of his capital, the misery of his faithful subjects, the shameful defection of his most trusted lieutenants—all this was but the more ordinary part of his punishment. He was compelled to attend at Tilsit, humiliated by his political ruin, and embarrassed by his intellectual incapacity—the helpless suppliant of the triumphant Napoleon, and the acute and accomplished Alexander. He was compelled to endure in person the insulting neglect, or the supercilious condescension of his ungenerous enemy, and his faithless ally. He saw his high-minded queen throw herself in tears at the feet of the French emperor, and receive an obdurate repulse. He returned home to witness her melancholy and lingering death—the result of humbled pride and hopeless sorrow. He survived these miserable events many years—he lived to see his country free and victorious, and he ended his life in peace and prosperity. His early want of faith had brought upon him such a prompt and overwhelming punishment as few princes have undergone in this life; and the honourable consistency of his subsequent conduct may induce us to hope that so dreadful a lesson was not inflicted in vain.

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We are glad to find that Mr Alison's strong monarchical principles have not tempted him to imitate certain historians of that persuasion, in their perverted accounts of the Peninsular war. He relates the many indelible disgraces incurred by the Spanish nation in his usual tone of calm forbearance; but he does not disguise his opinion, that Spain owed to England alone her escape—if escape it can be called, from becoming a French province. We acknowledge, however, that while we admire the steady equanimity of Mr Alison's remarks, we have occasionally, in reading this part of his history, felt more inclination to sympathize with the scornful indignation of Colonel Napier. We cannot help thinking that the resistance of the Spanish nation, fortunate as it was for Europe, was actually more discreditable to themselves than the tamest submission. Submission would at least have enabled us to suppose that the people were not averse to the French yoke. Thus the passive conduct of the Italian states in 1796, did not destroy the military reputation of their citizens. It merely proved that their unhappy political condition had, as might be expected, extinguished public spirit among them; and, therefore, no one was surprised at the bravery afterwards displayed by the Italian corps of Napoleon's army. But the struggles of Spain were as furious as they were feeble; and their rancorous violence displayed the resentment of the nation, without disguising its weakness. They made it clear, in short, that every Spaniard hated the French, but that very few had the courage to meet them in the field. Many of our readers will remember the enthusiastic sympathy which the Peninsular contest excited in England. Orators declaimed upon the impotence of military discipline to withstand righteous enthusiasm; as if military discipline tended to extinguish enthusiasm, or as if enthusiasm were impossible except in a righteous cause. Poets wrote sonnets about the power of armies being a visible thing, while national spirit was invisible and invincible;—as if the spirit which impelled a brave German to march manfully to battle, had been less formidable, or less noble, than that which prompted a Spanish peasant to lurk in some remote *sierra*, shooting stragglers and robbing convoys. But the unsparing exposures of Colonel Napier at once and for ever fixed the opinion of the English nation upon the events of the Spanish war; the substance of his narrative is confirmed, generally speaking, by the more lenient statements of Mr. Alison; and their united testimony shows, that the Spanish nation displayed in that struggle a want of common sense, of common honesty, of veracity, of humanity, and of gratitude, scarcely to be paralleled in the history of Bengal or of China.

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To some of our readers—though to none, we think, who have given much attention to the subject—these observations may appear unjust and illiberal. Their justice is soon vindicated. Every British writer has allowed that the history of the regular Spanish armies, during the Peninsular war, is a mere tissue of folly, cowardice, and disaster. The shameful names of Somosierra, Rio Seco, Belchite, and Ocana, are sufficient to recall the long succession of their miserable overthrows. Their sole achievement in the field—the surrender of the French army at Baylen—has long been attributed to its true cause—the unaccountable rashness, and more unaccountable despair, of the unhappy Dupont. A few, and but a few, of the sieges sustained by their towns, have done them more honour. The heroic defence of Gerona stands unrivalled, as an example of Spanish skill and valour. That of Zaragossa, considered merely as a military exploit, was one of far inferior brilliancy. The true glory of that celebrated city consists in the invincible patience with which its defenders endured the ravages of pestilence and famine. That is a species of courage in which the Spaniards have never been deficient. Like many unwarlike nations, they are endued by their moral or physical constitution with a passive courage, under suffering, which is rarely displayed by the bold and hardy soldiers of northern Europe. But, putting this out of the question, it was surely no unparalleled achievement for 30,000 regular troops, aided by 15,000 well-armed peasants, to defend an imperfectly fortified town for six weeks against 43,000 Frenchmen.

There are persons who think the desultory exploits of the *Partidas* sufficient to redeem the honour of Spain; and who judge of Castilian skill and prowess, not from the disgraces of Blake and Cuesta, but from the adventurous feats of Mina and the Empecinado. We own that we attach little importance to the isolated and imperfect successes of such leaders as these. We see little glory in firing from a thicket, or rolling rocks down a ravine, especially at a moment when a regular force was vainly summoning recruits for the open defence of Spanish independence. It was not so that the gallant Tyrolese defended their country. They did not desert their Emperor to ensconce themselves in the fastnesses of their mountains. While a hope remained of resisting the enemy in the open field, they were constantly foremost in the ranks of the Austrian army. The partisan warfare of the Spanish peasantry may captivate romantic imaginations; but such are not the means by which a great nation should assert its independence. The details of modern warfare may wear an aspect of formal routine; but it is in the ranks of disciplined armies, with all their unpoetical accompaniments, that the true post of honour and danger

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is to be found. A regiment of grenadiers, trudging along the high-road, may be a less picturesque spectacle than a party of brigands wandering among forests and precipices; but if they do their duty, they incur more risk, and perform more service, and therefore deserve more credit. Even were it otherwise, it is not the bravery of a few straggling guerillas that can efface the dishonour incurred by the regular Spanish armies. It would be a poor consolation to a Spaniard, that his country, with a population of twelve millions, and a military force of 70,000 regular soldiers under arms, found her most effectual defenders in a few thousand undisciplined sharpshooters.

The accusation of illiberality we are less careful to answer. We confess that we have no idea of complimenting away the hardly-won glory of our gallant countrymen—of displaying modesty and generosity at the expense of the heroic army which really delivered the Peninsula. Still less are we restrained by any scruple of delicacy from exposing the infamy of that unworthy ally, whose jealousy constantly thwarted our generals; whose cowardice repeatedly betrayed our soldiers; whose imbecility caused our dreadful loss at Albuera; who shamefully deserted our wounded at Talavera; and who actually assassinated our stragglers during the retreat from Burgos. The inflexible justice of Angelo is all that we can grant the Spaniards:—if in the strict letter of history they can find credit or excuse, it is well; if not, let them not seek it from us.

We now come to what we certainly consider the most incomprehensible peculiarity of Mr Alison's work—the strong and apparently causeless interest which he seems to feel in favour of the Russian nation. If this predilection had displayed itself by misrepresentations of the real history of Russia—by the suppression, or the sophistical palliation, of her numerous political crimes—it would have called for a tone of remonstrance very different from any which Mr Alison's work has given us occasion to employ. But we have been able to detect no such attempt. Judging solely from the account before us, we should unhesitatingly conclude that the national character of the Russians is very unamiable; that their domestic government is very corrupt; and that their foreign policy is very unprincipled. How far a hostile historian might have aggravated the picture, we shall not venture to pronounce; but certain we are that the ordinary prejudices against Russia require no stronger confirmation than the statements of Mr Alison. If, after fairly laying the case before his readers, the historian chooses to retain his own prejudices in defiance of his own facts and arguments, we cannot see that we are called upon to interfere. The truth, we suppose, is, that the formidable power and deep policy of

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Russia have excited in Mr Alison's mind that species of capricious *quasi*-admiration, which good and clever men sometimes feel for certain worthless characters, so long as they are not seriously called upon to form any practical judgment respecting them. The pleasure with which the characters alluded to are contemplated, proceeds entirely from the taste and imagination; and rather resembles our admiration of a striking work of art than our love or esteem for a human being. If this is all that Mr Alison feels toward Russia, we have little more to say. The prepossession, however, is not such as we should have expected to remark in a British historian of the nineteenth century, nor is its display always regulated by the best taste. Still it may amount to no more than this—that while Mr Alison acknowledges the numerous faults of the Russian character, he is involuntarily dazzled and attracted by some of its peculiarities. We do not, by any means, sympathize with this feeling; but so long as it does not betray its entertainer into any serious defence of Russian policy, we are content to look upon it as a harmless though somewhat unpleasing caprice.

The most interesting subject of Mr Alison's history, next to the great Revolution which forms the groundwork of the whole, is undoubtedly the character of the extraordinary man who made that Revolution the instrument of his power. We scarcely know any stronger illustration of the genius and influence of Napoleon Bonaparte, than the simple fact, that for twenty years his life and the history of Europe are convertible terms. During the whole of that time, the annals of the smallest European state would be absolutely unintelligible without a clear view of the policy and character of the French emperor; and, on the other hand, every change of rulers in the pettiest principality—every intrigue at Petersburg or Naples—every motion in the British Parliament—was of immediate and vital concern to Napoleon. This is more than can be said of any other conqueror or statesman in modern times. The direct influence of Louis, Frederick, and Catharine, was comparatively limited. A Russian or a Turk cared little for the invasion of Holland or the Spanish succession; and an Italian was comparatively indifferent to the conquest of Silesia or the division of Poland. But no such supineness prevailed during the wars of the French empire. Wherever the great conqueror was engaged, the breathless attention of all Europe was fixed. Every citizen of every state felt his hopes or his fortunes raised or depressed by the event. The death of an English minister was hastened by the battle of Marengo; the treaty of Tilsit was felt as an object of interest in the deserts of Central Asia; the battle of Leipsic roused or paralysed every European from Cadiz to the North Cape. The

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French empire, in a word, resembled the talismanic globe of the sorcerers in *Thalaba*, the slightest touch upon which caused the whole universe to tremble.

There are few subjects upon which public opinion has differed more widely than upon the moral character of Napoleon. Thirty years ago, most Englishmen believed him to be one of those wretched monomaniacs who have seemed to feel a pleasurable excitement in tormenting their fellow-creatures. Even now, he is generally considered as a man naturally cold and unfeeling, and hardened by habit into a total indifference to human suffering. But we do not think that either opinion will satisfy any person who impartially examines the present account of his actions and policy.

Mr Alison has supplied us with a new and very plausible palliation of Napoleon's ambition. He repeatedly and very reasonably insists on the precarious foundation of the French empire, and on the irresistible necessity which compelled its chief at once to dazzle and unite his subjects, by engaging them in successful war. If, indeed, this excuse stood alone, we should think comparatively little of its force. Necessity is the tyrant's plea. No spectacle can be more painfully interesting than that of a character naturally great and noble, whose moral sense has been blunted by the influence of early habit, and the encouragement of vulgar applause. But we feel no such sympathy for the man who knowingly and wilfully prefers his interest to his duty. Many a mind, which would have defied both intimidation and seduction, has been warped and weakened by the imperceptible force of custom; but when the strong temptation is combined with the enervating influence, we may well cease to wonder at its victory. Napoleon, bred, and almost born, a soldier and a revolutionist, preferred unjust war to political extinction. How many legitimate sovereigns have preferred it to undisturbed security!

We have been much gratified by the calm and impartial spirit in which Mr Alison discusses the general character of this extraordinary man. Indeed, we feel bound to remark, that throughout the whole of the present work, we do not recollect a single case in which the political prejudices of the author, uncharitable as they sometimes appear, have been able to hurry his calm and patient mind into a harsh or hasty condemnation of individuals. His censure of Napoleon's ambition is, as we have seen, lenient almost to excess. Of his other misdeeds, real and imputed, he speaks with equal, though we trust better merited, forbearance. He is willing to acquit the First Consul of the mysterious deaths of Wright and Pichegru, which he ascribes to the apprehensive cruelty of the French police—men too well known to have been familiar with every form of violence and treachery. His narra-

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tive of the lamented fate of the Duc d'Enghien does the highest credit both to his humanity and his self-command. Nothing can be more feelingly expressed than his commiseration of the brave and innocent sufferer; but he has not permitted it to hurry him into rash or unthinking denunciations against the guilty party. He represents the crime of Napoleon in its true light—not as an act of wanton murder, but as the blind vengeance of a violent man, justly alarmed and enraged by the atrocious attempts of the French Royalists against his life. But there is one scene in Napoleon's career which no sophistry can palliate—which no imagination can elevate—which his most devoted partizans can but endeavour to forget. We allude to the treacherous detention of the English families travelling in France in 1801. We do not say that none of Napoleon's acts were more criminal; but we think that none were so inconsistent with the character of a great man. His other crimes, heavy as they may be, were at least the crimes of a conqueror and a statesman. They were crimes such as Attila or Machiavel might have committed or approved—crimes of passion, or of deep and subtle policy. The massacre of Jaffa, and the invasion of Spain might have been forgotten by a generation which had witnessed the atrocities of Ismail and Warsaw —which had pardoned Frederick-William for his sordid occupation of Hanover—and Alexander for the vile treachery which wrested Finland from his own brave and faithful ally. The ambition which provokes unjust war—the passions which prompt a violent and bloody revenge—even the craft which suggests deep-laid schemes of political treachery—have but too often been found consistent with many brilliant and useful virtues. But the measure of which we speak displayed the spirit of a Francis or a Ferdinand—the spirit which has peopled Siberia with Polish nobles, and crowded the dungeons of Austria with Italian patriots. It displayed the cold unrelenting spite of a legitimate despot, inured from childhood to the heartless policy of what is called a *paternal* government. We are not partial to a practice in which Mr Alison frequently indulges—that of attempting to trace the immediate interference of Providence in every remarkable coincidence of human affairs; but we cannot avoid being struck by a melancholy resemblance between the captivity in which Napoleon ended his life, and the lingering torments which he had wantonly inflicted on ten thousand of his harmless fellow-creatures.

We are pleased to find in Mr Alison a zealous, though discriminating admirer of the military genius of Napoleon. The contrary judgment has lately been proclaimed by a few military critics, and supported with a vehement and disdainful asperity, which strikes us, to say the least, as singularly ungraceful. This is

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perhaps most unsparingly and offensively exemplified in a series of essays which appeared some years since in a professional Journal, and which, if we are rightly informed, excited considerable notice among military men. They are understood to be the production of an officer in the British army, well known for his speculations in the theory of war, and possessing, we believe, much experience in actual service. They are full of ingenious reasoning, of contemptuous invective, and of ironical derision. Now we have not the slightest wish to set up authority against argument. We shall not turn upon this critic and say, 'The oldest and bravest generals in Europe still tremble at the 'memory of the man whom you undertake to prove a mere for-'tunate fool:—is it likely that your judgment should be more 'correct than theirs?' But we think that the opposition of authority is a good reason, not for suppressing a theory, but for delivering it in modest and tolerant language. We know that argument is a weapon which the weakest may successfully wield, and which the strongest cannot resist. As the Chevalier Bayard complained of the arquebuse, in the hands of a child it may strike down the most valiant knight on earth. We therefore think it no presumption in the youngest ensign in the army to plead against Napoleon's claims to military glory. Let him fairly state his opinion, and fairly endeavour to establish it. The greater the impostor, the more dazzling the illusion—the higher will be our obligation to the bold and keen-sighted advocate who brings him to justice. We do not, therefore, complain of the military critics in question for attempting to place Napoleon's military reputation a step below that of Cope or Mack. But we protest against the advocate's usurping the functions of the judge. We protest against his assuming that he has triumphed—against his referring to the question as one irrevocably settled in his favour—against his pouring upon the accused the contempt and ridicule to which posterity alone can fitly sentence him. This is worse than mere disrespect to the memory of a celebrated man; it is arrogant and ridiculous self-flattery. A century and a half ago Louis XIV. acquired a high reputation as a general. Posterity has weighed and found him wanting. But suppose that a young officer of that day had written of Louis as the critics of whom we speak write of Napoleon. We should have said that he might be a clever, clear-headed man; but that, if he chose to deliver a paradox in the tone of an oracle, it was his own fault that nobody listened to him. But this is the most favourable point of view. What do we say of the detractors whom posterity has pronounced in the wrong? What do we say of the slanderers of Marlborough and of Moore? The destruction of a brilliant but unmerited reputa-

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tion is the most useful, the most difficult, the most invidious, and therefore, perhaps, the noblest task of an honest investigator of historic truth. But it requires candour and delicacy no less than boldness and acumen. When it is attempted from an obvious sense of duty, we admire the unflinching sincerity of the assailant, even though we condemn his severity. But when he undertakes it in the exultation of superior discernment—when he performs it with the insolence of personal antipathy—his victory will be unhonoured and unsympathized with, and his defeat will be embittered by universal scorn and indignation.

We do not possess the technical knowledge necessary to dissect the criticisms to which we have alluded. We can only judge as unlearned mortals, let scientific tacticians say what they will, always must judge—by general results. We can only consider what Napoleon did, and whether, according to the ordinary doctrine of chances, it is conceivable that he could have done so much had he been a man of no extraordinary powers. Napoleon, then, commanded in person at fourteen of the greatest pitched battles which history has recorded. Five times—at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram—he crushed the opposing army at a blow; finished the war, in his own emphatic phrase, by a *coup-de-foudre;* and laid the vanquished power humbled and hopeless at his feet. Five times—at Borodino, Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, and Ligny—he was also decidedly victorious, though with less overwhelming effect. At Eylau the victory was left undecided. At Leipsic, the French were defeated, as is well known, by a force which outnumbered their own as five to three. At Waterloo, it is generally acknowledged that the overthrow of Napoleon was owing, not to any deficiency in skill on his part, but to the invincible obstinacy of the British infantry, who are admitted, even by the French accounts, to have displayed a passive courage, of which the most experienced warrior might be excused for thinking human nature incapable. At Aspern alone, to judge from the able account of Mr Alison, does the partial defeat of the French emperor appear to have been owing to any faulty arrangement of his own. Five of his ten actions were gained over equal or superior forces; and among the generals defeated by him, we find the distinguished names of Wurmser, Melas, Benningsen, Blucher, and above all, the Archduke Charles. We might produce still stronger testimonies. We might relate the glorious successes of his first Italian campaign, in which four powerful armies were successively overthrown by a force comprising, from first to last, but 60,000 men. We might notice his romantic achievements in Egypt and Syria, against a new and harassing system of hostility. We might enlarge on the most wonderful of all his exploits—the pro-

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tracted struggle which he maintained in the heart of France, with a remnant of only 50,000 men, against the quadruply superior numbers of the Allies. But all this is unnecessary. If the successes to which we have alluded are insufficient to prove that Napoleon was a general of the first order, the reputation of no soldier who ever existed can be considered as established. If such numerous and extraordinary examples are insufficient to establish a rule, then there is no such thing as reasoning by induction. It is in vain to endeavour to explain away such a succession of proofs. Technical cavils can no more prove that Napoleon was a conqueror by chance, than the two sage Sergeants mentioned by Pope could persuade the public that Lord Mansfield was a mere wit. The common sense of mankind cannot be permanently silenced by scientific jargon. Plain men, though neither lawyers nor mathematicians, see no presumption in pronouncing Alfred a great legislator, or Newton a great astronomer. It is equally in vain to attempt to neutralize the proofs of Napoleon's superiority, by balancing them with occasional examples of rash presumption; or, even did such exist, of unaccountable infatuation. No number of failures can destroy the conclusion arising from such repeated and complete victories. The instances in which fools have blundered into brilliant success are rare; but the instances in which men of genius have been betrayed into gross errors are innumerable. And, therefore, where the same man has brilliantly succeeded and lamentably failed, it is but fair to conclude, that the success is the rule, and the failure the exception. Every man constantly forms his opinions respecting the affairs of real life upon this theory. In literature, in science, in the fine arts, no man's miscarriages are allowed to diminish the credit of his successes. Nobody denies that Dryden was a true poet because he wrote *Maximin;* for it was more likely that a true poet should write *Maximin* than that a dunce should write *Absalom and Achitophel.* Nobody denies that Bacon was a true philosopher because he believed in alchemy; for it was more likely that a true philosopher should believe in alchemy, than that an empiric should compose the *Novum Organum.* No classical scholar denies the merit of Bentley's edition of Horace, because he failed in his edition of Milton. No man of taste refuses to enjoy the wit and humour of Falstaff, because the same author imagined the pedantic quibbles of Biron.

We shall not attempt to sketch the personal character of Napoleon. Yet it is a subject upon which, could we hope to do it justice, the ample materials supplied by the present history might well tempt us to linger. No laboured eulogium could impress us with so much admiration for his surpassing genius, as the

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simple details collected by Mr Alison. We never before so clearly appreciated the mighty powers of Napoleon—his boundless fertility of resource—his calm serenity in the most desperate emergencies—his utter ignorance of personal fear—his piercing political foresight—the vast fund of miscellaneous knowledge collected by the almost involuntary operation of his perspicacious and tenacious intellect—the rapid and vigorous reasoning faculties, which applied themselves, with the ease and precision of some exquisite machine, to every subject alike which for an instant attracted his attention.

In his seventy-second chapter, Mr Alison has collected a variety of highly interesting details, respecting the private manners and habits of Napoleon. It is scarcely possible to describe the impression which its perusal leaves on the mind. The strange contrast of warm affection and vindictive hatred, of fiery impetuosity and methodical precision, of royal luxury and indefatigable self-denial, of fascinating courtesy and despotic harshness—the indomitable pride, the vehement eloquence, the magnanimous power of self-command, the fearful bursts of passion—all combine to produce an effect by which the dullest imagination must be enchanted, but which the most versatile genius might fail in depicting. The interest of the portrait is augmented by those minute personal peculiarities on which the romantic devotion of Napoleon's followers has so often dwelt—by the classical features, the piercing glance, the manners, now stern, abrupt, and imperious, now full of princely grace—even by the small plain hat, and the *redingote grise*, which have supplanted the white plume of Henri Quatre in French song and romance. We almost sympathize with the attachment of his soldiers, wild and idolatrous as it was, when we remember Mr Alison's simple but imposing narrative of the events of the empire—of the congress of Tilsit, the farewell of Fontainbleau, and the unparalleled—the marvellous march to Paris. It is impossible, in reading the striking details which record the personal demeanour of Napoleon during such scenes as these, not to recall the noble lines in which Southey has described Kehama:—

> "Pride could not quit his eye,
> Nor that remorseless nature from his front
> Depart; yet whoso had beheld him then
> Had felt some admiration mix'd with dread,
> And might have said
> That sure he seem'd to be the king of men;
> Less than the greatest, that he could not be,
> Who carried in his port such might and majesty."

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ART. II.—*The Life of Augustus Keppel, Admiral of the White, and First Lord of the Admiralty in* 1782–3. By the Hon. and Rev. THOMAS KEPPEL. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1842.

IT is not often that naval subjects are brought under our consideration;—not that we are not fully impressed with the paramount importance of all that relates to this mighty arm of our power, essential, indeed, for the safety and protection of every part of the United Kingdom at home, and of its numerous dependencies abroad, and equally so for that of our valuable and extensive commerce and mercantile shipping. In fact, it so happens that, 'during the piping times of peace,' naval events are seldom of that stirring character as to cause much excitement in the public mind; but the biography of such of our brave naval defenders, who may have had the enviable good fortune of signalizing themselves in fight with the enemy, and of being placed in situations of great trust and responsibility, must always command a prominent place in the annals of the British empire.

Already, the lives of Anson, Howe, St Vincent, Nelson, Rodney, and Saumarez are before the public; and the wonder is, that a Memoir of Keppel, the friend and associate of the first three of these, and we may also add, of Hawke, Saunders, and Duncan, should have been so long delayed. The task, however, though late, is now accomplished, and by one who has proved himself well qualified to do justice to the exploits, the character, and the memory of a meritorious and gallant naval officer;—by one who, owing to his first professional choice, is not altogether unacquainted with the naval service; who is descended from the same noble family; and who had access to private as well as official documents, of which he has made a copious and judicious use. In them we find the mental qualities and disposition of Admiral Lord Keppel amply developed—replete with every amiable feature—kind, benevolent, and sincere. He was a man liberal in his political opinions, which were those of his family and most intimate friends—Rockingham, Shelburne, Richmond, Burke, Fox, and many others of the Whig party. And if he was not so fortunate, in his long and successful service of more than forty years, almost wholly spent at sea, as to obtain, as commander-in-chief, any great and decisive success against the enemy, such as is usually designated by the name of 'victory,' yet he had his full share in the victories of Hawke, Anson, and Pococke; and achieved signal success in numerous enterprizes entrusted to his charge. Equally successful was he in conciliating the good opinion

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and obtaining the applause of the public, and of his highly distinguished friends;—gaining a moral triumph over those few of his enemies who might be envious of his well-acquired reputation.

The Honourable Augustus Keppel was the second son of the second Lord Albemarle, by Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of Charles first Duke of Richmond, and was born the 25th April 1725. He entered the navy at the early age of ten years, having quitted Westminster school for the cockpit of the Oxford frigate, passed his first two years on the coast of Guinea, and three in the Mediterranean, in the Gloucester. On his return in July 1740, he was appointed to the Centurion, under the command of Commodore Anson, destined for a voyage round the world. 'He thus,' says his biographer, 'shared in the hardships and 'dangers of that celebrated voyage, which for its inauspicious 'commencement, its strange and protracted disasters, and its final 'success, is, perhaps, without a parallel in the naval annals of any 'country.' In the course of this voyage he contracted a steady friendship with that distinguished band of brothers—Anson, Saunders, Brett, Saumarez, Denis, Byron, Parker, and Campbell —which terminated only with their several lives.

The incidents of this voyage are so well known that we pass over our author's summary, (of about sixty pages,) interspersed with a few sentences from Keppel's own journal—noticing only one incident which, with becoming modesty, is omitted in that journal, but mentioned in 'Anson's Voyage,' and which occurred at the attack of Payta: it is, that 'one side of the peak of Keppel's jockey 'cap was shaved off, close to his temple, by a ball.' After the action with the Spanish galleon, Anson was so pleased with the conduct of Keppel, that he immediately gave him a lieutenant's commission. On the arrival of the Centurion at Portsmouth, in June 1744, and as soon as paid off, Keppel immediately applied for employment, and was ordered to join the Dreadnought, commanded by the Hon. Edward Boscawen,—'Old 'Dreadnought,' as the sailors used to call him—'the most ob-'stinate,' as Walpole says, 'of an obstinate family.' But Pitt, who is higher authority than Walpole, said of him, 'When I 'apply to other officers respecting any expedition I may chance 'to project, they always raise difficulties—Boscawen always 'finds expedients.' From this ship, in November of the same year, he was promoted to the rank of commander, and appointed to the Wolf sloop; and, in the following December, was advanced to that of captain, and transferred to the Greyhound frigate. Thus, in ten years from his entering the service, that is, at the age of twenty, he obtained what was then called *post*

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rank. Soon after he was appointed to the Sapphire, a forty gun frigate.

From this time he was actively employed in cruizing and making prizes, till the Sapphire required refitting; when, on application by letter to the Duke of Bedford, then First Lord of the Admiralty, 'that he might not lie idle while the Sapphire is 'laid up; and stating that his Grace must be sensible how ill it 'appears for young officers to remain on shore upon their plea-'sure, when they might be doing, perhaps, a service to their 'country,' he was appointed to the Maidstone, a ship of fifty guns, in the squadron under Admiral Warren, who, in writing to Anson, says, 'I think Keppel a charming little man.' In his eagerness and anxiety to cut off a large vessel running for Belleisle, and being told by an old pilot that it could be done very easily, his own ship struck upon the rocks of the Pelliers, two minutes after the man in the chains called out five fathoms;—so intent was he upon the chase, and 'so uneasy,' he says, 'lest people 'should have thought it was the castle (which had fired upon 'him) he stood in fear of.' The French behaved remarkably well; they sent him and his crew to Nantz, and at the expiration of five weeks he returned to England on his parole. In a letter to his friend Saumarez, he says, 'I had my fortune before my eyes, 'but eagerness and a bad pilot put an end to it.' A few days after his acquittal by court-martial, he was appointed to a new seventy-four gun ship, the Anson, destined to form one of the squadron under Sir Peter Warren. In writing to Lord Anson, from Lisbon, he says, 'I find we have lost the Duke of Bed-'ford, who now is Secretary of State. I wish our new head may 'be as zealous, and support us as his Grace has done. I have 'not the honour of knowing my Lord Sandwich so well as the 'Duke of Bedford, but whilst I have the happiness to behave 'myself deserving your Lordship's protection, I want no other.'

From the Anson, Keppel and all his officers were turned over to his old ship, the Centurion, which, after a thorough repair, was reduced from a sixty to a fifty gun ship. Keppel was highly gratified by this appointment, made by the duke's successor, Lord Sandwich. The Centurion had not only become celebrated from her voyage round the world, but was also considered a 'crack man-of-war.' 'Among the midshipmen who now 'joined the Centurion, was Adam Duncan, so distinguished in 'after times as the gallant Lord and Admiral of that name. 'Duncan may be truly said to have received his professional 'education in Keppel's school, having served under him in the 'several ranks of midshipman; third, second, and first lieuten-'ant; flag and post captain;—indeed, with the exception of a

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'short time with Captain Barrington, he had no other commander 'during the Seven Years' War.'

It may be noticed that Duncan was destined, in after life, to sit as one of the judges at the trial of his early friend. The Centurion having put into Plymouth, the commodore, on a visit to his friend Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, first became acquainted with Mr (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds, and was so much pleased with the young artist, that he offered him a passage in the Centurion on the interesting voyage she was then on her way to perform. The beautiful portrait of Keppel which he afterwards painted, and from which an engraving stands as frontispiece to this work, is supposed to have been among the first to enhance the reputation of Reynolds.

During the fourteen years that had now expired since Keppel left Westminster school, his life had almost wholly been spent in active employment at sea, capturing many of the enemy's armed ships and merchantmen. Now, however, he received a notification that he was to be entrusted with a diplomatic mission to the States of Barbary, and to be appointed to the chief command in the Mediterranean, with the rank of commodore. In writing to his friend Anson, then one of the Lords of the Admiralty, he says, 'I have wrote to my Lord Sandwich by this 'opportunity, whom, with your Lordship, I am greatly obliged 'to, for your entrusting me with this command.'

One main object of it was to obtain from the Dey of Algiers satisfaction for the capture of a government packet, the treasure and effects on board which, being of very considerable value, were confiscated by the Dey. His instructions were to obtain restitution, and, if this barbarian should be refractory, to use menaces to intimidate him. On the arrival of the Centurion in the bay with other six ships of war, a salute of twenty guns was fired from the batteries, in returning which one of the Centurion's guns, by the carelessness of the gunner, was shotted, which the Dey persisted was done purposely; and this made him not only 'refractory,' but very saucy. Mr Keppel gives the following anecdote from Northcote's 'Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' which is also mentioned in other publications of the day; but as the commodore does not notice it in his journal, his biographer considers it as dubious. 'The Dey, surprised at the boldness 'of Keppel's remonstrances, and despising his apparent youth, 'he being then only four-and-twenty, exclaimed, that he wondered 'at the insolence of the King of Great Britain in sending him 'an insignificant, beardless boy!' On this the spirited commodore replied, 'Had my master supposed that wisdom was mea-'sured by the length of the beard, he would have sent your

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'Deyship a he-goat.' From the character of Keppel we think the anecdote probable enough, and that Northcote may have received it from Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The negotiation for restitution of property ended by a declaration from the Dey, that the distribution of it having been made, he had not the power of restoring it; and that 'it was as much 'as his head was worth to restore the effects of the Prince Fre-'derick.' It would seem he was not unaware of the position he stood in, with regard to his subjects; for two years after this he was murdered in his own palace. Before this event, the commodore had succeeded in concluding a treaty, in which the Dey agrees to treat packets as ships of war; that merchant ships shall not be subject to ill treatment by the Algerine cruisers, on pain of the severest punishment, &c. After this, Keppel succeeded in effecting treaties with Tripoli and Tunis, and obtaining the release of captives; and, on his return to England, the Admiralty expressed satisfaction with his proceedings in these as well as on every other occasion, during his command in the Mediterranean. We here add a curious anecdote which is contained in the commodore's own journal:—

'Was informed by Mr Owen that yesterday, John Dyer (who entered at Mahon) deserted from the long boat, and fled for sanctuary to a Marabut, and turned Moor. By further information, found that he had five years ago turned Moor, and had a wife and family here. On which I sent to the Dey to demand he might be sent on board the Centurion, to receive the punishment he had incurred as a deserter, which was death. In answer to which, the Dey said, "It was contrary to his laws to give up people who turned Moors; but as he had turned backwards and forwards so often, he was neither fish nor flesh, and fit for neither of us; therefore, as the punishment on our side was death, and that of a renegado flying from his country was death likewise, he, to split the difference, would take off his head, if I had no objection;" to which I assented.

In 1754, hostilities having broken out between the English and French authorities in North America, Keppel was ordered to hoist a broad pendant in the Centurion, and to proceed with the Norwich to take the command of all the ships on the North American station, and to co-operate with General Braddock. He left England on the 23d December; and Mr Keppel notices the circumstance of the unexpected death of his father, the Earl of Albemarle, at Paris, on the day of his sailing, having been suddenly seized with palsy and apoplexy, which carried him off in the course of a few hours. Our author here introduces Walpole's story of Lady Albemarle's dream, who being in London, and utterly unconscious of what had happened, said to Lord Bury, 'Your father is dead. I dreamed last night that

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'he was dead, and came to take leave of me,'—and she immediately swooned.

The elevation of Lord Bury to the peerage left the borough of Chichester vacant, to which the commander was shortly afterwards returned without opposition. We need not here dwell on the calamitous history of the European warfare among the conflicting colonies of North America, in which the only concern that Keppel had, was the very useful and active assistance he afforded to General Braddock, in supplying both men and stores, during the short time he remained on that station—little more than six months; for in July 1755 he received a letter from the Admiralty, apprizing him, that in consequence of the French having fitted out a powerful fleet at Brest, Admiral Boscawen had been dispatched with eleven sail of the line to take the chief command on the American coast; that in consequence his wearing a broad pendant, with a captain under him, could no longer be continued, since several ships of the new squadron were commanded by captains senior to himself.

As soon, therefore, as Keppel had given the necessary orders for his little squadron to join Admiral Boscawen, he shifted his broad pendant on board the Seahorse, commanded by Captain Palliser. 'It was on board this ship,' observes his biographer, 'that that friendship commenced between Keppel and the cap-'tain of the Seahorse, which was destined to be marred in so 'extraordinary a manner in after years.' The commodore arrived in England on the 22d of August, and four days afterwards was directed to proceed to Chatham to commission the Swiftsure, of seventy guns. In January following he was removed to the Torbay, of seventy-four guns. 'In this ship,' says our author, 'of which he had the command for upwards of five years, he was 'destined to have an extraordinary degree of good fortune.'

This share of 'good fortune' did not, however, immediately follow. The French publicly announced their intention not only to invade the Electorate of Hanover, but also Great Britain itself: the very act of making such a declaration was intended, obviously enough, to divert our government from their real design, which was Minorca, and it succeeded; for so great was the alarm of invasion at home, that, by proclamation, all horses and other beasts of burden were ordered to be driven at least twenty miles from the place where such attempt should be made. In the mean time, the ministers had received intelligence that a large armament was fitting out at Toulon, and that its destination was Minorca. After a lapse of several weeks, a fleet was ordered to be fitted out at Portsmouth, the command of which was given to the ill-fated Admiral Byng. Ten ships only were

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assigned to him, and these required upwards of seven hundred men to be complete. He was directed on no account to meddle with the Torbay, Essex, or Nassau, which he was told were required for most pressing service. A few days after, he was ordered to dispatch Captain Keppel to sea with the Torbay, Essex, Iris, Antelope, and Gibraltar, and to complete them out of the Nassau. This 'most pressing service,' which occupied eight days in the execution, and might have been equally well performed by four frigates, was nothing more than to watch the motions of four French frigates, which had been chased into Cherbourg on the 9th April: Keppel returned to Spithead three days after Byng had sailed.

He was again dispatched on the 16th with a small squadron, under Admiral Holborne, to cruize off Brest, which was afterwards increased to eighteen sail of the line, and the command given to Sir Edward Hawke. Keppel, however, had not the good fortune of being permanently attached to it; the Torbay, having sustained some damage, was obliged to return to port for repairs. When ready for sea he rejoined the fleet; but an epidemic breaking out in his ship, obliged him again to return to Portsmouth. On the 18th September he was ordered to take the Rochester and Harwich under his command, and to cruize in the latitude of Cape Finisterre. After a month's unsuccessful cruize, he ordered one of his ships to Lisbon, the other to Cadiz. Two days after this he captured the Diligent, a French snow; and shortly after, fell in with and captured a large French store-ship from Quebec with English prisoners. Scarcely had he taken possession of this prize when he recaptured an English snow that had fallen into the hands of a French privateer. Just then he discovered a French frigate, to which he gave chase, and kept up a brisk cannonade during the night. At daylight he came up with her, and, pouring in a whole broadside, compelled her to strike. She proved to be the *Chariot Royale*, of thirty-six guns. Several of her men were killed and wounded. On the 9th December the commodore returned with his prizes to England. 'A duty,' says his biographer, 'now devolved upon Keppel, 'the painful nature of which was fully shown by his subsequent 'conduct. Admiral Byng had failed in his attempt to relieve 'Minorca, and had been superseded in his command. He was 'now brought a prisoner to Portsmouth to take his trial; Keppel 'was the junior member of that tribunal by whose unanimous 'verdict he was doomed to die.'—(Vol. i. pp. 200-30.)

The trial of Byng has been so much canvassed, not only at the time, but in subsequent publications, that nothing new is likely at this day to be elicited; but Mr Keppel could not with

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propriety have omitted its introduction into his pages; seeing the very prominent and painful part, and we may add, the laudable and generous part, which his namesake, the young captain, took to save the life of the unfortunate admiral. Mr Keppel, however, says—

'After a lapse of eighty-five years, public opinion has hardly yet decided upon the case of Byng. Sir John Barrow, a writer who, from his office, is necessarily conversant with such subjects, speaks somewhat slightingly of the conduct of that Admiral; and Mr Croker, another high authority in naval matters, goes so far as to say that Byng deserved his fate. The writer of this memoir has arrived at a different conclusion. He thinks that, in Clerk's "Naval Tactics," the failure of the action with Galissonière is satisfactorily shown to be attributable to the "Fighting Instructions" then in force, and in no degree to the commander in that disastrous engagement.'

In adverting to the 'Life of Anson,' it appears to us that there is a mistake in this passage. We find nothing in Sir John Barrow's work that can be construed as speaking *slightingly* of Byng. On the contrary, he says, 'It showed no want of nerve in Byng 'by detaching one of his ships from the line, because he had one 'more in number than the enemy; for though the old *Fighting In-* '*structions* very cavalierly enjoin this, yet it was always on the 'understanding that the combatants should be pretty nearly ship 'for ship, or on an equality of strength, which was not the case 'here;' and he continues, 'it is clear that Byng, amidst that 'disaster which paralyzed his own ship and the efforts of three 'others for a time, had no other means of making his communi-'cations than by calling in and dispatching a frigate with ver-'bal orders, which, with the impediment of the flag-ship con-'tinuing to go down, caused the delay, and thereby prevented 'him from doing his utmost.'* If Mr Croker has said, that Byng 'deserved his fate,' Sir John gives a very different opinion. 'Thus,' he says, 'died a martyr to public clamour, ex-'cited by a timid ministry, and to one false step taken by the 'party who professed to be, and actually meant to be, friendly to 'him;—whose death can be considered in no other light than as a 'judicial murder.' It certainly was not, as some have called it, a political murder. His death was in no wise owing to party feeling in either House of Parliament, or in the Judges, or in the King. It rested solely on the Board of Admiralty, who, unfortunately, instead of carrying up the recommendation of the court-martial for mercy to the King, as is the usual course, and always

* Barrow's *Life of Anson.*

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succeeds, they requested his Majesty would take the opinion of the twelve Judges as to the *legality* of the sentence, which was never called in question. Their answer was in the affirmative; and this prevented any further appeal to the Throne from the Admiralty, and poor Byng's fate was from that moment sealed.

But we must briefly advert to the generous and humane part which Keppel took in the course of this unfortunate business. Ever since the signing of the sentence he felt uneasy in his conscience, and with two or three others expressed themselves exceedingly desirous to be absolved from their oaths. This was mentioned in the House of Commons, and long debates ensued as to the necessity of a dispensing bill. Some were of opinion that the members could speak out without a bill. Keppel professed his doubts whether he could do so without a dispensing act. Pitt said he honoured Mr Keppel for his doubt. A council was held on Mr Keppel's demand, and the sentence was respited for a fortnight by his Majesty, who had been informed that a member had declared in his place he had something of weight to say. Fox, though friendly to Keppel, affected surprise that the King should have been informed of what had passed in parliament, and asked for precedents. Pitt replied with great indignation, 'that the time had been too pressing to consult precedents; he 'had not thought that the life of a man was to be trifled with 'while clerks were searching records.'

Fox then asked Keppel, which of his associates had empowered him to make the demand? He named Holmes, Norris, Geary, and Moore. The first and third disavowed having sanctioned the use of their names; Norris and Moore avowed their feelings to be in unison with those of Keppel, and that he was authorised to make use of their names; and it seemed to be the general opinion that the other two had done the same. Walpole says Sir R. Lyttelton told him, that he had represented to Geary the injustice and dishonourableness of retracting what he had authorized Keppel to say, when his reply was—'*It will hurt my pre-ferment to tell.*' Keppel said, he understood, and did believe, all four had commissioned him to move the House in their joint names. Fox assured Keppel that his character was not affected by what Holmes and Geary had said. An angry debate followed, in which many absurd and indecent reflections were made on the authors of the proposed dispensing bill; in the course of it Pitt said emphatically—'May I fall when I refuse pity 'to such a suit as Mr Keppel's, justifying a man who lies in 'captivity and the shadow of death. I thank God I feel some-'thing more than popularity—I feel justice!' The bill passed the Commons by 153 to 22. It went to the Lords, who rejected it

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with expressions of contempt and indignation. Thus these proceedings, well-intentioned as they were, together with the opinions of the Judges of the legality of the sentence, (which had never been doubted except by the Admiralty,) released the prisoner from further suspense, and his execution speedily followed.

A few weeks after the trial, Keppel resumed the command of the Torbay; and on the 24th June sailed in company with the Channel fleet, under the command of Admiral Boscawen; was detached on a cruize, captured a rich prize laden with stores and provisions for Louisbourg; and, on rejoining the fleet, was sent home with despatches. Having received a complete refit, the Torbay was ordered to join the expedition under Sir Edward Hawke, consisting of eighteen sail of the line, besides frigates and fire-ships, forty-four transports, with ten complete regiments, under the command of Sir John Mordaunt. The object was to attempt, as far as practicable, a descent on the French coast at or near Rochefort. Keppel was in the division under Rear-Admiral Knowles,—'a vain man,' says Walpole, 'of more parade than bravery.' The following anecdote, which is authenticated by the Admiral himself, (having published it in defence of his conduct,) affords a corroboration of Walpole's character of him. On clearing for action, Keppel discovered a French seventy-four gun ship standing towards the fleet, and instantly hailed Admiral Knowles to give him the information, but of which he took no notice. His defence was, 'that he looked on a ship cleared for action, and ready for battle, 'as a sight so entertaining, that he had desired Major-General 'Conway to go down to see his ship between decks; and that 'while they were viewing her, one of his lieutenants came down, 'sent by the captain, to acquaint him Captain Keppel hailed 'the ship, and told them there was a French man-of-war stand-'ing in for the fleet; that for some short space of time he (the 'admiral) took no notice of it, thinking it impossible Sir Ed-'ward Hawke's division should not see her.' After a second message, he came up, and ordered Keppel to pursue her, who got within a mile and a half of the chase; but, to prevent capture, the Frenchman ran his ship among the rocks and shoals, with which he was acquainted, and finally escaped into the Garonne.

On the 23d September, an attack was ordered on the Isle of Aix. The fort opened fire upon the ships as they advanced. Howe was first, and anchoring his ship within forty yards of the fort, opened a tremendous fire, and in thirty-five minutes the garrison struck their colours and surrendered. The *Barfleur* was next to the *Magnanime*, and no other ships are named in the short *Gazette;* but Walpole says 'Keppel pressed forward

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'to get between them.' Nothing more was done; the disgraceful conduct of the commander of the troops disgusted both navy and army, which ended in a court-martial on the return of the expedition, on General Mordaunt, who was acquitted.

When Sir Edward Hawke quitted Basque Roads, Keppel was detached with a squadron of seven ships, took a few prizes, heard of two French ships of war, but searched for them in vain; and, after a few weeks' cruize, returned to Spithead with his squadron and a convoy of East Indiamen. He was again sent with a squadron of three vessels, under Admiralty orders, for the annoyance of the enemy's privateers, and the security of the trade of his Majesty's subjects. He captured on this cruize a large privateer; and, on his return, he was again put under the orders of Sir Edward Hawke.

Information having been received of an expedition fitting out at Rochefort, Sir Edward Hawke was again dispatched with six sail of the line, of which the Torbay was one. On arriving in Basque Roads they discovered five French ships of the line, six or seven frigates, and about forty transports at anchor off the Isle of Aix. On perceiving Hawke's squadron, they cut or slipped their cables, endeavoured to escape into the Charente, and, in doing this, several of them grounded in the mud; at daylight, they were seen still aground, some lying on their broadsides, the crews busily employed in heaving every thing overboard, and the troops were disembarking in boats; in short, the same scene was now exhibited as that which took place on the same spot fifty years afterwards, when Admiral Gambier and Lord Cochrane were employed on a similar service. Both expeditions were so far successful as to destroy for a time the projected plans of the enemy.

On the return of Hawke to England, he left Keppel with a small squadron to cruize in the Bay of Biscay; on which service he intercepted and captured part of a convoy proceeding for Quebec, engaged a large privateer, the Godichon, against which, after a constant and galling fire, chiefly directed against the Torbay's rigging, Keppel for a time refrained from firing a shot, well knowing that he could, by a broadside, send her to the bottom; at length, however, he lost his forbearance, and ordered his upper-deck guns and a battery of small arms to be fired into her, when she struck her colours and called for quarter.

'An anecdote is recorded of Keppel on this occasion:—During the chase he received a wound in the leg, which for the moment was thought to be dangerous, as it brought him on the deck. The sailors instantly came to carry him down to the cockpit; but he very calmly took his handkerchief from his pocket, and bound it round the wound,

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saying, "Stop, my lads, reach a chair; as I can't stand, I must sit." "This," added he, clapping his hand to the place, "may spoil my dancing, but not my stomach for fighting."'

After this the Torbay was added to the fleet under Lord Anson, and ordered to cruize off Ushant; and soon after, with the Medway and Coventry, they chased a convoy of fifty sail under the protection of two frigates, keeping up a running cannonade, until the enemy gained shelter among the rocks and in the numerous creeks of the coast, in the darkness of the night. After rejoining the fleet, it was decided that an attack should be made on the island of Goree, which, while in the hands of the French, was a constant annoyance to our settlements on the Senegal. For this purpose a squadron of three sail of the line, three frigates, and other smaller vessels, were placed under the command of Keppel, and he was ordered to hoist a broad pendant in the Torbay. It was late in December when he arrived off the island; on the 29th of which month he attacked the forts and batteries, which were soon obliged to capitulate; but the demands of the governor being rejected, the attack was renewed, when the island, the forts, and garrison, consisting of 300 Frenchmen and a great number of blacks, surrendered at discretion. This is the whole substance of the commodore's despatch, as published in the *Gazette*. Taking with him the three ships of the line, he returned to England, struck his broad pendant, and proceeded to London, while the Torbay underwent the necessary repairs.

Keppel was not permitted long to remain idle; and nothing can more strongly mark the estimation in which his character and talents stood in the public opinion, as well as in that of the profession, than the constant demands made on his services in the course of the last twelve years, and which continued with little intermission for four years more, till the cessation of hostilities in 1763 gave him a respite for a short time.

But we cannot pass over without briefly enumerating these four years' services, the most important in their consequences, personally, to Keppel. Having resumed the command of the Torbay, he was again placed under the orders of Sir Edward Hawke, who had just received intelligence of four ships of the line in Port-Louis being about to join the French fleet off Ushant. With a view of intercepting them, the admiral dispatched Keppel with the following ships: the Torbay, bearing his broad pendant; the Magnanime, Captain Lord Howe; the Fame, Captain the Hon. John Byron; the Monmouth, Captain the Hon. Augustus Harvey, and the Southampton frigate. For such a purpose never could there have been selected a more promising little squadron; and never was disap-

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pointment more strongly felt than when it was announced, by the frigate, that the enemy had escaped. The commander-in-chief had to experience equal mortification. The weather was so tempestuous during the whole summer, that his fleet was three times blown back to the English coast; and it was not till the middle of November that he received intelligence of M. Conflans being at sea. On the morning of the 20th, one of the frigates made the signal for a fleet being in sight, and another from Lord Howe, who had been sent a-head, that the fleet was an enemy.

As M. Conflans was making off for the land, Sir Edward ordered seven or eight ships of the van to make all sail after him. 'At half-past two P.M.,' he says, 'the fire beginning 'a-head, I made the signal for engaging. About four o'clock 'the Formidable struck, and a little after the Thesée and Su-'perbe were sunk. About five, l'Héros struck, but it blow-'ing hard, no boat could be sent on board her.' These are the only fighting occurrences, or rather their results, on this day, as given by the Admiral, and published in the *Gazette*. He names not a single officer, nor once alludes to the share which his own ship had in the action; but Mr Keppel in some degree supplies this defect, though without any stated authority.

'From the beginning of the action, Sir Edward Hawke had ordered his ship, the Royal George, to reserve her fire until she came alongside of the French admiral, the Soleil Royale. The pilot informed him that this could not be done without the most imminent danger of running upon a shoal. It was on this occasion he gave the well-known answer: "You have done your duty in pointing out the danger; you are now to obey my commands, and lay me alongside of the French admiral." As he advanced, he received the broadsides of six of the enemy's ships. The French admiral was one of the last to give him his fire, and, as in the case of the Torbay, he showed a great disinclination for nearer contact. As the Royal George neared the Soleil, she endeavoured to make off, in which effort she was aided by the Superbe, who, perceiving our Admiral's design, generously interposed, received the fire intended for the Soleil Royale, and soon after went to the bottom.

All the accounts we have seen of this skirmishing action disagree; but one thing is pretty clear, that the Royal George, the Magnanime, and the Torbay, were the ships principally engaged. The log-book of the Royal George, which we have seen, is almost as laconic as the Admiral's letter:—

'At fifty-five minutes after three, the French rear-admiral 'struck to the Resolution,' (the Royal George, the Magnanime, and the Torbay, having already silenced her.)

'At four, the ship the Torbay was engaged with, sunk.'

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(This must have been the Thesée, which Howe had previously engaged.)

'Thirty-five minutes after four, we got up with fourteen sail 'of the enemy, which all wore and gave us their broadsides. 'Began to engage at forty-one minutes after four. The French 'ship abreast us sunk.' (This must have been the Superbe.)

The result was the loss to the enemy of five of their best ships, and the total break-up of their intended expedition—two burnt, two sunk, and one captured. In the attempt, however, of the Resolution and the Essex to destroy the Soleil Royale and l'Héros, that had run among the rocks, our two ships were lost, but not before they had set fire to one of the enemy, and the French had done the same to the other. Those which had run up the Villaine were shattered, run aground, and dismantled, and the rest dispersed to different parts of the coast. All this was done by the eight ships which had the good fortune to come up with the enemy. 'When I consider,' says the Admiral, 'the 'season of the year, the hard gales on the day of action, a fly- 'ing enemy, the shortness of the day, and the coast we are on, 'I can boldly affirm, that all that could possibly be done has 'been done.'

On the weather moderating, Sir Edward Hawke placed a squadron of eight sail of the line and three frigates, under the orders of Keppel, to proceed to the enemy's posts to the southward as far as Aix Road, 'to take, sink, or burn them, where- 'ever he should think it practicable to attack them.' On the day before his arrival at Aix, the French vice-admiral, in anticipation of such a visit, had got all his guns out of the ships, and retired with his division up the Charente. In January 1760, Sir Edward Hawke removed his flag into Keppel's ship, and returned to Plymouth.*

Mr Keppel mentions the curious fact, that 'on the very 'day that Hawke was engaged in destroying the French fleet,

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* Sir Edward Hawke sent his captain, Campbell, with the intelligence of his success over Conflans. Of this honest Scotchman, who had been Keppel's messmate with Anson, Sir John Barrow gives a curious anecdote, which Mr Keppel repeats:—'Lord Anson, when 'taking him in his carriage to the king, said, "Campbell, the king will 'certainly knight you, if you think proper." "Troth, my lord," said the captain, who retained his Scotch dialect as long as he lived, "I ken nae 'use that it will be to me." "But your lady might like it," replied his lordship. "Weel, then," rejoined Campbell, "his Majesty may knight 'her, if he pleases."'—(*Life of Lord Anson.*)

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'the mob were burning him in effigy in the streets of London, 'for his supposed share in the failure at Rochefort.' But now, to make amends for this ungracious proceeding, 'bonfires and 'illuminations were exhibited throughout the kingdom.' He received the thanks of the House of Commons, and a pension of L.2000 a-year was granted to him for his own life, and for the lives of his two sons.

Captain Keppel was next ordered to remove, with his officers and crew, from the Torbay to the Valiant, and soon joined Sir Edward Hawke in Quiberon Bay. The system of harassing the enemy on their own coasts had proved so successful, that it was determined to pursue it, and Belleisle was fixed on to be the next point of attack. As little was known of this island, Keppel was selected, under secret orders, to obtain the necessary information, to make a survey of the coast, and report thereupon. After a careful examination of its shores and defences, he gave it as his opinion that a landing was practicable. An expedition was therefore resolved on, and a squadron of twenty-one ships of war, including bombs and fire-ships, was prepared, to which Keppel was appointed, and ordered to place himself under the orders of Sir Edward Hawke. On the 28th of November all was ready, but a letter from Mr Pitt directed its suspension till further orders. In March 1761, after the accession of George III., preparations were renewed, and the naval part was now entrusted exclusively to Keppel, who hoisted his broad pendant in the Valiant; and, on application to Lord Anson, his friend Adam Duncan, the subsequent hero of Camperdown, was appointed his captain.

Mr Keppel gives a detailed account of the naval and military operations carried on against this very strongly fortified island; the siege of which required all the vigour, perseverance, and courage of both army and navy, to surmount the many difficulties opposed to the invaders, and which were unremittingly struggled against for two months; when, 'on the 7th June, 'after a most vigorous resistance, the French garrison capitu- 'lated, and were allowed to march through the breach with the 'honours of war, in favour of the gallant defence they had 'made under the orders of their brave commander, the Cheva- 'lier de St Croix.'

Having landed the garrison at Port-Louis, Commodore Keppel distributed his force along the western coast of France, consisting of sixty-three men-of-war. 'The assignment of so 'important a command,' says Mr Keppel, 'to a post-captain, 'is a proof of the high opinion that was held of his courage and 'abilities.' But, during the remainder of the year, the French

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made no movements, and their whole squadron in Brest Roads amounted only to seven sail of the line and three frigates. In January 1762, the Valiant experienced a most tremendous storm, which compelled her with other ships to seek shelter in the nearest British port. 'With five feet water in the hold, and , almost in a sinking condition, she got into Torbay.'

While France was at this time suing for peace with England, and even while negotiations were pending, she was concluding that secret alliance with the court of Spain, so well known as the *Family Compact*. On receiving intelligence of its completion, Mr Pitt strongly urged the expediency of an immediate commencement of hostilities against the two contracting powers; but as his colleagues were disposed to denounce such a measure as rash and unadvisable, he at once resigned. It was not long, however, before war was proclaimed against Spain, and an expedition, on a very extensive scale, prepared to act against the Havannah. The command of the land forces was given to General the Earl of Albemarle, assisted by his brother, General the Hon. William Keppel; and another brother, Captain the Hon. Augustus Keppel, was appointed, with a distinguishing pendant, as commodore and second in command of the naval forces, under the orders of Admiral Sir George Pococke. The combined forces, on their arrival at Cuba, amounted as follows: the navy, to nineteen sail of the line, besides frigates, bombs, and a multitude of shore-ships and transports; the army, to between eleven and twelve thousand men. Six ships of the line, and smaller vessels, were placed under the orders of Commodore Keppel, on whom devolved the important duty of landing the army.

It would be out of our province to give even a slight sketch of the operations carried on through a long siege, in which the strong fortresses of Chorea, Cavannos, and the Moro, and lastly the Havannah itself, fell into our possession. Suffice it to say, that the sailors, as usual, had their full share of the arduous operations of the siege, and that mostly by the exertions of the seamen the strong Moro castle was taken; and that Sir George Pococke does justice to the distinguished merit of Commodore Keppel, who executed the service under his directions with the greatest spirit, activity, and diligence. But that valuable and important conquest was not achieved without dreadful sufferings and great mortality. It appears from the casualties of the army alone, that, from the 1st June to the 8th October, 560 men were killed or had died of their wounds, and that 4708 had perished from sickness; and it is stated that 'the survivors returned to their native 'country with constitutions so broken and decayed, that a sickli-

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'ness and languor were entailed on the remainder of their lives.' As some compensation for the severe shock which was here inflicted on the constitution of Commodore Keppel, his biographer informs us that his share of the prize-money alone amounted to L.24,539, 10s. 1d.; and that the Earl of Albemarle and Sir George Pococke each received L.122,697, 10s. 6d. Our author further adds, that 'In the beginning of January (1763) Keppel received two important communications;—the one, that the 'preliminaries of peace had been signed; the other, that the King 'had included him in the promotion of flag-officers made on the 'conclusion of the war, the list of which had been purposely 'extended to include him.'

The return of peace did not altogether afford Keppel that repose which thirty years of arduous and unremitting active service are stated to have made essential for the re-establishment of his health; for, on Lord Egmont succeeding to the situation of First Lord of the Admiralty in 1765, Admiral Keppel was appointed one of the junior lords. In 1766 he hoisted his flag in the Catharine yacht, to convey to Rotterdam the Princess Caroline Matilda, the ill-fated bride of the King of Denmark. On his return, on some changes being made in the ministry, he resigned his seat in the Admiralty. In 1768 he was returned member for Windsor; and, in the autumn of the same year, he conveyed his sister, the Marchioness of Tavistock, to Lisbon, whose mournful history was the source of deep affliction to her beloved brother the Admiral. This lady is described as one 'who, 'to a sweetness of disposition peculiarly her own, joined all those 'mild and unaffected virtues which tend to perpetuate the charm 'first given by personal grace and innate dignity of character.' The marquis, her husband, one of the most amiable and accomplished noblemen, met his death by a fall from his horse as he was hunting, little more than a twelvemonth after their marriage. She gave birth to a posthumous infant, the late Lord William Russell, who died by the hand of an assassin. Mr Keppel says, 'the settled melancholy of the widowed mother's heart appears, 'after the birth of the child, to have given way to keen sensibi-'lity and inconsolable sorrow.' We cannot resist inserting the following affecting incident, which is said to have occurred previous to her departure with her brother for Lisbon. 'At a con-'sultation of the faculty, held at Bedford House in August, 'one of the physicians, whilst he felt her pulse, requested her 'to open her hand. Her reluctance induced him to use a de-'gree of gentle violence, when he perceived that she had closed 'it to conceal a miniature of her late husband. "Ah, madam!" 'he exclaimed, "all our prescriptions must be useless whilst you

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'so fatally cherish the wasting sorrow that destroys you!"—"I 'have kept it," she replied, "either in my bosom or my hand 'ever since my dear lord's death; and thus I must, indeed, con-'tinue to retain it, until I drop off after him into the welcome 'grave." A few weeks after her arrival at Lisbon, she found 'the 'welcome grave,'—having survived her husband little more than a year; and then, in the words of Rogers, 'died the victim of ex-'ceeding love.' Her sister, who had watched her with unceas-ing assiduity, speedily followed her; and, as if misfortune was destined to pursue this family, their brother, the subject of this article, 'by a sudden lurch of the ship, fell down one of the 'hatchways, and thereby injured his back so severely, as ever 'afterwards to occasion him the greatest pain, and at times even 'to deprive him of the use of his legs.'

On a brevet of flag-officers in October 1770, Keppel was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Red, and three days afterwards, to that of Vice-Admiral of the Blue. In 1773, the state of his health required that he should go to Bath. 'Poor Admiral Keppel,' says Captain Hood, 'is now at Bath 'in a very deplorable way, having lost the use of his legs.' In 1775, he sustained a heavy loss in the death of his friend Admiral Sir Charles Saunders; with whom, from the time they had served together in Anson's expedition, he had lived on terms of the strictest and most intimate friendship. Sir Charles bequeathed him a legacy of £5000, with an annuity of £1200 a-year, and included him first in the entail of his property, if his two nieces, then unmarried, should die without issue. The one, however, married Lord Westmoreland, and the other Lord Melville. Walpole says, 'Sir Charles was a pattern of most steady 'bravery, united with the most unaffected modesty. No man said 'less, or deserved more. Simplicity in his manners, generosity 'and good-nature, adorned his genuine love of his country.'

Lord Sandwich bestowed the rank of Lieut.-General of the Marines, vacant by the death of Sir Charles Saunders, on Sir Hugh Palliser, one of the junior admirals. It was rumoured also, that Lord Howe was to have the post of General of Marines on a contemplated vacancy. This drew from Keppel the following spirited remonstrance, which he says, 'some combat in 'my mind, from a friendship to Lord Howe, made me hesitate 'on sending to the First Lord of the Admiralty.'

'My Lord,—It is much credited that Admiral Forbes is to retire from the post of General of Marines, and that Rear-Admiral Lord Howe is appointed his successor.

'I am not used to feel disgrace or affronts; but indeed, my Lord, I must feel cold to my own honour, and the rank in which I stand in his

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Majesty's service, if I remain silent, and see one of the youngest rear-admirals of the fleet promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-general of Marines, and, a few days afterwards, another rear-admiral made General of Marines. It is not for me to say who should, or should not, be appointed to those honours; but I may presume to say to your Lordship, and through you, as the head of the sea department, beg leave to have it laid before his Majesty with my humblest submission to him, that, little as I am entitled to claim merit, yet a series of long service may, I hope, permit me to observe, that such a repetition of promotion to the junior admirals of the fleet cannot but dispirit every senior officer, jealous of his own honour, inasmuch as it tends to manifest to the whole profession the low esteem he stands in; which, allow me to say, may at one time or other have its bad effects. Juniors cannot complain, nor are they dishonoured, when their seniors are promoted. My Lord, I must hope I stand excused for writing in such plain terms; but when I am writing or speaking from facts and feelings of honour, I cannot allow myself to express those sentiments in a doubtful manner.

'I have the honour to be, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

'A. KEPPEL.'

To this letter no answer appears; but as Keppel was now (1776) advanced to the rank of Vice-Admiral, he received a message from Lord Sandwich, stating that his Majesty desired to know, whether, in case of a war with a foreign power, he would undertake the charge of the home fleet? He had, in consequence, an audience of the King, and gave his consent to take the command of the Channel fleet. It is stated, however, by his biographer, that he had some misgivings of trusting his hard-earned fame to ministers whom he knew to be unfriendly towards him. This feeling seems to have been encouraged by a letter from 'his friend and cousin,' the Duke of Richmond, who says, 'I cannot wish you joy of having a fleet to command, prepared 'by the Earl of Sandwich. No one can be surprised that you 'should suspect a minister whom you have constantly opposed— 'if he has but a bad fleet to send out, 'tis doing Lord Sandwich 'no injustice to suppose he would be glad to put it under the 'command of a man whom he does not love, and yet whose 'name will justify the choice to the nation.' Such an illiberal sentiment we should not have expected from the noble lord. It has been held both in the army and navy, that it is not the politics of the man, but the character and talents of the officer, that the leading power ought, and, for his own sake, does generally select for an important command; and the Duke of Richmond had no cause hitherto to suspect Lord Sandwich of treachery towards Admiral Keppel, whom he had, on all occasions, selected for services above all others of his rank, notwithstanding his

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opposition to ministers. We are therefore glad to find, that 'the friend and cousin's advice' was not followed. He accepted, and held himself in readiness for active employment; and in 1778, when hostilities with France and Spain were on the eve of breaking out, he was appointed to the command of the Channel fleet. It is much to his credit, that though of high rank and high political connexions, with a seat in Parliament, which must, almost of necessity, have drawn him towards one or other of the great political parties—though in constant familiar intercourse and correspondence with the Portlands, Richmonds, Rockinghams, and with Fox, Burke, and other Whig leaders in the House of Commons—he had too much regard for the welfare of the country, his own honour, and his love for the service, to suffer party prejudice to interfere in any way with his professional duty.

He left England on 13th June 1778, with a fleet of twenty-one sail of the line and three frigates, two of the line being shortly afterwards added. This fleet was placed by the commander-in-chief under three divisions—his own flag being in the Victory, of 100 guns; the second division under that of Sir R. Harland, Vice-Admiral of the Red, in the Queen, 90 guns; and the third under Sir Hugh Palliser, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, in the Ocean, (afterwards changed into the Formidable,) of 90 guns.

He had scarcely arrived on his station when two French frigates and smaller vessels hove in sight. They were detained, and from papers found on board two of them, and from the prisoners, it appeared that the French had thirty-two sail of the line, and ten or twelve frigates, in Brest Roads. This intelligence was wholly unexpected; but Admiral Keppel had but one course to pursue, and that was to return to St Helen's, according to express injunctions in his instructions. 'If the French fleet 'shall be manifestly superior to yours, and should come out to 'meet you, or if you are satisfied that they are superior to you, '*though they do not come out*, you are, in either of these cases, to 'return with the squadron under your command to St Helen's 'for a reinforcement.' With these clear, intelligible, and positive instructions, with only twenty-two ships of the line against thirty-two, 'I think myself obliged,' says the Admiral, 'unplea-'sant as my feelings are upon the occasion, to repair thither.'

No official notice was taken, either in the shape of approval or censure, of the course the Admiral had adopted in strict conformity with his instructions; but it is stated that certain publications, in the interest of government, ascribed his return to the most disgraceful motives; and some of them even directly threatened him with the fate of Byng. But we are assured that Admiral

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Keppel, on this trying occasion, observed a prudent and manly forbearance; and bore in silence the unmerited obloquy lavished upon him by his anonymous accusers, who, it is charitable to suppose, were ignorant of the secret nature of his instructions. By a rigid attention to the wants of his squadron, which, by an addition of more ships, now amounted to thirty sail of the line, he was speedily ready to resume his station. The day previous to his again putting to sea, the French fleet, of thirty sail of the line, sailed from Brest, also under three divisions, commanded by Count D'Orvilliers, and assisted by the Count Duchaffault, the Duc de Chartres, and three other flag-officers. The third in command, who was afterwards well known as the infamous D'Orleans, told Sir George Rodney in Paris, that he was about to meet his countryman Mr Keppel, and asked him, with an insulting air, what he thought would be the result? 'That my countryman,' replied Rodney, 'will carry your 'Royal Highness home with him to learn English.' This royal boaster, in the action of which we are about to speak, is reported to have retired into the hold of his ship, and could not be prevailed upon to show himself on deck till the engagement had ended.

On the 23d of July the French fleet was discovered, on which Keppel immediately ordered the signal for forming the line to be made; but the French Admiral used all diligence and caution to defeat Keppel's object of commencing the engagement. For four days Keppel vainly endeavoured to bring the enemy to action, who generally had the weathergage, and whenever a shift of wind favoured him he made an effort to escape under a press of sail. On the 27th July, at daybreak, the French fleet was about three miles to windward, still endeavouring to avoid a meeting; but by a change of wind, and in the course of manœuvring, the centres and rears of the two fleets were brought within musket-shot, and a very sharp cannonading took place and continued for about two hours, all the time in line of battle. Keppel is said to have received the fire of six different ships in passing, before he returned a shot; the Victory's fire being reserved for D'Orvilliers' ship, and it was so powerful that two of her port-holes were driven into one.

The British ships being now dispersed, and many of them damaged in their masts and rigging, it required the remainder of the day to put them to rights, after which the signal was made again to form the line; but Sir Hugh Palliser, for some reason never explained, obstinately kept his squadron to windward, taking no notice of the signal, nor even of the message sent and delivered to him verbally by the captain of the Fox

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frigate, directing him to bear down into the Admiral's wake. The Admiral was, therefore, under the necessity of making specific signals for each ship of the Vice-Admiral's division, and the delay thus occasioned put an end to any further operations on that day, except to make ready to engage at daylight. It appeared, however, that the French, under cover of the night, had made their escape. Nothing, therefore, was now left but to return to England to repair damages, the French, ludicrously enough, as Burke observes, 'having mistaken their way into 'their own harbour.' This was quite true, their own *Gazette* having announced that 'the astonishment was general when 'they discovered the Isle of Ushant itself, which the Count 'D'Orvilliers though thimself distant from 25 or 30 leagues; and 'that, seeing himself off the harbour of Brest, he determined to 'enter it.'

Notwithstanding the highly improper conduct of the Vice-Admiral of the Blue, the good-nature of Keppel would not allow him, in his official letter, to speak of him otherwise than with praise. 'The spirited conduct,' he says, 'of the Vice-Admiral Sir 'Robert Harland, Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser, and the 'captains of the fleet, supported by their officers and men, de-'serves much commendation.' Alluding to this report in his defence on the trial, Keppel says—'It is very short and very gene-'ral; but it goes as far as I intended it should. It does what I 'meant to do. I meant to commend his bravery in the engage-'ment. As he stood high in command, to pass over one in his 'station would be to mark him. It would have conveyed the 'censure I wished for such good reasons to avoid.' Such was the good-nature and generosity of Admiral Keppel; and we shall presently see in what manner it was repaid.

Before a month had elapsed Keppel's fleet was equipped and at sea. Information was received that the French were seen to the westward of Ushant; but Keppel having cruised in vain in that track for two months, without finding or hearing any thing of them, returned with his fleet to Portsmouth. About the time of his arrival there appeared, in one of the daily papers, what was called a true recital of the conduct of Sir Hugh Palliser in the late action. No sooner had the Admiral reached London than Sir Hugh addressed him by letter, in which he claimed 'to have his conduct justified from those foul aspersions;' and desiring him to contradict those scandalous reports, by publishing, in his own name, a paper which he inclosed; to which Keppel very properly returned no answer. He was called upon next day by Sir Hugh for his signature to the paper, which Keppel immediately and disdainfully refused. Sir Hugh

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went therefore to the office of the *Morning Post*, and gave his own version of the engagement, under his own name, which Captain Jervis pronounced to be 'replete with vanity, art, 'and falsehood.'

On the 9th December, five months nearly after the action, Admiral Keppel, to his great astonishment, received from the Secretary of the Admiralty a notification, that Sir Hugh Palliser had transmitted a charge of misconduct and neglect of duty against him, on the 27th and 28th July—desiring that a Court-Martial might be held for trying him for the same; and signifying their lordships' intention of complying with the desire of Sir Hugh, (*one of their lordships.*) The Admiral, in reply, expresses his utter astonishment at the countenance the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty should so far have given to this proceeding, as to resolve, on the same day on which such a charge is exhibited, to order a Court-Martial on the Commander-in-Chief of the fleet, on an attack from an inferior officer, under all the very peculiar circumstances in which he (Sir Hugh Palliser) then stood.

This extraordinary proceeding on the part of Sir Hugh, and still more extraordinary on that of the Board of Admiralty, on the requisition of one of its members, and wholly unprecedented, from the indecent haste in which it was complied with, is difficult to explain. It can only be ascribed, either to the mortification which Keppel's refusal to sign a document in which he had no concern gave him, or to the mistaken courtesy of Keppel in suppressing the misconduct of the Vice-Admiral in his report of the action. Unhappily, it is by no means a singular instance of an act of kindness or forbearance being acknowledged by ingratitude; but, in the present case, it was followed up by a vindictive attempt to destroy the character, and even endanger the life, of the benefactor. Great indignation spread itself over the naval service; and twelve British admirals, at the head of whom was the veteran Hawke, presented a memorial to the King, on what they designated to be 'an outrageous and unprecedented 'proceeding.'

How Lord Sandwich could have been prevailed on to give his assent to such 'an outrageous and unprecedented proceeding' is quite inexplicable. He was well versed in naval affairs, having, for the third time, filled the office of First Lord, and in the whole, for upwards of ten years. He was a man of considerable ability: he alone negotiated and signed the treaty of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle. Walpole hated and abused him; but the late Lord Holland, who edited his (Walpole's) *Memoirs*, says—'Our author disparages 'his abilities; he was a lively, sensible man, attentive to busi-

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'ness, and not a bad speaker in Parliament;'—and Sir John Barrow observes, 'His lordship might have added, that his voyage 'round the Mediterranean proved him to be a scholar, a man of 'just observation, cultivated intellect, and vigorous mind.' It is equally extraordinary that such a man should have failed so miserably in his defence, in the Lords, for having brought Keppel so rashly and *outrageously* to trial. That defence was neither consistent nor true. 'He had no discretion,' Lord Sandwich said, 'with regard to refusing the order for a court-martial.' His Lordship could not have forgotten the remarkable circumstance of the House of Commons having petitioned the King to order the Admiralty to try Matthews and Lestock; that Anson, in the absence of the Duke of Bedford and himself, waited on the Duke of Newcastle, and prevailed upon him to advise the King to rescind the order he had given, as being a violation of the jurisdiction of the Admiralty, as by law established, and by royal patent confirmed; that he (Lord Sandwich) had highly approved of what Anson had done, observing that, 'if this opportunity to establish our 'jurisdiction is not made use of, I fear it will be a long time be-'fore another will offer.' His Lordship could not, therefore, be ignorant that not only the Lord High Admiral, but every Commander-in-Chief on a foreign station, has full discretionary power to grant or refuse Courts-Martial; and to exercise other matters, under constitutional responsibility, with which neither King nor Parliament can interfere.

The trial on Keppel went forward; the court consisted of five flag-officers and eight captains. They sat some thirty days, and examined most of the captains of the fleet who were in the action, and brought forward by the prosecutor; after which the court, having maturely and seriously considered the whole evidence, and the prisoner's defence, was of opinion, 'that the charge was malicious 'and ill-founded, and that the Admiral had behaved himself as a 'judicious, brave, and experienced officer; and they, therefore, 'unanimously and honourably acquitted the said Admiral Augus-'tus Keppel of every part of the charge exhibited against him.'

The sentence was pronounced amidst a general acclamation of joy from the assembled crowd; the ships at Spithead, and the Indiamen at the Mother-Bank, fired salutes. Riots followed the rejoicings. Sir Hugh Palliser was burnt in effigy; his house entirely gutted, and its contents burnt; the Admiralty attacked, and its gates unhinged; the windows of Lords North, Bute, Sandwich, Lisburne, and Mulgrave, were broken. The fury of the populace was ungovernable; the riot act was read, and parties of the Horse Guards paraded the streets. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were given to Keppel, and dinners from

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all the great bodies in the capital; in short, there never was so complete a triumph. This ebullition of the public feeling was treated with contempt, by one member in particular, in the House of Commons. 'What,' said he, 'London illuminated for 'three nights together, on account of the glory gained on the 27th 'July!' To which Burke replied 'It was not that the trial had 'proved the 27th to be a day of triumph to Great Britain. No; 'they rejoiced because they saw that a gallant officer, a wor- 'thy and an honest man, had escaped from the malice of his 'accusers; because so excellent a public character was acquitted 'with honour; and because generosity, sincerity, and virtue had 'gained a victory over malice, treachery, and meanness! These, 'and these only, were the causes of the public illuminations and 'rejoicings; and what honest Englishman was there whose 'bosom would not expand with the highest satisfaction, and the 'most exalted rapture, on such an occasion?'

On the 15th of February, four days after the trial, Keppel went on board the Victory, and rehoisted his flag amidst the cheers and salutes of all the ships assembled at Spithead and Portsmouth; and on the 18th of March received an order to strike his flag and come on shore, given in consequence of his reply to a letter from the Admiralty, asking whether he intended to continue in the command of the Channel fleet? This was the last of his services at sea.

Two or three awkward circumstances came out in the course of the trial. The masters of the several ships were required to make oath that the log-book produced was the ship's original log, without alterations or additions since made, between the 23d and 30th July. The master of the Robuste declined taking this oath, alleging that both alterations and additions had been made by order of his captain, Alexander Hood, (afterwards Lord Bridport,) respecting what took place on the 27th and 28th July. Captain Hood admitted the fact, and thought himself fully authorized to do so. Keppel asked him where the original entry on those days was. Captain Hood—'Upon my 'word I do not know.' Then Keppel said, 'As that alteration 'in Captain Hood's log-book tends to affect my life, I shall ask 'him no more questions.'

The next circumstance is that Admiral Montagu, in looking over the Formidable's log, discovered three leaves had been cut out, from the 25th to 28th, and one leaf put in with a fresh tacking of thread. Captain Bazely was then asked how these three leaves came to be cut out? Captain Bazely, 'I do not know, so help me God.' Keppel proposed to have the master before them forthwith. Sir Hugh then said, 'I

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'mean to call the master to-morrow morning, he is not here now,' —he was then waiting in the witness'-room. The master, on being examined, admitted he had been, in the course of the night, with Sir Hugh Palliser and his two lawyers, in conversation about the log-book, for about an hour and a half. The master further stated that the altered log was approved by the Vice-Admiral; but he believed that neither he nor Captain Bazely were aware of the leaves being cut out. The evidence of Bazely was reluctantly given, and in a shuffling manner. Being asked if Keppel, on the 27th July, had been guilty of neglect in not performing his duty.—Said, 'I do not hold myself 'a competent judge to judge the behaviour and conduct of an 'admiral in so high a department.' And the same question, frequently repeated, procured no other answer—and this from a flag captain! Lord Mulgrave, of the Courageux, a Lord of the Admiralty, and Sir Hugh Palliser's colleague, being asked as to Keppel's conduct on the 27th and 28th July, declined answering; and after several attempts of the court to elicit a definite answer, said, 'he was an injured man if he were obliged to 'answer the question.' The manner and language of Lord Mulgrave were such as to produce a reprimand from the court.

These three are the only hesitating, we had almost said prevaricating, witnesses out of more than twenty called for the prosecution; the rest gave a distinct and positive negative to the charges preferred against the Admiral. The whole of the proceedings must, indeed, have been extremely mortifying to the feelings of Sir Hugh Palliser; and not very agreeable to the Board of Admiralty, which unquestionably manifested an indecent and unprecedented haste in bringing the Admiral to trial; which never could have happened had Lord Sandwich been fortunate enough to have had such men as Anson or Howe for his colleagues, instead of Palliser and Mulgrave.

The failure to convict Keppel induced Palliser to ask for a Court-Martial on himself. It assembled at Portsmouth, and twenty-one days were spent in examining witnesses; after which the court took three more in debating on the sentence, which was, 'that his conduct and behaviour on the 27th and 28th 'July were, in many respects, highly exemplary and meritorious; 'they blame him for not having made known to his commander-in-'chief the disabled state of the Formidable (by an explosion;) that 'notwithstanding this omission, he is not in any other respect 'chargeable with misconduct or misbehaviour, and therefore ac-'quit him.' But he was not tried for disobedience to command.

In the twenty-five sail of the line of the fleet of Keppel, the number that were engaged, were lost, 133 men killed

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—and 373 wounded. The action and its result were much canvassed, as all general actions are, and opinions were very different—'*laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis*'—influenced, as it would appear, in some respect by party-politics; but Englishmen, as the Duke of Richmond observed, are never satisfied if one-half, at least, of the enemy's fleet are not brought into port. Jervis, who was in the action, and no mean judge, says —'I have often told you that two fleets of equal force never 'can produce decisive events, unless they are equally determined 'to fight it out, or the commander-in-chief of one of them mis-'conducts his line.' On which our author observes, 'the hero 'of St Vincent lived to be of a different opinion,'—alluding, no doubt, to the battle of that name, where, we would remark, his *line* was fortunately so far misconducted, as utterly to be disregarded and broken up: the result is well known.

One of those critics who passed a censure on Keppel, says—'he lost his chance of a victory by not passing through the 'enemy's line with his van, before the shift of wind.' This his biographer considers unfair, as blaming a man for not having adopted a system of tactics not known at the period when the action was fought. There was not, however, any novelty in Keppel's time in the occasional practice of breaking through the enemy's line, though not done systematically. Thus Blake, in 1653, cut through the fleet of De Ruyter and Van Tromp, when protecting their merchant vessels off the Isle of Wight, and captured several. In 1766, Monk bore down upon the Dutch fleet, and passed through their line. But we need not go further back than the year 1747, when Anson, in pursuit of a flying enemy attempting to escape in closely formed line, threw out a signal for his whole fleet to pursue the enemy, and attack them, without any regard to the preservation of the line of battle. The result was the capture of six ships of war and four Indiamen. In the same year Rear-Admiral Hawke, falling in with a fleet under M. Letendeur, finding that much time was likely to be lost in forming the line, while the enemy was escaping *in line*, threw out a signal for the whole squadron to chase, and come to close engagement; the result was, that six sail of the enemy struck their colours, and two escaped. The French lost above 800 men in killed and wounded; the British 154 killed, and 558 wounded: among the former was Captain Philip Saumarez, of the Nottingham, the companion of Anson in his celebrated voyage. Again, in 1759, Sir Edward Hawke, with twenty-three sail of the line, engaged the French fleet of twenty-one sail of the line, under M. Conflans. The latter were evidently retiring in compact line of battle. Hawke, therefore, made the

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signal for a general chase, without any regard to order, observing to his officers, 'he did not intend to trouble himself by forming 'lines, but to attack the enemy in the old way, and make down-'right work with him.' Eight of our ships were the first, and almost the only ones engaged, and of these, first and most active, was the Victory, commanded by Hawke, the *Magnanime*, by Howe, and the Torbay, by Keppel; the result we have already stated. Keppel, having borne so conspicuous a part in this action, must have been fully aware of the very great advantage over the enemy by breaking up and throwing his line into confusion; and we are persuaded that if Sir Hugh Palliser had not misconducted himself in so unaccountable a manner, but rejoined the fleet in the evening, Keppel would have done it.

We have heard officers of high rank in the navy say, that the only advantage of forming the line in a large fleet is the knowledge it gives to the Commander-in-Chief of the position of each ship, so that he may dispose of them in coming to action, either singly or in masses, as may to him appear most advisable. Among the most intelligent and best informed writers on naval subjects, is M. Charles Dupin: this author, in his 'Comparative view of the ma-'rine forces of England and France,' ridicules what he terms 'the 'pious respect of his countrymen for the sacred order of the line 'of battle,' to which, he says, the combined fleets were sacrificed at Trafalgar, by the two wings remaining immovable; while the two columns of Nelson were employed in overwhelming the centre of this sacred line, and while the combined fleet was looking on *avec une effrayante impassibilité*, until its centre was destroyed. Nelson had no regard for his own line of battle, or that of the French. Lord Collingwood distinctly says that Nelson's plan of attack was 'to avoid the inconvenience and delay of forming a 'line of battle in the usual manner.' The addition of a number of powerful 68-pounder steamers to our fleets, which in future we shall have, will afford additional means, and an additional reason, for running through, and breaking up, the enemy's line of battle.

The difference in the two modes of conducting an action, by the French and English, consists chiefly in this, that the French use every endeavour to keep their line compact, and, by firing high, to cripple the English ships in their masts, sails, and rigging, so as to disable them from a pursuit. The efforts of the English, on the contrary, are directed to the means of throwing the enemy's line into disorder, that every ship may seek for an opportunity of attacking her opponent. M. Dupin, indeed, tells us there is an Ordonnance by which the French fleet is directed to keep the sea, for the longest period it can

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remain out, without the necessity of coming to an action; and if forced to engage, to avoid compromising the fate of their fleet by a conflict too decisive. They are therefore compelled to fight while retreating, which is always to be done *in line of battle*, just as it was done by D'Orvilliers in Keppel's action. 'Thus then,' says Dupin, 'to maintain, at a great expense, a 'naval armament; to forbid it from making the best use of its 'effective power; to send it in search of an enemy; to retreat 'shamefully from its presence; to receive battle instead of offering 'it; to commence an action only to finish it by the phantom of a 'defeat; to lose the moral for the sake of sparing the physical 'force—this was the principle which, from the reign of Louis 'XIV. to the mistakes of Napoleon, has guided the administra-'tion of the French marine.' Whether the same system is to continue under Louis Philippe is yet to be seen. One thing practised by them is well deserving our serious consideration. The French have adopted a system of establishing a corps of sharp-shooters, or riflemen, or musqueteers, which are intended to be stationed in the tops of ships of the line, preparatory to the event of being compelled into close action. This will make it necessary for us to train a number of marines for a similar purpose, to counteract the destructive effects of such a practice.

The English go differently to work, and under very different feelings to those described by M. Dupin: their anxiety is to get into action, to attack the enemy, as Hawke said, 'in the 'old way'—that is, to throw them into confusion, and, when it can be done, to engage ship to ship, not merely to cripple but to capture the enemy; the officers relying on the cool and steady conduct of the men, their obedience to command, and on that imposing silence of the crew when actually engaged, which Dupin says is characteristic of British seamen—'*c'est la calme de la 'force, c'est le recueillement de la sagesse*;' and we may also add, all hands, at the same time, relying on the practical seamanship, and efficient skill in gunnery, of the officers themselves. There are, it is true, among the latter, in the present day, certain naval officers indiscreetly loud in extolling every thing belonging to the French navy, and, at the same time, disparaging their own:—let no such men be trusted. How different is the conduct of the intelligent French engineer above mentioned, who condemns alike the vicious system of instruction, and the want of skill in the practical seamanship of his own countrymen, which he pronounces as infinitely inferior, in every respect, to those of the British navy.

One or both of two results may, almost to a certainty, be reckoned on, by breaking through, or otherwise throwing into a state

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of disorder, the enemy's line, to which the French in particular are so partial. The one is, that by cutting off a portion of it, the part so separated may, by a previous understood arrangement, fall into the hands of the aggressors. The other, supposing the hostile fleets pretty nearly equal, is the plan of Hawke, 'to attack the 'enemy in the old way, and make downright work with him;' in other words, that when once in confusion, every ship in the attacking fleet may choose its bird, and, from a multitude of examples, (some of which we shall produce,) the attacking ship is almost sure of its prey. In the present action, Jervis, in a private letter, says, the Foudroyant (in parading along the line) received the fire of seventeen sail, to each of which she, no doubt, returned her share, but it was seventeen to one between the Foudroyant and seventeen of the enemy: had this fire of the *Foudroyant* been reserved and directed against a single ship, (the *Bretagne* or *Ville de Paris*, which, he says, were upon her at the same time,) she would unquestionably have captured one or both. We have, indeed, a brilliant example of what this same *Foudroyant* did accomplish on another occasion: Captain Jervis, in his engagement with the *Pegase*, by his consummate skill in seamanship, kept his ship in the position known to seamen as 'the angle of impunity,' till he could fairly run the Frenchman on board, when she struck her colours, having upwards of eighty of her crew killed and wounded, while the *Foudroyant* had only four wounded, one of whom was Jervis himself. This same eighty-four gun ship had been captured from the enemy by the Monmouth, of sixty-four guns, commanded by Captain Gardiner, who fell in the action. The contest was continued by the first lieutenant, Carket, when she struck, after a dreadful slaughter of one hundred killed and ninety wounded—that of the Monmouth being twenty-eight killed and seventy-nine wounded. Such is the difference between the same ship when fought by a Frenchman and by an Englishman.*

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* This memorable action of Jervis is ingeniously recorded by the supporters of the heraldic bearings of the St Vincent's arms, these being the Thunderer's eagle and the winged horse of Helicon. The motto is simply, *Thus*—

'*Thois*, very well, *thois!*'—

the well-known direction to the helmsman.

The late Captain Brenton, in his 'Life of the Earl of St Vincent,' tells a story concerning the captain of the Foudroyant, to which we are reluctant in giving credence, and yet he says he had it from Lord St Vincent himself. This captain had written a letter to the Minister of

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Another brilliant instance may be mentioned in the action of the Nottingham of sixty guns, commanded by Captain Saumarez, and the *Magnanime*, of seventy-four guns and six hundred and eighty-six men; when the latter, after losing forty-five men killed and one hundred and five wounded, struck to the Nottingham, having sixteen killed and eighteen wounded. A third case occurs to us, between a minor class of ships, in which the results of superior skill and seamanship were displayed in a very remarkable manner. Two thirty-six gun frigates—the Crescent, commanded by Captain Saumarez, (afterwards Lord de Saumarez,) and the Reunion, with seventy more men than the Crescent—fought an action of two hours; when the Reunion struck her colours, having lost thirty-four men killed and eighty-four wounded; while the Crescent had not a man killed, and only one hurt, not by the enemy, but by having his leg fractured by the recoil of a gun.

One case, however, we cannot prevail on ourselves to omit. In the fleet under the command of Lord Howe in America, was the Isis of fifty guns, commanded by Captain Raynor. This ship was chased by a French seventy-four, carrying a flag, and, being a better sailer, soon came up with and commenced an attack upon the Isis. The action continued within pistol-shot for an hour and a half, when the Frenchman bore up and made off before the wind. The Isis having suffered so much in her masts and rigging, was unable to follow her. It was afterwards ascertained that she had left France with 900 men; that Captain Bougainville lost his arm and an eye, and since had died of his wounds—and that seventy were killed and one hundred and fifty wounded; and, extraordinary as it may appear, the Isis lost only one man killed and fifteen wounded, two of whom died of their wounds. Such was the result of the consummate skill of her commander, and the disciplined activity of her brave crew. Lord Howe, in his despatch, says he must supply the deficiency of the commander's mode of recital, by observing that the superiority acquired over the enemy appears to be not less the effect of Captain Raynor's skilful management of his ship, than of his distinguished resolution, and the bravery of his men and officers.

Fifty other examples might be produced to show what skill in

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the Marine, acquainting him with the unfortunate issue of the action, which he showed to Jervis, and asked his opinion of it. 'I have but one 'objection,' said Jervis, 'and that is, that not one word of it is true.' '*Mais comment! pas vrai?*' 'No, sir, not one word of it is true; but 'you can send it if you please.' He did send it, and when he was tried for the loss of his ship, the letter was produced—he was dismissed the service, and his sword broken over his head.

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seamanship, and steady conduct, are able to effect, and from which we may lay down as an axiom in naval warfare, That good ships, well officered and manned, and skilfully handled, cannot fail, in any contest with any power, to sustain the high character of the British navy throughout the world. With such ships and such officers, we may despise those murderous schemes of charlatans, with their catamarans, their torpedos, and other concealed modes of attack, calculated only to alarm the weak and astonish the ignorant—and with such examples, our Commanders-in-Chief need be little solicitous about preserving their line of battle, and breaking up that of the enemy.

The same writer who blamed Keppel for not passing through the enemy's line, gives a further opinion, that he 'lost another 'opportunity of defeating the French fleet, by not attack-'ing it in the night,'—quoting, as his authority, an observation of Nelson, who said, 'If I fall in with the French fleet 'in the night, I shall engage them immediately; they do badly 'in the day, but much worse by night.' On which our author observes, 'that the night of the 27th July was a very dark night;' and moreover, it was remarked by one of the witnesses on Keppel's trial, 'The Admiral's signals had been so ill obeyed by the 'Vice-Admiral of the Blue during the day, that he durst not 'venture to make any chasing signal in the night.' On this subject Lord Howe, when about to engage a superior fleet of French and Spanish ships in the vicinity of Gibraltar, suggested to Admiral Barrington—that as the enemy had at least fifty sail of the line, (he having thirty-four of the line and six frigates,)—Whether, from the superior state of discipline and tactics in his own fleet, and in order to compensate the inequality of his force, advantage might not be gained by the inferior fleet attacking the superior in the night? Barrington proposed they should take the opinions of the senior captains. Most of these, supposing it to be Howe's plan, were inclined favourably to it; but on coming to the turn of Sir John Jervis, he said he must declare, in the most decided manner, against any such night attack, even should the Commander-in-Chief be in favour of it; for that such confusion would be created, that friends might engage with friends, instead of with enemies. Admiral Barrington concurred with Jervis, adding, that he proposed daylight, if it was for no other reason than this—'that it would then be seen who did and who did not 'do his duty; and that, if there happened to be a *white feather* 'in the fleet, it would then show itself. Give us daylight, my 'Lord, by all means, that we may see what we are about.'

'Give me to *see*, and Ajax asks no more.'

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We have a most striking practical illustration of the opinion given by Jervis, in the action off Algeziras, by the squadron under Sir James Saumarez; in which two of the largest three-deckers, of a hundred and twelve guns each, the Hermenegilda and the Real Carlos, both blew up with a tremendous explosion, and the whole nearly of their numerous crews perished, having run on board each other; each supposing he was attacking an English seventy-four, the Superb, under Captain Keats, who, having engaged the Real Carlos till she was on fire, moved on to another, leaving the Hermenegilda, who thought her an enemy, to attack and run on board her, and thus to share her melancholy fate.

On the whole, therefore, we are of opinion that, circumstanced as Keppel was with regard to one division of his fleet, the superior sailing of that of the enemy, and their determination not to engage him, after parading in their line four days without affording an opportunity of coming to close action, the gallant Admiral will stand fully acquitted by posterity—as the Court 'unanimously and honourably' acquitted him: and whatever censure the opposite party in politics may have endeavoured to fix upon him, we must absolve him of all blame in not bringing 'half the French fleet into port,' as the Duke of Richmond said our countrymen always expected.

The conduct of the government, instanced in that of the Admiralty towards Admiral Keppel, 'led,' as his biographer observes, and as might be expected, 'to many angry discussions 'in parliament, and, night after night, a series of charges were 'brought against the ministers.' On a motion of Mr Dunning, condemnatory of the Admiralty, Mr Fox declared, 'that the man '(the Earl of Sandwich) who deprived this country of two of her 'bravest admirals, (Keppel and Howe,) was a greater traitor to 'the nation than the man who set fire to the dockyard;' and he moved for the removal of Lord Sandwich from the Admiralty—but he took nothing by his motion. Lord Sandwich, in spite of the attacks made on him, maintained his ground three years after this period; when, on the formation of the Rockingham ministry in April 1782, he resigned his place to Admiral Keppel, who on this occasion was not only appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, but promoted to the rank of Admiral of the White, at this time the highest in the service; and was, moreover, created a peer, by the title of Viscount Keppel and Baron Elden.

One of his early acts in the capacity of First Lord of the Admiralty met the general approbation of the officers in the navy—this was the appointment of Lord Howe to the chief command of a powerful fleet. His next, however, was so unfor-

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tunate as to give umbrage to the whole nation: this was the appointment of Admiral Pigot to supersede Sir George Rodney, with orders to proceed immediately to relieve him. Pigot had scarcely left the shores of England, when intelligence arrived of Rodney's glorious victory over the Count de Grasse. A fast-sailing cutter was forthwith dispatched, to stop the sailing of Pigot; and, if sailed, to endeavour to overtake him, but the pursuit was in vain. The biographer of Keppel endeavours to make it appear, and we think on strong grounds, that the recall was not Admiral Keppel's act, but that of the cabinet; and he quotes a passage from the 'Life of Rodney,' which says—There is reason to believe that Keppel remonstrated, in warm terms, against the measure, threatening, if it were persisted in, to resign his new appointment. Certain it is, the recall occasioned no breach of friendship between Keppel and Rodney.

The short space of three months, in which Keppel remained in office, afforded him but little scope for the exercise of his talents; long enough, however, to learn that a First Lord of the Admiralty may be blamed for measures over which he has no control. The death of the Marquis of Rockingham dissolved the government for the time; but in the following year, when the Coalition administration was formed, Keppel was replaced in the Admiralty. This administration, which afforded but few symptoms of a long life, was overthrown in eight months; partly by the fate of Fox's Indian bill, but chiefly by the dislike of the King to the Whig section of it. Mr Keppel introduces an amusing anecdote, from a well-known recorder of 'reminiscences,' which happened on the same evening that the Indian bill was thrown out in the Lords:—'The same night Keppel had an au-'dience of the King. He had previously appointed Mr Adair to 'sup with him at ten o'clock. It was past twelve before Keppel 'returned home. "Why, Admiral," said Adair, "where have 'you been? Here have I been waiting for my supper these 'two hours." Keppel replied—"I have been with the King; I 'thought I should never have got away. His Majesty has been 'most kind to me; he enquired about our prospects and plans, 'and treated me with so much openness and honesty, that I en-'tered fully into the state of affairs, with which he seemed highly 'pleased."—"And you believe him?" dryly asked Mr Adair. 'Keppel felt hurt at the doubt. Adair contented himself with 'saying—"Well, we shall see." Before they parted, a note 'arrived from Lord Temple, to inform Lord Keppel that his 'Majesty had no further occasion for his services. This was 'one of those apparent marks of kindness which the King knew 'so well how to practise.'

Keppel, we believe, acted with great impartiality in the

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small distribution of patronage that fell to his disposal. The appointment of Howe gave universal satisfaction; but the Admiral whom he is said to have made his third in command, affords an instance of a placable and forgiving disposition for an injury of the most serious nature, that cannot be too highly admired and extolled—'He (Keppel) had been repeatedly urged 'to give this post to one of his early friends, but he resisted all 'solicitations, and appointed Sir Alexander Hood, because he de-'clared, "Hood was the senior admiral of the two, and one of the 'best officers in his Majesty's service." When Hood's conduct 'to Keppel, at the time of the court-martial, is remembered, this 'appointment must be considered as an example at once both of 'his zeal for the public service and his great placability of 'temper.'*

On the breaking up of the Coalition administration, Lord Keppel was succeeded in his office at the Admiralty by his friend and companion in arms, Lord Howe. From this period, he withdrew entirely from public life. In September 1785, he embarked for Naples to pass the winter, on the score of his health; the failure of it caused, or at least greatly aggravated, by that pestilential fever caught at the Havannah, which had carried off thousands of his comrades, accelerated the death of both his brothers, and from which, it is said, not one of the survivors of that dearly purchased conquest ever ultimately recovered. Lord Keppel returned to England in the spring of 1786; and on the 23d October, of the same year, expired in the sixty-third year of his age.

The character of Lord Keppel, as justly observed by his biographer, 'is comprised in the pages which record his 'actions;' and which, we may add, are stated therein in a manner worthy of the recorder of them, by whose talents and diligence a page has been added to the history of the distinguished naval heroes of this country, which was wanting to complete the catalogue of those of our own times. Keppel had few enemies either in the service or out of it; and he lived long enough to conciliate the affections of all. 'I ever looked on Lord 'Keppel,' says Burke, 'as one of the greatest and best men of 'his age; and I loved and cultivated him accordingly. He was

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* This fact was communicated by Lord Keppel's nephew, the present Sir Robert Adair. Sir John Barrow states, though he does not mention his authority, that it was at Lord Howe's suggestion that Sir Alexander was appointed third in command. The two accounts are not inconsistent.

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'much in my heart; and, I believe, I was in his to the very last 'beat.' * * * 'Lord Keppel was something high. It was 'a wild stock of pride, on which the tenderest of all hearts had 'grafted the milder virtues.'

With the following extract, descriptive of his person, qualities, and opinions, we shall conclude this article:—

'The epithet "little" fondly given by the sailors to Keppel, denotes him to have been low of stature. In his early manhood, a blow received from the but-end of a pistol, in a scuffle with foot-pads, fractured the bridge of his nose. His face, by this accident, was seriously and permanently disfigured; yet the fascination of his smile, and the lively and benevolent expression of his eyes, redeemed the countenance from extreme plainness. The "hereditary charm" of his demeanour has been mentioned already. It combined a professional honesty and frankness with the ease and simplicity of address which, if not altogether acquired, are certainly confirmed and perfected by intercourse with the best society. His popularity with all classes appeared not only at his trial, but in the esteem with which both those under whom he served, and those whom he commanded, at all times regarded him; in the zealous affection of his friends, and in the enforced respect of his political opponents.

'The political opinions of Keppel were inherited from ancestors who for centuries had been citizens of a free state, and whose descendants shared in our own revolution of 1688. Reason and experience confirmed these sentiments in him; and he was, throughout his life, the steady and fearless supporter of civil and religious freedom, even when an opposite course, or neutrality alone, would have smoothed and accelerated his professional advancement. His darling object was active employment; yet, when required to serve against his unrepresented brethren on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, Keppel courted neglect and misrepresentation rather than lend his services to a cause which his feelings and his principles equally disapproved. In his numerous encounters with the enemy, we find him, while in a subordinate station, distinguished for his gallantry and his nautical science; for sagacity in comprehending, for promptness in executing, his orders; and when in superior command, successful on every occasion except the indecisive action of the 27th of July. How far the result of that day was attributable to Keppel, as well as of the circumstances which caused the exception, the foregoing pages will, perhaps, have enabled the reader to judge. As a member of the legislature he made no pretensions to eloquence, or even to political eminence. Yet, on all subjects connected with his profession, he was listened to with attention, and distinguished for the impartiality of his representations, and the practical wisdom of his opinions. His letters exhibit similar features of character. On all public questions they display, without effort or pretence, a generous ardour, comprehensive views, and an active and temperate mind. And where they relate to his personal friendships and connexions, they reflect an ingenuous and affectionate nature which neither success nor disappointment could disturb.'

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ART. III—*Edwin the Fair: an Historical Drama.* By HENRY TAYLOR, author of 'Philip Van Artevelde.' London: 12mo. 1842.

THIS is a dramatic poem full of life and beauty, thronged with picturesque groups, and with characters profoundly discriminated. They converse in language the most chaste, harmonious, and energetic. In due season, fearful calamities strike down the lovely and the good. Yet 'Edwin the Fair' is not to be classed among tragedies, in the full and exact sense of the expression.

'To purge the soul by pity and terror,' it is not enough that the stage should exhibit those who tread the high places of the earth as victims either of unmerited distress, or of retributive justice. It is further necessary that their sorrows should be deviations from the usual economy of human life. They must differ in their origin, and their character, from those ills which we have learned to regard as merely the established results of familiar causes. They must be attended by the rustling of the dark wings of fate, or by the still more awful march of an all-controlling Providence. The domain of the tragic theatre lies in that dim region where the visible and invisible worlds are brought into contact; and where the wise and the simple alike perceive and acknowledge a present deity, or demon. It is by the shocks and abrupt vicissitudes of fortune, that the dormant sense of our dependence on that inscrutable power in the grasp of which we lie, is quickened into life. It is during such transient dispersions of the clouds beneath which it is at other times concealed, that we feel the agency of heaven in the affairs of earth to be a reality and a truth. It is in such occurrences alone (distinguished in popular language from the rest, as providential) that the elements of tragedy are to be found in actual or in imaginable combination. There the disclosure of the laws of the universal theocracy imparts to the scene an unrivalled interest, and to the actors in it the dignity of ministers of the will of the Supreme. There each event exhibits some new and sublime aspect of the divine energy working out the divine purposes. There the great enigmas of our existence receive at least a partial solution. There, even amidst the seeming triumph of wrong, may be traced the dispensation of justice to which the dramatist is bound; and there also extends before his view a field of meditation drawn from themes of surpassing majesty and pathos.

Such is the law to which all the great tragic writers of ancient

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or of modern times have submitted themselves—each in his turn assuming this high office of interpreting the movements of Providence, and reconciling man to the mysteries of his being. Thus Job is the stoic of the desert—victorious over all the persecutions of Satan, till the bitter sense of unjust reproach and undeserved punishment breaks forth in agonies which the descending Deity rebukes, silences, and soothes. Prometheus is the temporary triumph over beneficence, of a power at once malignant and omnipotent, which, at the command of destiny, is blindly rushing on towards the universal catastrophe which is to overwhelm and ruin all things. Agamemnon returns in triumph to a home where, during his long absence, the avenging Furies have been couching to spring at last on the unhappy son of Atreus—every hand in that fated house dropping with gore, and every voice uttering the maledictions of the Infernals. Œdipus, and his sons and daughters, represent a succession of calamities and crimes which would seem to exhaust the catalogue of human wretchedness; but each in turn is made to exhibit the working of one of the most awful of the laws under which we live—the visitation of the sins of parents on their children to the third and fourth generation. Macbeth is seduced by demoniacal predictions to accomplish the purposes, by violating the commands, of Heaven; and so to meditate, to extenuate, and to commit, the crimes suggested by the Fiend in cruel mockery. Hamlet is at once the reluctant minister and the innocent victim of the retributive justice, to the execution of which he is goaded by a voice from the world of departed spirits. Lear is crushed amidst the ruins of his house, on which parental injustice, filial impiety, foul lusts, and treacherous murder, had combined to draw down the curse of the avenger. Faust moves on towards destruction under the guidance of the Fiend, who lures him by the pride of knowledge and the force of appetite. Wallenstein plunges into destruction, drawing down with him the faithful and the good, as a kind of bloody sacrifice, to atone for treachery to which the aspect of the stars and the predictions of the diviner had impelled him. And so, through every other tragic drama which has awakened the deeper emotions of the spectator or the reader, might be traced the operation of the law to which we have referred. How far this universal characteristic of tragedy—the perceptible intervention in human affairs of powers more than human—is to be discovered in 'Edwin the Fair,' the following brief and imperfect outline of the plot may sufficiently determine.

In the fresh and dewy dawn of life, Edwin and Elgiva had been wont to rove—

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> 'O'er hill, through dale, with interlacing arms,
> And thrid the thickets where wild roses grow,
> Entangled with each other like themselves.'

But their sun had scarcely risen above the eastern horizon, when the dreams of childhood faded away before the illusions of youth. He ascended the Anglo-Saxon throne, and she plighted her troth to Earl Leolf, the commander of the English armies. The Earl was 'a man in middle age, busy and hard to please,' and not happy in the art of pleasing. Such, at least, was the more deliberate opinion or feeling of Elgiva. In a day of evil augury to herself, and to her house, the inconstant maiden crushed the hopes of her grave, though generous suitor, to share the crown of her early playmate.

It sat neither firmly nor easily on his brows. Athulf, the brother, and Leolf, the discarded suitor of his queen, were the chief opponents of the powerful body which, under the guidance of Dunstan, were rapidly extending over the monarchy, and the Church of England, the authority of the monastic orders. In the approaching alliance of Athulf's family to Edwin, the Abbot of Glastonbury foresaw the transfer, to an hostile party, of his own dominion over the mind of his young sovereign. Events had occurred to enhance and justify his solicitude. Athulf's energy had enabled Edwin to baffle the pretexts by which Dunstan had delayed his coronation. It was celebrated with becoming splendour, and was followed by a royal banquet. The moment appeared to the king propitious for avoiding the vigilant eye of his formidable minister. He escaped from the noisy revels, and flew on the wings of love to an adjacent oratory, where, before his absence had excited the notice and displeasure of his guests, he exchanged with Elgiva the vows which bound them to each other till death should break the bond. They little dreamed how soon it should thus be broken. Resenting the indignity of the king's abrupt desertion of the festive board, the assembled nobles deputed the Abbot and the Archbishop of Canterbury to solicit, and if necessary to compel his return. They found him in the society of his newly-affianced bride, and assailed them with gross imputations, which she indignantly repelled by an open avowal of her marriage. Availing himself of the disorder of the moment, and of the canonical objections to their union, founded on their too near consanguinity, Dunstan caused them to be seized and imprisoned. Elgiva was dispatched to Chester, the King and Athulf being secured in the Tower of London.

Leolf, who had absented himself from the coronation, was in command of the royal forces at Tunbridge, where he was quickly joined by Athulf, who had found the means of escaping from

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prison. The two earls then separated—Leolf proceeding to the north, with a part of the army, to rescue Elgiva, and Athulf assuming the conduct of the power destined for the deliverance of the King.

Whatever may have been the indignation of the confederate lords, their policy dictated pacific measures; and to these the Archbishop, offended and alarmed by the audacity of Dunstan, willingly lent himself. He convened a synod to deliberate on the validity of the royal marriage, and on the propriety of applying to Rome for a dispensation. Long and fervent debate ensued. The Church, as represented in that holy conclave, had given strong indications of a conciliatory spirit, when, casting himself in vehement prayer before a crucifix, Dunstan invoked the decision of Him whose sacred image it bore. An audible voice, which seemed to proceed from the cross, (though really uttered by a minister of the Abbot's crimes, who had been concealed for the purpose within its ample cavity,) forbade the ratification of the royal nuptials. Rising from the earth, the holy Abbot pronounced a solemn excommunication of Edwin, Elgiva, and their adherents, and dismissed the assembly which had so vainly attempted to defeat the will of heaven, and of heaven's chosen minister.

The triumphant Dunstan then proceeded to the Tower, to obtain from the captive and excommunicated King the abdication of his crown. He was answered by indignant reproaches, and at length withdrew, but not till he had summoned into the royal presence an assassin, prepared to bring the controversy to a decisive and bloody close. At that instant Athulf with his forces burst into the Tower. Edwin regained his freedom, and Dunstan fled in disguise into Hampshire.

But the saint of Glastonbury possessed too powerful a hold on the attachment and reverence of the multitude, to be thus defeated by any blow however severe, or by any exposure however disgraceful. A popular insurrection in his favour arrested his flight to France. He resumed his self-confidence, appeared again in his proper character, and lifted up his mitred front, with its wonted superiority, in a Wittenagemot which he convened at Malpas. There, surrounded by his adherents and his military retainers, he openly denounced war on his sovereign.

Under the guidance of Athulf, the King had moved from London towards Chester, to effect a junction with Leolf and his army. The attempt was not successful. Impatient of her prison, Elgiva had exercised over her jailer the spell of her rank and beauty, and had rendered him at once the willing instrument and the companion of her escape. Leolf was apprised of her design, and anxious for the safety of her who had so ill requited

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his devotion, advanced to meet her, supported only by a small party of his personal attendants. They met, and, while urging their flight to Leolf's army, were overtaken by a party attached to the cause of Dunstan, and slain.

For this catastrophe Dunstan was not, in intention at least, responsible. Alarmed by intelligence of a Danish invasion, he had become desirous of a reconciliation with Edwin, and was making overtures for that purpose. But it was now too late. The King, maddened by the loss of Elgiva, rushed forward with blind and precipitate haste to Malpas, where the body of his murdered wife awaited a royal sepulture, and where was intrenched the haughty rebel who had brought her down to a premature grave. Deaf to every voice but that which from the inmost recesses of his soul cried for revenge, Edwin plunged wildly into his fate. Covered with wounds, he fell once more into the toils of his deadly enemy. An awful sound recalled him to momentary animation and strength. It was the low dirge from the choir of the neighbouring cathedral, chanting the funeral obsequies of Elgiva. He flew from his dying couch, cast himself with delirious ravings on her cold and inanimate form, and then, invoking the vengeance of heaven on their persecutor, descended with her to the grave.

Incomplete, and therefore inaccurate, as it is, this slight abridgement of the tale will show, that the dramatic action of 'Edwin the Fair' is rather disastrous than tragical. We witness, indeed, the deadly conflict of thrones, spiritual and temporal. The Sceptre falls from a feeble grasp, and the Crozier is elevated in sanguinary triumph. But it is the triumph of power over weakness, of craft over simplicity, of mature worldly wisdom over childish inexperience. An overwhelming calamity befalls Edwin and Elgiva, but it is provoked neither by any gigantic guilt, nor by any magnanimous self-devotion. They perish, the victims of imprudence rather than of crime—of a rash marriage and a venial inconstancy. This is quite probable—quite in accordance with truths to be gathered from the experience of each passing day; but for that very reason, it is a fable which does not fulfil the laws imposed on the stage by Æschylus and Shakspeare—by their imitators and their critics—or rather by reason and nature herself. It does not break up our torpid habitual associations. It excites no intense sympathy. It gives birth to no deep emotion, except, indeed, regret that vengeance does not strike down the oppressor. There is a failure of poetical justice in the progress and in the catastrophe of the drama. If it were a passage of authentic history, the mind might repose in the conviction that the Judge of all must eventually do right. But as it is a fiction, it is impossible not to repine that right is not

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actually done. Such unmerited disasters and prosperous injustice are, we know, consistent with the presence of a superintending Deity. But they do not suggest it. The handwriting on the wall has no pregnant meaning, nor mythic significancy. It is not apparently traced by the Divine finger, nor has the Seer given us any inspired interpretation. It is one of those legends from which a moralist might deduce important lessons of prudence, but from which a dramatist could hardly evoke a living picture of the destiny of man;—of man opposed and aided by powers mightier than his own, engaged in an unequal though most momentous conflict, impotent even when victorious, and majestic even when subdued.

This objection to the plot of his drama has evidently been anticipated by Mr Taylor himself. He summons some dark clouds to gather around Dunstan at the moment of his success, and dismisses him from our view, oppressed by the only domestic sorrow to which his heart was accessible, and by omens of approaching calamity from an inroad of the Northmen. Thus the triumph of the wicked is tempered, and some endeavour is made to gratify, as well as to excite, the thirst for his punishment. It is hardly a successful attempt. The loss in mature life of an aged mother, is a sorrow too familiar and transitory to be accepted as a retribution for crimes of the deepest dye; and war, however disastrous to others, has seldom any depressing terrors for the rulers of mankind. Besides, there are yet some fetters, however light, which chronology will throw over the volatile spirit of poetry; and it is hard to forget the historical fact, that no Danish invasion ever disturbed the tranquillity of Dunstan; but that he lived and died in that century of repose, for which England was indebted to the wisdom and the valour of the two great predecessors of Edwin.

Mr Taylor has therefore employed another and more effectual resource to relieve the inherent defects of the subject he has chosen. He avails himself of the opportunity it affords for the delineation and contrast of characters, which he throws off with a careless prodigality, attesting an almost inexhaustible affluence. In every passage where the interest of the story droops, it is sustained by the appearance of some new person of the drama, who is not a mere fiction, but a reality with a fictitious name. The stage is not possessed by its ancient tenants provided with a new set of speeches, but with recruits, who represent some of the many aspects under which man has actually presented himself to a most sagacious and diligent observer. This, however, is not true of Dunstan, the most conspicuous of all those who contribute to the action or to the dialogue. He is drawn, not from actual life, but from books. In the great drama of society,

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which is acted in our age on the theatre of the civilized world, no part has been, or could be, assigned to a Spiritual Despot, in which to disclose freely the propensities and the mysteries of his nature. The poet has therefore taken the outline from the Anglo-Saxon Chroniclers, and has supplied the details and the colouring from his own imagination. Hence the central figure is less congruous—less in harmony with itself—than those of the group by which it is surrounded; but then it is more ideal, is cast in bolder relief, and is thrown off with greater force and freedom.

The real Dunstan, the Recluse, the Saint, and the Statesman of the Tenth Century, had his full share of the inconsistencies which distinguish man as he is, from man as he is painted. He was endowed with all the faculties by which great actions are achieved, and with the temperament without which they are never undertaken. Conversant in his early manhood with every science by which social life had then been improved, and by every art by which it had been embellished, his soul was agitated by ambition and by love. Unprosperous in both, his wounded spirit sought relief in solitude and penitential exercises; and an age familiar with such prodigies, regarded with astonishment and reverence the austerity of his self-discipline. When, at length, he emerged from the grave, (for in that similitude he had dug his cell,) he was supposed by others, and probably by himself, to have buried there all the tastes and the passions which had once enslaved him to the world. But other spirits as secular as the first, though assuming a holier garb, had entered his bosom, and taken up their abode there. All the energies once wasted on letters, music, painting, and science, or in the vain worship of her to whom his young heart had been devoted, were henceforth consecrated to the church and to his order. He became the foremost champion of sacerdotal celibacy and monastic retirement; assumed the conduct of the war of the regular against the secular clergy; and was the founder of the ecclesiastical system which continued for five centuries to control all the religious, and to affect all the political institutions of his native land.

But the Severn leaping down the rocks of Plinlimnon, and the same stream when expanded into a muddy and sluggish estuary, does not differ more from itself, than St Dunstan the Abbot of Glastonbury, from Dunstan the Metropolitan of the Church, and the Minister of the Crown of England. During five successive reigns, all the powers of the government were in his hands, but he ruled ingloriously. When his supreme power had once been firmly secured, all the fire and genius of his earlier days became extinct. With the sublime example of Alfred, and the more recent glories of Athelstan before his eyes, he accomplished

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nothing, and attempted nothing for the permanent welfare of his country. No one social improvement can be traced to his wisdom or munificence. He had none of the vast conceptions, and splendid aims, which have ennobled the usurpations of so many other churchmen. After an undisputed possession of power of forty years' continuance, he left the State enfeebled, and the Crown in hopeless degradation. To him, more than to any man, must be ascribed the ruin of the dynasty under which he flourished, and the invasions which desolated the kingdom during half a century from his death. He had commanding talents, and dauntless courage, but a low, narrow, selfish spirit. His place in the Roman calendar was justly assigned to him in acknowledgment of his incomparable services to the Papacy; but he has no station in the calendar of the great and good men who, having consecrated the noblest gifts of nature or of fortune to their proper ends, live for the benefit of all generations, and are alike revered and celebrated by all.

The Dunstan of this tragedy is not the lordly churchman reposing in the plenitude of success, but the fanatic grasping at supreme command. He is the real hero of 'Edwin the Fair,' towering over all his associates, and distinguished from them all by a character, which, in the full and proper sense of the term, may be pronounced to be dramatic. He is at once the victim of religious misanthropy and self-adoration. He has worshipped the world, has been rejected by his idol, and has turned away mortified, but not humbled, to meditate holier joys, and to seek an eternal recompense. But, in the pursuit of these sublime objects, he is haunted by the memory of the delights he has abandoned, and of the injustice which has expelled him from the ways and the society of mankind. These thoughts distil their bitterness even into his devotions. His social affections droop and wither as their proper aliment is withdrawn. His irascible feelings deepen, and pass into habits of fixed antipathy and moroseness. To feed these gloomy passions he becomes the calumniator of his species, incredulous of human virtue, and astute in every uncharitable construction of human motives. His malignity establishes a disastrous alliance with his disordered piety. He ascribes to the Being he adores the foul passions which fester in his own bosom. His personal wrongs are no longer the insignificant ills of an individual sufferer, nor have his personal resentments the meanness of a private revenge—for his foes are antagonists of the purposes of heaven; and to crush them can be no unacceptable homage to the Supreme Arbiter of rewards and punishments. With the cold unsocial propensities of a withered heart, disguised from others and from him-

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self by the sophistries of a palsied conscience, Dunstan finds his way back to the busy world. He lives among men to satiate an ambition such as might be indulged by an incarnation of the Evil Spirit—an ambition exulting in conscious superiority, and craving for the increase and the display of it, but spurning and trampling in the dust the victims over whom it triumphs. Patriotism, loyalty, humility, reverence—every passion by which man is kind to his brethren—all are dead in him; and an intense selfishness, covered by holy pretexts, reigns in undisputed sovereignty in his soul. Man is but the worthless instrument of his will; and even to his Creator he addresses himself with the unawed familiarity of a favourite. Proud, icy-cold, and remorseless, he wades through guilt sneeringly and exultingly—the subject of a strange spiritual disease, compounded of a paralysis of all the natural sympathies, and a morbid vigour of all the mental energies. This portrait is terrible, impressive, and (unhappily) not improbable. It labours, however, under one inconsistency.

The fanaticism of Dunstan, as delineated in this tragedy, is wanting in one essential element. He has no profound or deeply-cherished convictions. He does not believe himself to be the selected depositary of divine truth. He does not regard dissent from his own opinions as criminal; nor does he revel in any vindictive anticipations of the everlasting woe of his theological antagonists. He is not clinging to any creed which, if rejected by others, may elude his own grasp. The enemies of the Church are indeed his enemies; but they are so because they endanger his power, not because they disturb the repose or the self-complacency of his mind. He has (to borrow the distinction of a great writer) the fanaticism of the scourge, the brand, and the sword, without having the fanaticism of the creed. He is a fanatic, without being an enthusiast. His guilt is not extenuated by any passionate attachment for truth or sanctity, or for what he believes to be true and sacred. He rushes into oppression, treachery, fraud, and plunder, not at the impulse of a disordered imagination, but at the bidding of a godless, brotherless heart.

This absence of theological hatred, founded on the earnest attachment to some theological opinions, impairs both the congruity and the terror of Dunstan's dramatic character. He is actuated by no passion intense enough to provoke such enormous guilt; or familiar enough to bring him within the range of our sympathies; or natural enough to suggest, that some conceivable shifting of the currents of life might hurry us into some plunge as desperate as that which we see him making. His homicides are not bloody sacrifices, but villanous murders. His scourge is not the thong of Dominic so much as the lash with

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which Sancho (the knave!) imposes on the credulity of his master. His impious frauds are not oracular deceptions, but the slight-of-hand tricks of a juggler. He is waited on by an imp of darkness, who is neither man nor fiend; for he perpetrates the foulest crimes without malignity or cupidity, or any other obvious motive. He slaughters Elgiva and Leolf; raises his hand to assassinate the king; and, at Dunstan's command, climbs a tree, to howl there like the Devil; and then enters the cavity of the crucifix, to utter a solemn response in the person of the Redeemer.

The objection to this is not the improbability, but the revolting hatefulness of the guilt which Dunstan and his minister divide between them. Unhappily it is not historically improbable, but the reverse. Sanguinary and devious have been the paths along which many a canonized saint has climbed that celestial eminence. Tricks, as base and profane as that of Dunstan's crucifix, have been exhibited or encouraged, not merely by the vulgar heroes, but by some of the most illustrious fathers of the Church. But if they violated the eternal laws of God, it was to accomplish what they devoutly believed to be the divine will. Saints and sinners might agree in the means to be used, but they differed entirely as to the ends to be accomplished. Ambrose, preaching at Milan over the bleeding remains of the disinterred martyrs, lent himself to what he must have suspected or known to be a lie. But the lie was told and exhibited for the confutation of the Arians, to which holy object Ambrose would as readily have sacrificed his life. And though evil done that good may come, be evil still—nay, an evil peculiarly pestilent and hard to be forgiven—yet there is, after all, a wide difference between Bishop Bonner and Jonathan Wilde. Devout fanaticism, if it may not extenuate, does at least sublimate crime. By the intensity of his convictions, the greatness of his aims, and the energy of his motives, the genuine fanatic places himself beyond the reach of contempt, of disgust, or of unmixed abhorrence. We feel that, by the force of circumstances, the noblest of men might be betrayed into such illusions, and urged into such guilt as his. We acknowledge that, under happier auspices, he might have been the benefactor, not the curse of his species. We perceive that, if his erring judgment could be corrected, he might even yet be reclaimed to philanthropy and to peace. If we desire that retributive justice should overtake him, the aspiration is, that he may fall 'a victim to the gods,' and not be hewed as 'a carcass for the hounds.' Not such is the vengeance we invoke on the dramatic Dunstan and his ministering demon. We upbraid the tardiness of human invention, which laboured a thousand years in the discovery of the tread-

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mill. Or rather our admiration of the genius which created so noble an image of intellectual power, ruthless decision, and fearful hardihood, is alloyed by some resentment that the poet should so have marred the work of his own hands. How noble a work it is will best be understood by listening to the soliloquy in which Dunstan communes with his own heart, and with his Maker, on the commission entrusted to him, and on the spiritual temptations he has to encounter in the discharge of it:—

> 'Spirit of speculation, rest, oh rest!
> And push not from her place the spirit of prayer!
> God, thou'st given unto me a troubled being—
> So move upon the face thereof, that light
> May be, and be divided from the darkness!
> Arm thou my soul that I may smite and chase
> The spirit of that darkness, whom not I
> But Thou thro' me compellest.—Mighty power,
> Legions of piercing thoughts illuminate,
> Hast Thou committed to my large command,
> Weapons of light and radiant shafts of day,
> And steeds that trample on the tumbling clouds.
> But with them it hath pleased Thee to let mingle
> Evil imaginations, corporal stings,
> A host of Imps and Ethiops, dark doubts,
> Suggestions of revolt.—Who is't that dares'—

In the same spirit, at once exulting, self-exploring, and irreverent, Dunstan bursts out in a sort of pæan on his anticipated success, as he enters the Tower to persuade the abdication of his sovereign.

> 'Kings shall bow down before thee, said my soul,
> And it is even so. Hail, ancient Hold!
> Thy chambers are most cheerful, though the light
> Enter not freely; for the eye of God
> Smiles in upon them. Cherish'd by His smile
> My heart is glad within me, and to Him
> Shall testify in works a strenuous joy.
> —Methinks that I could be myself that rock
> Whereon the Church is founded,—wind and flood
> Beating against me, boisterous in vain.
> I thank you, Gracious Powers! Supernal Host!
> I thank you that on me, though young in years,
> Ye put the glorious charge to try with fire,
> To winnow and to purge. I hear you call!
> A radiance and a resonance from Heaven
> Surrounds me, and my soul is breaking forth
> In strength, as did the new-created Sun
> When Earth beheld it first on the fourth day.
> God spake not then more plainly to that orb
> Than to my spirit now. I hear the call.

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My answer, God, and Earth, and Hell shall hear.
But I could reason with thee, Gracious Power,
For that thou givest me to perform thy work
Such sorry instruments.'

The spirit thus agitated had not always been a prey to disquieting thoughts. Dunstan had once loved as other men love, and even on his seared heart were engraven recollections which revive in all their youthful warmth and beauty as he contemplates the agonies of his captive king, and tempts him to abdicate his crown by the prospect of his reunion to Elgiva.

'When Satan first
Attempted me, 'twas in a woman's shape;
Such shape as may have erst misled mankind,
When Greece or Rome uprear'd with Pagan rites
Temples to Venus, pictured there or carved
With rounded, polish'd, and exuberant grace,
And mien whose dimpled changefulness betray'd,
Thro' jocund hues, the seriousness of passion.
I was attempted thus, and Satan sang,
With female pipe and melodies that thrill'd
The soften'd soul, of mild voluptuous ease,
And tender sports that chased the kindling hours
In odorous gardens or on terraces,
To music of the fountains and the birds,
Or else in skirting groves by sunshine smitten,
Or warm winds kiss'd, whilst we from shine to shade
Roved unregarded. Yes, 'twas Satan sang,
Because 'twas sung to me, whom God had call'd
To other pastime and severer joys.
But were it not for this, God's strict behest
Enjoin'd upon me,—had I not been vow'd
To holiest service rigorously required,
I should have owned it for an Angel's voice,
Nor ever could an earthly crown, or toys
And childishness of vain ambition, gauds
And tinsels of the world, have lured my heart
Into the tangle of those mortal cares
That gather round a throne. What call is thine
From God or Man, what voice within bids thee
Such pleasures to forego, such cares confront?'

Dunstan is a superb sophister. Observe with what address he reconciles himself to the fraud so coarse and degrading as that of making his instrument, Gurmo, shake the forest with dismal howlings, to intimate to the passers-by that the hour of fierce conflict between the Saint and the Prince of Darkness had arrived. Contempt of mankind, and of his supposed adversary, are skilfully called up to still the voice of honour and the remonstrances of conscience.

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'And call'st thou this a fraud, thou secular lack-brain?
Thou loose lay-priest, I tell thee it is none.
Do I not battle wage in very deed
With Satan? Yea, and conquer! And who's he
Saith falsehood is deliver'd in these howls,
Which do but to the vulgar ear translate
Truths else to them ineffable? Where's Satan?
His presence, life and kingdom? Not the air
Nor bowels of the earth, nor central fires
His habitat exhibits; it is here,
Here in the heart of Man. And if from hence
I cast him with discomfiture, that truth
Is verily of the vulgar sense conceived,
By utterance symbolic, when they deem
That, met in bodily oppugnancy,
I tweak him by the snout. A fair belief
Wherein the fleshy and the palpable type
Doth of pure truth substantiate the essence.
Enough. Come down. The screech-owl from afar
Upbraids thy usurpation. Cease, I say.'

It is with admirable truth and insight into human character that Dunstan is made to resort to artifices, as various as the occasions suggesting them, to evade the expostulations with which conscience still tracks him in the path of guilt. From scorn of man he passes to a kind of adoration of the mystical abstract Being, to which, in the absence of more palpable idols, it is so easy to render an extravagant homage. What a labyrinth of gigantic, vague, half-conceived images is it into which he plunges, in the endeavour to sustain his own mind, by contemplating the majesty and the holiness of the impersonation in the cause of which he is willing to believe himself engaged.

'The Church is great,
Is holy, is ineffably divine!
Spiritually seen, and with the eye of faith,
The body of the Church, lit from within,
Seems but the luminous phantom of a body;
The incorporeal spirit is all in all.
Eternity *a parte post et ante*
So drinks the refuse, thins the material fibre,
That lost in ultimate tenuity
The actual and the mortal lineaments,
The Church in Time, the meagre, definite, bare,
Ecclesiastical anatomy,
The body of this death translates itself,
And glory upon glory swallowing all
Makes earth a scarce distinguishable speck
In universal heaven. Such is the Church
As seen by faith; but otherwise regarded,

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> The body of the Church is search'd in vain
> To find the seat of the soul; for it is nowhere.
> Here are two Bishops, but 'tis not in them.'

To the dramatic character of Dunstan, the antithesis is that of Wulfstan the Wise. An idealist arrested in the current of life by the eddy of his own thoughts, he muses away his existence in one long, though ever-shifting dream of labours to be undertaken, and duties to be performed. Studious of books, of nature, of the heart, and of the ways of man, his intellectual wealth feeds a perennial stream of discourse, which, meandering through every field of speculation, and in turns enriching all, still changes the course it ought to pursue, or overflows the banks by which it should be confined, as often as any obstacle is opposed to its continuous progress. Love, poetry, friendship, philosophy, war, politics, morals, and manners, each is profoundly contemplated, eloquently discussed, and helplessly abandoned, by this master of ineffectual wisdom; and yet he is an element in society which could be worse spared than the shrewdest practical understanding in the Camp, or the Exchange. His wide circuit of meditation has made him catholic, charitable, and indulgent. In the large horizon which his mental eye traverses, he discerns such comprehensive analogies, such countless indications of the creative goodness, and such glorious aspects of beauty and of grace, as no narrower ken could embrace, and no busier mind combine and harmonize. To form such combinations, and to scatter prodigally around him the germs of thought, if happily they may bear fruit in intellects better disciplined, though less opulent than his own, is the delight and the real duty of Wulfstan, the colloquial. His talk, when listeners are to be had, thus becomes a ceaseless exercise of kindness; and even when there are none to heed him, an imaginary circle still enables him to soliloquize most benevolently. In this munificent diffusion of his mental treasures, the good man is not merely happy, but invulnerable. Let fortune play her antics as she will, each shall furnish him with a text; and he will embellish all with quaint conceits or diagnostic expositions. His daughter steals an unworthy match; but he rebounds from the shock to moralize on parental disappointment and conjugal constancy. He is overborne and trampled down by the energy of Dunstan, and immediately discovers in his misadventure a proof how well the events of his own age are adapted for history; and how admirably a retirement to Oxford will enable himself to become the historian. Could Samuel Taylor Coleridge have really thus blossomed in the iron age of the Anglo-Saxons? It is a hard problem. But the efflorescence of his theatrical representative is rendered probable to all who ever performed the pilgrimage to the Hierophant at Highgate, in the golden era of George IV. Never

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was there a group of auditors better disposed or better able to appreciate the wisdom of a sage, than those who are collected round Wulfstan. See with what fine discrimination and keen relish his portrait is sketched by one of them.

> 'Still
> This life and all that it contains, to him
> Is but a tissue of illuminous dreams
> Fill'd with book-wisdom, pictured thought, and love
> That on its own creations spends itself.
> All things he understands, and nothing does.
> Profusely eloquent in copious praise
> Of action, he will talk to you as one
> Whose wisdom lay in dealings and transactions;
> Yet so much action as might tie his shoe
> Cannot his will command; himself alone
> By his own wisdom not a jot the gainer.
> Of silence, and the hundred thousand things
> 'Tis better not to mention, he will speak,
> And still most wisely.—But, behold! he comes.'

Leolf, who thus delineates the character of Wulfstan, is about to announce to the old man the secret marriage of his daughter; and as the Earl cautiously approaches the unwelcome topic, the philosopher finds in each turn of the discourse some theme which hurries him away to a boundless distance from the matter in hand. Obeying the law by which his own ideas are associated, but with the tendency observable in all dreamers, sleeping or waking, to reconcile the vision with any suggestion from without, he involves himself in an enquiry how a man in middle life should wed, and on that critical topic thus makes deliverance:—

> 'Love changes with the changing life of man:
> In its first youth, sufficient to itself,
> Heedless of all beside, it reigns alone,
> Revels or storms, and spends itself in passion.
> In middle age—a garden through whose soil
> The roots of neighbouring forest-trees have crept—
> It strikes on stringy customs bedded deep,
> Perhaps on alien passions; still it grows
> And lacks not force nor freshness: but this age
> Shall aptly chuse as answering best its own,
> A love that clings not, nor is exigent,
> Encumbers not the active purposes,
> Nor drains their source; but proffers with free grace
> Pleasure at pleasure touch'd, at pleasure waved,
> A washing of the weary traveller's feet,
> A quenching of his thirst, a sweet repose
> Alternate and preparative, in groves
> Where loving much the flower that loves the shade,

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And loving much the shade that that flower loves,
He yet is unbewilder'd, unenslaved,
Thence starting light, and pleasantly let go,
When serious service calls.'

Mr Shandy's expenditure of eloquence on the death of his son, was not more consolatory to the bereaved rhetorician, than are the disquisitions of Wulfstan on his daughter's undutiful marriage. She must no longer be mutable of purpose. She must study the excellent uses of constancy, and abide in quietude of mind. The fickle wind may be her teacher. Then, as if himself floating on the wings of some soft and balmy gale, the poetical sage drowns all his parental anxieties in this light and beautiful parable :—

'The wind, when first he rose and went abroad
Thro' the vast region, felt himself at fault,
Wanting a voice; and suddenly to earth
Descended with a wafture and a swoop,
Where, wandering volatile from kind to kind,
He woo'd the several trees to give him one.
First he besought the ash; the voice she lent
Fitfully with a free and lashing change
Flung here and there its sad uncertainties:
The aspen next; a flutter'd frivolous twitter
Was her sole tribute: from the willow came,
So long as dainty summer dress'd her out,
A whispering sweetness, but her winter note
Was hissing, dry, and reedy: lastly the pine
Did he solicit, and from her he drew
A voice so constant, soft, and lowly deep,
That there he rested, welcoming in her
A mild memorial of the ocean cave
Where he was born.'

The spirit of rumination possesses all the persons of this drama. No wonder, then, that Leolf feeds on his own thoughts, as best becomes a discarded lover. But of that deplorable class of mankind, he is a remarkable, if not altogether a new variety. He had climbed the central arch in the bridge of life, painfully conscious of the solitude of his heart in the midst of the busy crowd, and cherishing a vague but earnest desire for deliverance. An ideal form, lovely as the day-spring, and radiant with love to him, haunted his path, and he lived in the faith that the bright reality would at length be disclosed, when his spirit should know the blessedness of that union which mystically represents to man the design and the perfection of his being. She came, or seemed to come, in the form of Elgiva—the glorious impersonation of that dazzling fantasy—the actual fulfilment

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of many a dream, too fondly courted by his solemn and overburdened mind. Nature had made her beautiful, and, even when the maiden's ruby lips were closed, her beaming eye and dimpled cheek gave utterance to thoughts, now more joyous or impassioned, now more profound or holy, than any which could be imparted through the coarser vehicle of articulate speech. So judged the enamoured interpreter of that fair tablet—mistaking for emanations of her mind the glowing hues reflected by that brilliant surface from his own. He threw over the object of his homage all the most rich and graceful draperies stored in the wardrobe of his own pensive imagination; unconsciously worshipped the creature of his own fancy; and adorned her with a diadem which, though visible to him alone, had for a true heart a greater value than the proudest crown which could be shared with kings. Such was not Elgiva's judgment. Her ear drank in the flatteries of Edwin; nor had he long to sue for the hand which had been plighted to the champion and defender of his throne. A ready vengeance was in the grasp of Leolf. One word from him would have sealed the doom of his successful rival. But no such word passes his lips. In his solitude he probes the incurable wound which had blighted all the hopes, and dispelled all the illusions of life. He broods with melancholy intentness over the bleak prospect, and drains to the dregs the bitter cup of irremediable desolation. But in his noble spirit there is no place for scorn, resentment, or reproach. His duty, though it be to protect with his life the authors of his wretchedness, is performed in the true spirit of duty;—quietly, earnestly, and without vaunt or ostentation. He has sympathy to spare for the sorrows of others, while demanding none for his own. He extenuates with judicial rectitude and calmness Elgiva's infidelity to himself, and loyally dies to restore her to the arms of her husband.

Leolf is the portrait of a man in whose mind justice, in the largest conception of the word, exercises an undisputed sway;—silencing, though it cannot assuage, the deepest sorrow, repressing all the importunities of self-love, restraining every severe and uncharitable censure, and exacting the faithful, though unrequited, discharge of all the obligations of loyalty, and love, and honour. The world in which we live abounds in models, which may have suggested, by the power of contrast, this image of a statesman and a soldier. Haughty self-assertion is not merely pardoned in our public men, but takes its place among their conventional virtues. We are accustomed to extol that exquisite sensitiveness which avenges every wrong, and repels every indignity, even though the welfare of our common country be

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the sacrifice. To appreciate the majesty of a mind which, in the most conspicuous stations of life, surrenders itself to the guidance of perfect equity—and of humility, the offspring of equity; which has mastered resentment and pride as completely as all the baser passions—we must turn from the real to the mimetic theatre, and study man not as he actually is, in camps and parliaments, but as he is here exhibited on the stage.

Relieved from attendance on his feeble sovereign and faithless queen, Leolf (a great soliloquist) takes his stand on the seashore, and thus gives utterance to the thoughts which disappointment had awakened in his melancholy, though well-balanced mind:—

> 'Rocks that beheld my boyhood! Perilous shelf
> That nursed my infant courage! Once again
> I stand before you—not as in other days
> In your grey faces smiling—but like you
> The worse for weather. Here again I stand,
> Again and on the solitary shore
> Old ocean plays as on an instrument,
> Making that ancient music, when not known?
> That ancient music only not so old
> As He who parted ocean from dry land
> And saw that it was good. Upon my ear,
> As in the season of susceptive youth,
> The mellow murmur falls—but finds the sense
> Dull'd by distemper; shall I say—by time?
> Enough in action has my life been spent
> Through the past decade, to rebate the edge
> Of early sensibility. The sun
> Rides high, and on the thoroughfares of life
> I find myself a man in middle age,
> Busy and hard to please. The sun shall soon
> Dip westerly,—but oh! how little like
> Are life's two twilights! Would the last were first
> And the first last! that so we might be soothed
> Upon the thoroughfares of busy life
> Beneath the noon-day sun, with hope of joy
> Fresh as the morn,—with hope of breaking lights,
> Illuminated mists and spangled lawns
> And woodland orisons and unfolding flowers,
> As things in expectation.—Weak of faith!
> Is not the course of earthly outlook, thus
> Reversed from Hope, an argument to Hope
> That she was licensed to the heart of man
> For other than for earthly contemplations,
> In that observatory domiciled
> For survey of the stars?'

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It is in his last interview with Elgiva that the character of Leolf is best exhibited. He has rescued her from captivity, and, during a transient pause in her flight with him to Edwin, the inconstant Queen expresses her gratitude, and suggests her contrition. It is a scene of pathos and dignity which we should rejoice to transfer into our pages, but which would be impaired by abridgement, and is too long for quotation as it stands.

If Leolf is the example of the magnanimous endurance of the ills of life, Athulf, his friend and brother soldier, is the portrait of a man born to encounter and to baffle them. It is drawn with the elaborate care, and touched and retouched with the parental fondness with which authors cherish, and sometimes enervate, their favoured progeny. Unfortunately, Athulf is surrounded by a throng of dramatic persons, who afford him no sufficient space for action or for speech. We become acquainted with him chiefly by observing the impression he leaves on the minds of his associates, his enemies, and his friends. Wulfstan the Wise is one of these; and he will describe Athulf with a warmth and vigour which it is impossible to emulate, although it must be admitted to be not inconsiderably abstruse—an infirmity to which the good Wulfstan is greatly addicted.

> 'Much mirth he hath, and yet less mirth than fancy.
> His is that nature of humanity
> Which both ways doth redound, rejoicing now
> With soarings of the soul, anon brought low:
> For such the law that rules the larger spirits.
> This soul of man, this elemental crasis,
> Completed, should present the universe
> Abounding in all kinds; and unto all
> One law is common,—that their act and reach
> Stretch'd to the farthest is resilient ever,
> And in resilience hath its plenary force.
> Against the gust remitting fiercelier burns
> The fire, than with the gust it burnt before.
> The richest mirth, the richest sadness too,
> Stands from a groundwork of its opposite;
> For these extremes upon the way to meet
> Take a wide sweep of Nature, gathering in
> Harvests of sundry seasons.'

With Dunstan, Leolf, Wulfstan, and Athulf, are associated a rich variety of other characters—some elaborately, some slightly, sketched—and some exhibited in that rapid outline which is designed to suggest, rather than to portray the image which occupies the poet's fancy. There is Odo the Archbishop, the sport of the winds and currents, into which this victim of dignity and circumstances is passively borne—a sort of *rouge dragon*, or *cla-*

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rencieux king-at-arms, hurried by some misadventure in feats of real chivalry, with nothing but tabard and mantle to oppose to the sharp sword and heavy battle-axe;—and Clarenbald, by office a Lord Chancellor, a pompous patronizing appendage of royalty, who, in an age of war and treason, and amidst the clash of arms, is no better than a kind of master of the ceremonies in the *Aula Regia;*—and Ruold, a hare-brained gallant, whom the frown of a polished brow, or the smile of a dimpled cheek, will mould to the fair one's purposes, though faith, life, and honour should be the forfeit;—and Edwin himself, the slave in turn of every passion which assails him, love, anger, despondency, impatience, and revenge, ever wasting his energies to no purpose, and playing the fool with the indefeasible dignity of him who at once wears and worships an hereditary crown;—and Elgiva, the storm-compelling beauty, who sets a world in flames, and who has proceeded from the hands of her dramatic creator with a character entirely neutral and unformed; in order that all may ascribe to her such fascinations as may best explain to each the mystery of her influence over the weak and the wise, the feeble and the resolute;—and Emma, a damsel whose virtue (for she is virtuous and good and firm of heart) is but little indebted to her discretion; for the maiden is possessed by the spirit of intrigue and intermeddling, and, at his bidding, assumes by turns the disguises of a wife, of a strolling minstrel, and of a priest, to disentangle the webs which she has spun;—and there are military leaders and ecclesiastics, fortune-tellers and scholars, jesters, swineherds, and foresters—to each of whom is assigned some share in the dialogue or in the plot—which glows like the firmament with stars of every magnitude, clustering into constellations of endless variety.

This crowding of the scene at once conduces to the beauty, and impairs the interest of this drama. If our arithmetic fail us not, there appear on the stage not fewer than fifty interlocutors, who jostle and cross each other—impede the development of the fable, and leave on the mind of the reader, or of the spectator, an impression at once indistinct and fatiguing. It is not till after a second or a third perusal, that the narrative or succession of events emerges distinctly from the throng of the doings and the sayings. But each successive return to this drama brings to light, with a still increasing brilliancy, the exquisite structure of the verse, the manly vigour of thought, and the deep wisdom to which it gives most musical utterance; the cordial sympathy of the poet with all that is to be loved and revered in our common nature, and his no less generous antipathy for all that debases and corrupts it; his sagacious and varied insight into the chambers of imagery in the human heart; and the all-controlling and fault-

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less taste which makes him intuitively conscious of the limits which separate the beautiful from the false, the extravagant, and the affected.

A great writer is his own most formidable rival. If 'Edwin the Fair' shall fail of due acceptance, it will be more to 'Philip Van Artevelde' than to any other hostile critic that such ill success will be really owing. Mr Taylor has erected a standard by which he must be measured and judged. The sect of the Takers-down is a large and active fraternity, among whom there are never wanting some to speak of powers impaired, and of exhausted resources. Untrue, in fact, as such a censure would be, it would not be quite destitute of plausibility. 'Philip Van Artevelde' has a deeper and a more concentrated interest than 'Edwin the Fair.' It approaches far more nearly to the true character of tragedy. Virtues, hazardous in their growth, majestic in their triumph, and venerable even in the fall, shed a glory round the hero, with which the guilt and the impunity of Dunstan form a painful contrast. The scene of the play, moreover, is more warm and genial, and the versification flows more easily, and in closer resemblance to the numerous prose of Massinger, and of Fletcher. There is also less of the uniformity which may be observed in the style of 'Edwin,' where churchmen, laics, and ladies are all members of one family, and have all the family failing, of talking philosophy. The idle King himself moralizes not a little; and even the rough huntsman pauses to compare the fawning of his dogs with the flatteries of the court. But if the earlier work be the greater drama, the later is assuredly the greater poem. More abundant mental resources of every kind are there—knowledge more comprehensive—an imagination at once more prompt and more discursive—the ear tuned to a keener sense of harmony—the points of contact and sympathy with the world multiplied—and the visible traces of that kind influence which passing years have obviously shed on a mind always replete with energy and courage, but which had not, till now, given proof that it was informed in an equal degree by charity, benevolence, and compassion.

It is, indeed, rather as a poet than as a dramatist that Mr Taylor claims the suffrage of those with whom it rests to confer the high reward of his labours. In a memorable essay, prefixed to his former tragedy, he explained and vindicated, not his dramatic but his poetical creed, and then, as now, proceeded to illustrate his own doctrines. To the credit of having discovered any latent truth, or of having unfolded any new theory of the sublime art he pursues, he, of course, made no pretension. It would have been utterly at variance with the robust sense which

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is impressed on every page he writes. His object was to refute a swarm of popular sectarians, by proclaiming anew the ancient and Catholic faith. As the first postulate of his argument, he laid it down, that if a man would write well, either with rhythm or without, it behoved him to have something to say. From this elementary truth, he proceeded to the more abstruse and questionable tenet, that 'no man can be a very great poet who is not 'also a great philosopher.'

To what muse the highest honour is justly due, and what exercises of the poetic faculty ought to command, in the highest degree, the reverence of mankind, are problems not to be resolved without an enquiry into various recondite principles. But it is a far less obscure question what is the poetry which men do really love, ponder, commit to memory, incorporate into the mass of their habitual thoughts, digest as texts, or cherish as anodynes. This is a matter of fact, which Paternoster Row, if endowed with speech, could best determine. It would be brought to a decision, if some literary deluge (in the shape, for example, of a prohibitory book-tax) should sweep over the land—consigning to the abyss our whole poetical patrimony, and all the treasures of verse accumulated in our own generation. In that frightful catastrophe, who are the poets whom pious hands would be stretched out to save? The philosophical? They would sink unheeded, with Lucretius at their head. Or the allegorical? The waves would close unresistingly over them, though the Faery Queen herself should be submerged. Or the descriptive? Windsor Forest and Grongar Hill would disappear, with whole galleries of inferior paintings. Or the witty? In such a tempest even Hudibras would not be rich enough to attract the zeal of the Salvors. Or the moral? Essays on man, with an infinite variety of the 'pleasures' of man's intellectual faculties, would sink unwept in the vast whirlpool. There too would perish, Lucan, with a long line of heroic cantos, romances in verse, and rhymes—amorous, fantastic, and bacchanalian. But, at whatever cost or hazard, leaves would be snatched, in that universal wreck, from the digressions and interstitial passages of the three great Epics of Greece, Italy, and England. The bursts of exultation and agony in the 'Agamemnon' would be rescued; with some of the Anthologies, and a few of the Odes of Anacreon and Horace. There would be a sacred emulation to save, from the all-absorbing flood, 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso;' with the 'Odes and Fables of Dryden,' 'Henry and Emma,' 'The Rape of the Lock,' and 'the Epistle to Abelard;' Gray's 'Bard,' and 'Elegy,' 'Lord Lyttleton's Monody,' 'The Traveller,' 'The Deserted Village,' and 'The Task,' Mr Campbell's Shorter

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Poems, and some of Mr Wordsworth's Sonnets; while the very spirit of martyrdom would be roused for the preservation of Burns, and the whole Shakspearian theatre; ballads, and old songs out of number; much devotional Psalmody, and, far above all the rest, the inspired songs of the sweet singers of Israel.

No man, says Johnson, is a hypocrite in his pleasures. At school we learn by heart the *De Arte Poeticâ*. At college we are lectured in the Poetics. Launched into the wide world, we criticise or write, as it may happen, essays on the sublime and beautiful. But on the lonely sea-shore, or river-bank, or in the evening circle of familiar faces, or when the hearth glows on the silent chamber round which a man has ranged the chosen companions of his solitary hours, with which of them does he really hold the most frequent and grateful intercourse? Is it not with those who best give utterance to his own feelings, whether gay or mournful; or who best enable him to express the otherwise undefinable emotions of the passing hour? Philosophy is the high privilege of a few, but the affections are the birthright of all. It was an old complaint, that when wisdom lifted up her voice in the streets, none would regard it; but when was the genuine voice of passion ever unheeded? It is the universal language. It is the speech intelligible to every human being, though spoken, with any approach to perfection, by that little company alone, who are from time to time inspired to reveal man to himself, and to sustain and multiply the bonds of the universal brotherhood. It is a language of such power as to reject the aid of ornament, fulfilling its object best when it least strains and taxes the merely intellectual faculties. The poets, whom men secretly worship, are distinguished from the rest, not only by the art of ennobling common subjects; but by the rarer gift of imparting beauty to common thoughts, interest to common feelings, and dignity to common speech. True genius of this order can never be vulgar, and can, therefore, afford to be homely. It can never be trite, and can, therefore, pass along the beaten paths.

What philosophy is there in the wail of Cassandra? in the last dialogue of Hector and Andromache? in Gray's 'Elegy?' or in the Address to 'Mary in Heaven?' And yet when did philosophy ever appeal to mankind in a voice equally profound. About four-and-twenty years ago Mr Wolfe established a great and permanent reputation by half a dozen stanzas. Almost as many centuries have passed since the great poetess of Greece effected a similar triumph with as small an expenditure of words. Was Mr Wolfe a philosopher, or was Sappho? They were simply poets, who could set the indelible impress of genius on what all

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the world had been feeling and saying before. They knew how to appropriate for ever to themselves a combination of thoughts and feelings, which, except in the combination, have not a trace of novelty, nor the slightest claim to be regarded as original. In shorter terms, they knew how to write heart-language.

A large proportion of the material of which the poetry of David, Æschylus, Homer, and Shakspeare is composed, if presented for use to many of our greatest writers in its unwrought and unfashioned state, would infallibly be rejected as common-place, and unworthy of all regard. Our poets must now be philosophers; as Burke has taught all our prose writers and most of our prosaic speakers to be, at least in effort and desire. Hence it is that so large a part of the poetry which is now published is received as worthy of all admiration, but not of much love—is praised in society, and laid aside in solitude—is rewarded by an undisputed celebrity, but not by any heartfelt homage —is heard as the discourse of a superior, but not as the voice of a brother.

The diligent students and cultivated admirers of poetry will assign to the author of 'Edwin the Fair' a rank second to none of the competitors for the laurel in his own generation. They will celebrate the rich and complex harmony of his metre, the masculine force of his understanding, the wide range of his survey of life and manners, and the profusion with which he can afford to lavish his intellectual resources. The mere lovers of his art will complain, that in the consciousness of his own mental wealth, he forgets the prevailing poverty; that he levies too severe a tribute of attention, and exacts from a thoughtless world meditations more deep, and abstractions more prolonged, than they are able or willing to command. Right or wrong, it is but as the solace of the cares, and as an escape from the lassitude of life, that most men surrender their minds to the fascination of poetry; and they are not disposed to obey the summons to arduous thinking, though proceeding from a stage resplendent with picturesque forms, and resounding with the most varied harmonies. They will admit that the author of 'Edwin the Fair' can both judge as a philosopher, and feel as a poet; but will wish that his poetry had been less philosophical, or his philosophy less poetical. It is a wish which will be seconded by those who revere his wisdom, and delight in his genius; and who, therefore, regret to anticipate that his labours will hardly be rewarded by an early or an extensive popularity.

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ART. IV.—*Souvenirs de* M. BERRYER. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1839.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES may be divided into two classes; those which interest principally as a history of the mind of the writer, and those which derive their chief value from the events which they relate, or the persons whom they describe. The first class require the union of several rare conditions. Few men know their own history. Few men know the fluctuating nature of their own character;—how much it has varied from ten years to ten years, or even from year to year; or what qualities it would exhibit in untried circumstances, or even on the recurrence of similar events. Few men attempt to distinguish between the original predispositions and the accidental influences which, sometimes controlling and sometimes aggravating one another, together formed at any particular epoch their character for the time being. Still fewer attempt to estimate the relative force of each; and fewer still would succeed in such an attempt. The conversations, the books, the examples, the pains and the pleasures which constitute our education, exert an influence quite disproportioned to their apparent importance at the time when they occurred. Such influences operate long after their causes have been forgotten. The effects of early education are confounded with natural predisposition, and tendencies implanted by nature are attributed to events which were merely the occasions on which they burst forth. The bulk of men think of their minds as they think of their bodies: they enjoy their strength and regret their weakness, they dwell with pleasure on the points in which they are superior to others, and with pain on those in which they are inferior; but they cannot account for the one or for the other. They know no more of the causes of their talents or of their morals, than they do of their beauty or their vigour.

Again, among the few who have the power to relate their mental history, few indeed have the wish. Most men dread the imputation of egotism or vanity. Most men, too, are aware that a full narrative of their feelings, wishes, and habits, must frequently excite the disapprobation of a reader. 'Each mind,' says Foster, 'has an interior apartment of its own, into which none 'but itself and the Divinity can enter. In this retired place the 'passions mingle and fluctuate in unknown agitations. There, 'all the fantastic, and all the tragic shapes of imagination have a 'haunt where they can neither be invaded nor descried. There, 'the surrounding human beings, while quite unconscious of it, 'are made the subjects of deliberate thought, and many of the 'designs respecting them revolved in silence. There, projects,

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'convictions, vows, are confusedly scattered, and the records of 'past life are laid. There, in solitary state, sits conscience, sur- 'rounded by her own thunders, which sometimes sleep, and some- 'times roar, while the world does not know." *

Men are unwilling to reveal, even posthumously, the secret which a whole life has been employed in concealing. Even those who could bear to excite disapprobation would be afraid of ridicule, and perfect frankness is certain to be absurd. We do not believe that a really unreserved autobiography has ever been written. Rousseau's appears to approach most nearly to one. Almost every chapter tends to make the writer hateful, contemptible, or ridiculous. And yet we now know that even the 'Confessions' are not to be depended upon. We now know that much has been concealed, and that much has been positively invented.

Under these circumstances, autobiographies of the first class are almost as rare as epic poems; but those of the second class—those which amuse or instruct as pictures of the events and the people among whom the writer lived—are among the most abundant products of modern literature.

It is remarkable, however, that while soldiers, statesmen, diplomatists, men of letters, actors, artists, courtiers—in short, almost all classes who have something to tell, and who have been accustomed to notoriety—have been anxious to relate their own story to the public, one body of active men, though ready enough to talk of others, have been almost uniformly silent as to themselves. With the exception of the beautiful fragments by Sir Samuel Romilly, and they belong rather to the former class of autobiographies, and of the work the title of which we have prefixed to this article, we scarcely recollect an instance in which a Lawyer, either British or foreign, has thought fit to be his own biographer. And yet there are scarcely any persons the result of whose experience would be more instructive; since there are none who obtain so close or so undisturbed a view of human nature. In courts, in public assemblies, in business, in society, men are masked, and they generally believe that their success depends on their disguise. But few men think that any thing is to be gained by deceiving their lawyer. He is not their rival, but their instrument. His skill is to extricate them from difficulties where they know neither the amount of the danger nor the means of escape. He is to be the tool of their avarice or of their revenge. They generally know that, in order to enable him to execute their purposes, they must stand naked before him; and

* Foster's *Essays*, p. 41.

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even when they are absurd enough to attempt concealment, his experience will almost uniformly detect it.

These remarks, however, do not apply to the bar of England or of Scotland. The professional rule which excludes counsel from the real client, except in the presence of the client's solicitor, deprives our barristers of almost all these peculiar opportunities of observation. But on the Continent, not only does no such rule exist, but the counsel appear to perform almost all the duties which with us are confined to the solicitors. We shall find M. Berryer receiving his clients, calling on them, travelling with them, obtaining evidence, in short, acting almost always in the double capacity of counsel and attorney. This circumstance adds greatly to the interest of his memoirs, and appears also to have added greatly to the interest of his professional life. His clients, instead of being mere names to be forgotten as soon as the suit should terminate, become his friends and associates. Unhappily, indeed, the miserable period through which he lived made such intimacies often a source of pain. They naturally included the men most eminent in commerce, manufactures, and banking; and those were precisely the persons whom the anarchists thought fit to suspect at a time when suspicion was death.

But without further anticipation, we proceed to give a general view of M. Berryer's memoirs. They belong to the second class of autobiographies—those in which the interest is fixed, not on the author, but on the objects which surround him. M. Berryer's professional life endured sixty-four years, from 1774 to 1838; the most remarkable period in the history of France, perhaps in the history of the world. It extended through the delusive calm of the unreformed royalty, the brief attempt at constitutional monarchy under the Constituent Assembly, the anarchy under the Legislative Assembly and the Convention, the tyranny of the Directory, the restorative interval of the Consulate, the glories and despotism of the Empire, the impotent reaction of the Restoration, and the intrigues and corruption of the kingdom of the French. The other institutions of the country were still more unstable than the government. M. Berryer found the Roman Catholic religion established with vast wealth and exclusive domination. It is now one among several sects acknowledged and salaried by the state. During the interval its priests have been despoiled, transported, and massacred; every form of worship has been abolished; and it depended on one man whether France should be Protestant or Catholic. All the laws regulating the nature, the enjoyment, the exchange, and the devolution of real and personal property—the laws of marriage, of divorce, of legitimacy, of adoption, and of inheri-

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tance—the franchises and privileges of individuals, and of bodies politic—in short, all the rights of persons and of things, while M. Berryer was engaged in enforcing them, were altered, abolished, restored, and amended, by a legislation so transitory as really to deserve to be called, as he has called it, ephemeral. The criminal law was equally fluctuating. New crimes, new modes of trial, new rules of evidence, new tribunals, and new punishments, were invented, repealed, renewed, and modified, as it suited the convenience of a party, a faction, or an individual. A similar fate befell the law of procedure. Within two years from the meeting of the first National Assembly, not a court in which M. Berryer had practised during the first fifteen years of his professional life, was in existence. Soon afterwards, the order of which he was a member was abolished, and the law ceased to be a profession. For some years again there was no standard of value. To use, or even to possess metallic money, was a capital crime, and the only legal tender, the assignat, sank to about one four-hundredth part of its nominal value. The seller of a commodity was no longer allowed to fix its price. The price was to be determined by a committee, with reference to the ability of purchasers, whether the dealer could afford to sell at that price or not. To discontinue, or even to diminish any accustomed trade, was to incur the crime of being 'suspected;' and to be suspected was to be imprisoned; to be imprisoned was at one period to be massacred, and at another to be guillotined.

The picture of a society subjected to such influences would be most valuable, and no one had better opportunity of drawing it than M. Berryer. He had for materials not only his own experience, but that of his clients, and of clients taken from every class of society.

His recollections, as might be expected from a writer of his advanced age, seem to be more vivid as they recede towards the past. His first consultation in the dressing-room of the Duchess of Mazarin, where the aristocratic beauty, surrounded by her maids, and going through the details of her complicated toilette, listened to the conference between the timid junior and Gerbier, the leader of the bar; his first pleading in the Grand Chamber of the Parliament of Paris, its vaulted roof dimly illuminated at a seven o'clock sitting on a winter's morning, and the profound silence of the court, which awed him until he fainted; his first negotiation in the moated chateau of a feudal magistrate, while his client was concealed in the avenue;—all these scenes are dwelt upon with a minuteness of detail, and brilliancy of colouring, which gradually disappear as he approaches the modern part of his narrative. Of this, however, we do not complain. Equality is not picturesque:

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a society in which it prevails may perhaps be good to live in, but can seldom be good to describe; and we shall imitate our author in drawing our materials rather from the eighteenth century, than from the nineteenth.

M. Berryer was born in the year 1757 at St Ménéhould in Champagne, a small town of 3000 inhabitants, which seems to have been a nest of lawyers, since it contained nine different courts, and all the accessories of *avocats*, *notaires*, *procureurs*, and *greffiers*.* In September 1774 he commenced his legal studies in the office of a solicitor to the *Parlement de Paris*, which then extended its jurisdiction over the greater part of France. The state of the law was such as might have been expected in a system created, not by statesmen, but by lawyers. 'The forms of procedure,' says M. Berryer, 'were operose and 'intricate, and to prolong and complicate their entanglement was 'the business and the pride of the practitioner. Many suits 'were eternal; they descended from the solicitor who com-'menced them to his successors, or rather to generations of 'successors, as the property—the patrimony of the office.†' The number of persons supported by this legal property was enormous. The Grand Châtelet, an inferior court having jurisdiction only over a part of Paris, gave occupation to nearly 300 attorneys.‡

M. Berryer was admitted to the bar in 1778. One of the first transactions in which he was engaged is so striking an instance of the pride and the despotism of the aristocracy of France, as it then was, that we shall relate it at some length.

M. du B———, a man of considerable fortune, was a member of the provincial parliament of Normandy. In 1771, when the parliaments were exiled by Louis XV., he retired to Holland, leaving his affairs under the management of his wife, who, together with his son, a young man of twenty-two, resided in one of the country mansions of the family, a few leagues from Rouen. In that reign, and in that country, to be out of favour with the government was almost an exclusion from society. Neither neighbours, friends, nor even relations, visited the *château*, and the young man, solitary and unemployed, fell in love with his mother's maid. The mother's consent was obtained; her general powers of acting for her husband were supposed to enable her to give the father's assent, and the marriage took place in the

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* Vol. i. p. 41. M. Berryer expresses a *naïve* regret that all the work is now done by a single tribunal.

† Ibid. p. 24.

‡ Ibid. p. 29.

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chapel of the *château.* Two children were born, when, in 1774, the parliaments were recalled, and M. du B——— returned. His daughter-in-law and her children fled before him and took refuge in England. The son, now in his twenty-sixth year, remained. M. du B—— required him to take proceedings to annul the marriage; and on his refusal obtained a *lettre de cachet,* under which he was confined in the prison of Saint Yon. The father visited him in his cell on the second floor of one of the towers. What passed between them is not known; but the result of the interview was, that as the father was descending the staircase, the son threw himself from the window, and was found by the father on the pavement of the court, with a fractured limb and a concussion of the brain. It does not appear that the father was softened, but the government was induced, by the horror of the catastrophe which its interference had occasioned, to revoke the *lettre de cachet.* The son, at liberty, but a cripple for life, fled to join his wife and children in England. In London, however, they must all have starved, or have had recourse to parish relief, unless a M. Tubeuf, a French jeweller established in England, had supported them. M. Tubeuf's advances for this purpose amounted during four years to about L.1200. They were made at the request of the mother, and with the knowledge of the father, but without his express authority. M. Tubeuf returned to France, demanded repayment from the father, was refused, commenced a suit against him in the Parliament of Paris, and engaged M. Berryer as his counsel. The first step was to obtain an order for the examination of M. du B—— on interrogatories—an order which was made, as of course, without notice to the party to be examined. Armed with this order M. Berryer and M. Tubeuf travelled to the *château* of the magistrate. When they entered its long avenue the carriage with M. Tubeuf was left concealed by the trees, and M. Berryer proceeded on foot. The first person whom he saw was Madame du B——. But such was the awe inspired by the domestic despot, that she would not venture even to hint to her husband the object of M. Berryer's mission. He was forced, therefore, to explain it himself, and to communicate to M. du B—— the astonishing fact that MM. de Paris, his brethren, had subjected him to a public examination. The result, however, was, that the fear of an open discussion prevailed, where justice, compassion, and natural affection had all been powerless. M. Tubeuf was sent for, and before they recrossed the drawbridge all had been arranged. Sixty years afterwards M. Berryer again visited Rouen as an advocate, and the matter was again a family contest originating in aristocratic pride. The

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château and the family of B—— had long disappeared. M. Berryer interested his audience by a narrative of which he was probably the only depository; and urged them to crown his second appearance in their country with equal success.

As a further illustration of the morals of the old *régime*, we shall introduce in this place the notice of a more important cause of M. Berryer's, though it terminated at a later period of his career—that of Madame de Pestre de Seneffe. When the events which we have to relate commenced she was between fifty and sixty years old, and resided at Brussels, a widow with seven children, and a still more numerous progeny of grandchildren; enjoying a high reputation for virtue and morals, and a very large jointure derived from property in Belgium and France. At a supper in the palace of the Prince de Soubise, a set of Parisian fashionables resolved that one of them should proceed to Brussels and marry the opulent widow. The necessary funds were supplied by a contribution, and the choice of the emissary was left to chance. The lot fell upon the Comte de Wargemont, a man of high family and of considerable property heavily encumbered. On his arrival at Brussels he introduced himself to Madame de Pestre, and secured the services of her maid and of her confessor. The maid concealed him one evening in her mistress's bed-room. In the middle of the night he showed himself. Madame de Pestre called for assistance. This was the signal for the appearance of the maid, who urged on her mistress the danger to her reputation of an *éclat*, and proposed that the advice of the confessor should be taken. The Count protested that his indiscretion had been forced on him by the violence of his passion; and the confessor recommended that all scandal should be avoided by an immediate marriage. Madame de Pestre was weak enough to consent; but as she yielded, not to love, but to fear, she insisted that the marriage should take place in Brussels, that she and all her estates should continue subject to the laws of Flanders, that her husband should have no power to require her to enter France, that she should continue absolute mistress of her property, and that the only benefit derived by the Count should be a life income of 20,000 francs, and 100,000 francs as capital. The marriage on these terms took place in February 1776. The husband almost immediately quitted his wife, and in June wrote to ask her whether she could suppose that he had any motive for marrying an old woman except the full command of her fortune. A few days afterwards he informed her that he intended to seize all her property in France, and to force her to join him there. His attempts to execute these threats produced a compromise, in pursuance of which a divorce

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a mensa et toro, in a suit instituted by the husband, was pronounced by the ecclesiastical tribunal of Mechlin; and the Count, in exchange for all his claims under the marriage or the settlement, received 350,000 francs and an annuity of 10,000 more. The 350,000 francs, however, were soon spent, and the Count renewed his legal warfare. He attempted to set aside the divorce, succeeded in getting possession of the French estates, and kept up a never-ending litigation respecting those in Belgium. Madame de Pestre died, worn out with care and vexation. The annexation of Belgium rendered the whole property of her children subject to the jurisdiction of the French laws, and the Count spent the remainder of his life in prosecuting them from tribunal to tribunal. M. Berryer was counsel for Madame de Pestre and for her descendants; and he dwells upon his exertions in their cause as one of the most arduous, and of the most brilliant parts of his professional career. They procured him on one occasion a curious testimony of admiration. M. de Wargemont was dead, and his sister, Madame de Querrieux, had succeeded to some of his claims, and apparently to some of his litigiousness. As her brother's representative, she prosecuted an appeal against the Pestre family. An elderly lady sat behind M. Berryer while he conducted the defence. She was observed to listen with great emotion, and, as soon as he sat down, pressed him to accept, as a mark of her admiration, a ring made of the hair of her youth.

The episode of Madame de Pestre has led us to anticipate a portion of M. Berryer's history. Nature had given him the bodily qualifications most useful to an advocate, a fine voice, and health independent of exercise. In the strict discipline of a *procureur's* office, where the hours of business, with a few minutes' interval for breakfast and an hour for dinner, lasted from between six and seven in the morning till nine at night, he acquired intrepid diligence and the love of a sedentary life. He was stimulated too, as he tells us,* by the splendid pecuniary rewards of the profession. He saw Gerbier receiving 300,000 francs for a single cause, and Duvaudier's exertions in securing a jointure, paid by an equipage and an annuity of 4000 francs for its support. He began early to emancipate himself from the *procureur's*, by obtaining a set of clients of his own. He succeeded first in becoming counsel to the eminent merchants constituting the India Company, in a cause which lasted many years; then in obtaining the conduct of a claim depending on an

* Vol. i. p. 87.

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ancient pedigree, which appears to have remained undisposed of for more than twenty years; and lastly, in obtaining as his clients the two great ecclesiastical chapters of Brioude and Bourges. His marriage in January 1789 with Mademoiselle Gorneau, whose father, as *Procureur aux Conseils*, had for his clients the chief bankers and merchants of Paris, placed him at once in possession of the first mercantile practice. The heads of the great houses became his clients and his friends; and we may judge of the extent of litigation in which they were engaged, when we are told that one of them, M. Magon de la Balue, paid him a daily visit.*

It does not appear that, when he married, he was aware that a time was approaching when the bravest man might wish to have no safety to provide for but his own. He had, indeed, been somewhat surprised, but not disquieted, by the anti-monarchical spirit of the press, and had felt some alarm at the opposition of the parliaments to the court; but his fears did not exceed a vague uneasiness. He does not appear, indeed, to be more of a statesman than the Carlist deputy, his son. The extent of his political sagacity may be estimated by the three causes, to which even now, after fifty years' experience, he assigns the Revolution;—namely, financial difficulties, which he thinks might have been got out of by economy; the contest between the parliaments and the crown; and the reduction of a portion of the household troops.

His fears, however, were soon to be awakened. On the evening of Sunday, the 12th of July, he was returning with his young wife from a country holiday—that day was, in fact, the last but one of the monarchy—but so little were they aware of the real nature of the events which had disturbed the previous weeks, that they felt, as he tells us, perfect security. But at the Barrière du Trône, they heard of the sanguinary conflict between the Royal Allemand and the procession carrying the busts of Orleans and Necker; and as they passed the paper manufactory of Réveillon they saw the gates guarded by soldiery, and were told that behind them lay the bodies of those who had perished in the attack on the building. Two mornings after,† M. Berryer was roused from his bed by the tocsin; he

* Vol. ii. p. 325.

† M. Berryer's recollection has misled him as to these dates. He supposes the storming of the Bastile to have taken place on the Monday, and therefore that Sunday was the 13th. But in fact Sunday was the 12th, and a day intervened between the riot of that day and the insurrection of the 14th.

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was summoned, by what authority he does not know, to a meeting of the inhabitants of his parish, in the church of St Méry. He found there crowds as ignorant of the cause of their assembling as himself. For hours they wandered, without an object, up and down the aisles of the church. At length some persons talked of organizing the parish as a municipal body. M. Berryer suggested the means to those about him—they carried him to the pulpit, and thence he proposed his plan, which was to divide the parish into quarters, or, as we should call them, wards; the inhabitants of each ward grouping themselves round a particular pillar; and then, that each ward should present a list of six persons, to constitute the *bureau* or common council of the parish—one being the president, and another the secretary. His plan was adopted by acclamation; he refused the office of president, but accepted that of secretary. The *bureau* was elected, and directed to provide for the civil and military organization of the parish.

In the evening the *bureau* assembled; M. Berryer was quietly engaged in his duties as secretary; it was hot, and the windows were open, when some pikes bearing bloody heads were thrust in, and they were told that one was that of De Launay, and that the others were those of the Swiss massacred within the Bastile. This horrible incident influenced permanently the fortunes of M. Berryer. With his talents and his advantages, it was obvious that the highest professional honours were within his grasp. His advance had been checked by no difficulties, and, till then, seemed to be attended by no dangers. But the 14th of July dispelled his dream of safety. He saw the time coming when the servants of the public might have to choose between death and crime. He doubted how he might stand the trial, and he felt certain that no reward was worth the risk. He resolved therefore, and he kept his resolution, to remain for life in a private station. His companions at the bar acted differently. Some perished for their virtues, some for their crimes, and some obtained and kept the most elevated civil dignities. But it was in vain that they pressed him to accompany them in their rise. He preserved his conscience, and perhaps his life, by the sacrifice of his ambition.

He soon found, however, that the humbler path of an advocate had its difficulties and its dangers. The order to which he belonged was abolished; in its room were substituted *défenseurs officieux*—a function which every one, whatever were his previous employments or his previous ignorance, was allowed to exercise. The great objects of his veneration, the Parliaments, which, with a strange misconception of history, he describes as the sup-

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porters of pure monarchy, shared the fate of the bar. New tribunals were erected in their room, with inferior powers and a more limited jurisdiction. The greater part of the old bar refused to plead before them; and the character of the new judges, generally selected from among fierce political partizans, accounts for their refusal. As an illustration of their judicial conduct, M. Berryer relates the history of a cause tried before the *Tribunal des Minimes*, one of the new metropolitan courts, over which M. Le Roy Sermaise, a violent democrat, presided. The parties were two villagers from Montreuil; the matter in dispute a small estate. The plaintiff rested his claim on a deed of conveyance, which appeared on inspection to have nothing to do with the property; the defendant's case depended on uninterrupted possession. 'How long,' said M. Le Roy Sermaise, 'has this possession lasted?' 'Why, citizen president,' replied the peasant, 'it must be at least eighty or ninety years, taking 'in my great-grandfather, my grandfather, my father, and my-'self.' 'Then,' replied the judge, 'you ought to be satisfied; 'every one in his turn—yours has lasted long enough in all con-'science—now let your poor neighbour have his.'* It must be added that the new *défenseurs officieux*, untrained in the conventional hostility of the bar, sometimes resented opposition as a personal injury; and no one could tell, in such times, what might be the consequence of making an enemy of the most insignificant or the most worthless individual. On one occasion, M. Berryer had the misfortune of being opposed to Coffinhal, afterwards the sanguinary vice-president of the revolutionary tribunal; and he tells us that, after he had heard that Coffinhal had threatened to punish him, he shuddered with terror whenever the threat returned to his memory—and with great reason, for Coffinhal might have said with Cæsar, that it was much less trouble to him to destroy than to menace.

But these were preludes. Monarchical government was destroyed by the insurrection of the 10th August 1792; republican government by that of the 2d June 1793. The strange sort of rule arose, which, for want of a more definite word, has been called the 'Reign of Terror;'—a mixture of anarchy and despotism, of democracy, oligarchy, and tyranny, which combined all the worst faults of all the worst institutions. Two powers strove for mastery in this chaos, the Convention, and the Commune or municipal council of Paris, and each of these was subdivided into hostile factions. In all of them the objects of the leaders

* Vol. i. p. 139.

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were power and safety; and in all of them the object of the subordinate members was safety. All joined in the endeavour to effect their purposes by the means resorted to in what has been called the state of nature;—by the destruction or intimidation of those whose power or whose safety they thought inconsistent with their own. The ordinary instruments employed by each party were the *loi des suspects*, the revolutionary committees, and the revolutionary tribunal. The extraordinary instrument was the armed population of Paris, consisting of the National Guards, furnished by the forty-eight sections into which Paris was divided;—a force generally called, in the histories of the times, by the somewhat puzzling name of 'the 'Sections.' The whole body, if it could have been collected, amounted to above 80,000 men, some provided with guns, but many more with pikes; their principal arms consisted of some pieces of artillery attached to each section.

The forty-eight revolutionary committees of Paris were appointed by the inhabitants of the forty-eight sections, voting by universal suffrage. Their duty, for which they received a regular pay, was to enquire into all conduct which might affect the public safety, to give certificates of *civisme*—that is to say, of attachment to the Revolution—and to order the arrest of all suspected persons.

The *loi de suspects* declared guilty of being suspected, and therefore subject to arrest, four principal classes:—1. All those who, by their connexions, their conversation, their writings, or their conduct, appeared to be opposed to liberty. 2. All those who could not prove their means of living, and of performing their civil duties. 3. All those who had been refused certificates of *civisme*. 4. All persons of noble birth, and all relations of emigrants, unless they could prove their ardent devotion to the Revolution.

The revolutionary tribunal was a criminal court of equity; a court for the punishment of those who were unpunishable by law. It is a strong proof of the little progress which France has made towards real liberty, that M. Berryer approves of the principle of such an institution, and recommends its adoption as a restraint on the press.*

It consisted of a public accuser, judges and jurymen, all nominated by the Convention, restrained by no form of procedure or rules of evidence, and authorized, on an application from the Convention, or from one of its two committees of *sûreté géné-*

* Vol. II. p. 419.

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rale and *salut public*, to judge all conspirators and opposers of the Revolution; and all those whose conduct or whose expression of opinion had a tendency to mislead the people. At first evidence was required, and the accused were allowed defenders; but as the trials increased in number, these forms were found inconvenient; and, after all, they were mere forms, for the business of the tribunal was not to try but to condemn. They were therefore abolished, and the tribunal was required to decide without hearing any witnesses, if there were grounds, material or moral, (such were the words of the decree,) for believing the accused to be an enemy to the people.

Lists were kept ready of persons accused, others of persons condemned, with the names left in blank. Every evening the list of the accused was prepared by Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser, settled by the *comité de salut public* of the Convention, and sent round to the prisons; those named in it were taken to the Conciergerie; the next morning they were before their judges, and before the evening they had suffered. That there were grounds, material or moral, for conviction, was always assumed; no witnesses were examined; and the trial, if it could be called one, was generally merely identifying the prisoner with one of the names on the list of persons accused. Even this might be dispensed with. When, as it sometimes happened, prisoners were brought to the bar whose names, in the hurry of business, had been left out of the list, the only result was that the public accuser immediately supplied the omission; and thus, in three minutes, a man might be indicted, tried, convicted, and sentenced, and an hour after executed.

As the Convention possessed the power of appointing and removing the members of the revolutionary tribunal, and of selecting its victims, it was, while its orders were obeyed, despotic in Paris; and when two committees of the Convention, that of *salut public* and *sûreté générale*, could send before the tribunal—that is to say, could send to death—any members of the Convention, the two committees became despotic in the Convention.

The inflicting death seems, like many other acts which are at first painful, to become a passion. No other explanation can be given of the condemnation by the revolutionary tribunal of many of the humblest and obscurest persons among the petty shopkeepers, and even workmen, of Paris. No other explanation can be given of some of the capricious murders related by M. Berryer. We give one or two examples:—In 1787, money had been borrowed in Paris on printed debentures for L.100 each, signed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke

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of York, and the Duke of Clarence. They went by the name of *actions du Prince de Galles.* The transaction was an unfortunate one; the debentures were refused payment, lost their value, and disappeared. Six years afterwards, all persons concerned in their introduction into the Parisian market, or in their circulation, were accused as *contre-révolutionaires*, and enemies of the people. The Duc de St Aignan, a former client of M. Berryer, on whom a money-lender had forced some of these debentures, and who had obliged him by law to take them back, was among the accused. So was his duchess, a young woman of fashion, whom no one could suppose to have been acquainted with her husband's transactions. So were even the notaries in whose hands they were deposited, and their clerks; and even M. Chaudot, who had merely given a notarial attestation which he could not legally refuse. All were condemned, and all were executed.

Another notary, M. Martin, a friend, like M. Chaudot, of M. Berryer, met at his door, on his return from a morning's walk, a *gendarme*, who required his immediate attendance before the revolutionary tribunal. He found there three persons accused of having signed a pedigree certificate, which had been deposited in his office. There was nothing objectionable in the certificate, but it was said that some ill use might be made of it. The public accuser simply asked him if the paper had been placed with him; and on his admitting it, required the tribunal to convict and sentence him to death, together with those previously accused. The tribunal instantly complied; the four prisoners were removed from the bar; room was found for them in the carriages which were setting off for the guillotine; and within three hours M. Martin was an un-accused man, and an executed criminal!

During the 'Reign of Terror' M. Berryer gave up the public exercise of his profession. No one could act as *défenseur officieux* without a certificate of *civisme* from the revolutionary committee of his section. But he could not rely upon obtaining one from the uneducated and violent persons—a brothel-keeper, a knife-grinder, a porter, and a shoe-cleaner—who were paid forty sous a-day to administer the affairs of the section. A person to whom such a certificate had been refused, became, as we have seen, by express enactment suspected, and certain, from the notoriety of the fact, to be arrested the next day; and equally certain to be executed, as soon as the malice of an enemy, or the caprice of the public accuser, should call him forth. He at first proposed to shut himself up in his study, and act solely as a chamber counsel; but he was soon told that seclusion would

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inevitably attract suspicion, and that he must find some mode of life which would not bear the interpretation of fear. Fortunately he had been counsel, in happier times, for the National Treasury, and M. Turpin, the agent, (a functionary corresponding, we believe, to our secretary,) was his intimate friend. M. Turpin, indeed, was not safe; for, though intrusted with matters of the utmost confidence, and daily transacting business with the heads of the department, he was an object of such jealousy, that a *gendarme* watched all his proceedings, and, in fact, never quitted him by day or night. Notwithstanding the want of a certificate of *civisme*, the previous services and the reputation of M. Berryer, and the friendship of M. Turpin, effected his admission into the offices of the Treasury as sub-agent—a favour great, not only from its importance to the person admitted, but from the danger to which it exposed them who admitted him.

In this new post, his days were passed in the office, and his evenings in transacting the legal business of his former clients; and again he fancied himself safe. Some vexations, indeed, he was exposed to, but they were almost ludicrous annoyances. He and his wife were forced to bring their table into the street, and consume, in the presence of the passers-by, "le dîner patriotique." His wife was sometimes forced to attend at the bakers to inspect the sale of bread, to see that no one was served before his turn, and that no one was allowed to purchase beyond his strict wants. At other times she had to head an address from the women of the section to the Convention, deliver a patriotic speech, and receive the fraternal embrace of the President.

Suddenly, however, he was roused to a sense of imminent danger by an accidental visit to the Treasury offices of a M. L——, one of his former brethren of the bar, now become a member of the Convention. The visiter loudly expressed his astonishment that an aristocrat, and a counter-revolutionist, in whose house conspirators met every evening, should fill a Government employment. Such remarks were deadly. They were sure to be whispered about, and to be acted upon by some wretch anxious to pay court to the deputy. It was probable that, in twenty-four hours, M. Berryer would be in one of the dungeons of the Abbaye, and in a week afterwards in the Place de la Guillotine; and there was no knowing how many of those who had favoured his employment might accompany him. Fortunately he had two friends in the Convention, Charles Lacroix and Bourdon de l'Oise, both colleagues of M. L——, and both stanch members of the *Montagne*. He ran to the chamber,

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and found Bourdon de l'Oise entering it, clattering, as he went, the huge sabre which he had carried in the storm of the Bastile. What were the persuasions applied by his two friends to their colleague, M. Berryer does not tell us, but they were sufficient. M. L—— returned to the Treasury, praised loudly the patriotism of M. Berryer, informed the hearers that the nightly visiters were inoffensive clients, and ended by stating that his remarks had been quite misunderstood, and in fact were meant for a different person.

But the danger had been averted, only to reappear in a form less direct, but more painful. Among M. Berryer's most honoured clients were the great bankers of the Place Vendôme, MM. Magon de la Balue and Magon de la Blinais, MM. Laurent Le Couteulx, and Le Couteulx Cautelen, and M. Pourrat. One Heron, a merchant of Marseilles, had become bankrupt, had fled to South America, and returned in the beginning of the Revolution with some bills of the Spanish government of considerable nominal value. He offered them to the principal banking-houses, but could not get them discounted. This rankled in his mind, and as soon as the *loi des suspects* gave arms to malignity, he denounced all those who had refused him. MM. Laurent Le Couteulx, and Le Couteulx Cautelen, were detained for eleven months in the Conciergerie; saw it weekly emptied and weekly filled, but escaped at an enormous expense, by bribing the clerks to place the papers relating to them always at the bottom of the bundles of accusations. M. Pourrat fell early a victim to his own precautions. He became a member of the Jacobin club. The singularity of a banker in such a society attracted attention, and he was arrested on the benches of the club. MM. Magon de la Balue and Magon de la Blinais, both venerable men between eighty and ninety, were confined in the *Maison de santé de Belhomme;* a place celebrated for having exhibited the last traces of the ancient aristocratic habits. There those who could afford the expense of such a prison, spent the last weeks of their lives among the enjoyments and the forms to which they had been accustomed. The *roturiers* and the nobles, and among the nobles, those of the sword and those of the robe, kept their distinct circles. There were ceremonious visits, and full-dress evening parties, where the younger portion of this short-lived society amused themselves by rehearsing the trial and the execution. Passports signed by Robespierre, Couthon, Carnot, and Barrère, the four principal members of the ruling committee of Public Safety, were exhibited to M. Berryer; and he was desired to offer to MM. Magon, for 300,000 francs, liberty, and an escape across the frontiers. They replied, that to fly

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from trial would be a confession of guilt—that their perfect innocence was a security—and refused. A week after, M. Berryer read in the papers the conviction of the conspirators, Magon de la Blinais, Magon de la Balue, the woman St Perne, daughter, the woman Cornulier, grand-daughter of the latter, and the Sieur Coureur, his secretary. Mixed with his regrets were his fears. He was known to have been their counsel. The fierce Dubarran, a member of the formidable *Comité de Sûreté générale*, had already threatened him with the consequences of defending aristocrats and conspirators, and he knew that among their papers must be found whole bundles of his letters. He does not appear to be even now able to explain his escape, unless by imputing it to gratitude in Fouquier Tinville for an early service; a solution, perhaps, as improbable as the imputation of any monstrous wickedness to a man of ordinary virtue.

These dangers, however, were at length to terminate. The party of which Robespierre and his immediate friends formed the nucleus, had risen to power by a process of constant contraction. Originally, it comprised nearly the whole of the deputies of the *Tiers Etat*, for who was there that refused the oath of the Tennis Court? First it threw off and destroyed the aristocratic Royalists, then the Girondists, then the Hébertists, and at last even the Dantonists. At every change, while it destroyed a rival, it deprived itself of a supporter. At first it spoke the voice of a nation, afterwards that of an assembly; then that of a party, and at length that of a committee. But the committees of *salut public*, and *sûreté générale*, were omnipotent. Fielding has remarked, that a man with a pistol may hold at bay a multitude; for though he can shoot but one man, every one feels that the first who attacks him will be that one. Nothing in the history of the Revolution is more striking than Thibaudeau's picture of the submission of the fierce and violent Convention before the governing Committee of Public Safety:—'The object of every member, 'from the instant that he entered the house, was to prevent his 'behaviour there from being a crime. Every movement, every 'look, every murmur, every smile, was calculated. Those who 'ventured to have a place crowded to the *Montagne*, (the high 'benches of the left,) as the republican seats; or took refuge in 'the centre, (answering to our benches near the bar,) as the 'seats which manifested no party feeling. Others wandered 'from bench to bench, in the hope that they might be supposed 'to be opposed to no party and to no opinion; but the more 'prudent never ventured to sit. They stood in groups at the 'bar, and slunk away whenever a vote was probable. The sittings, once so long and so violent, were cold and short. Trifling

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'details were discussed until the Committee of Public Safety 'appeared. The Committee, headed by their *rapporteur*, (the 'member charged to announce their decisions,) entered with 'the air of masters. In their progress to the tribune they were 'preceded and followed by those who were striving to propitiate 'them by apparent devotion. There was deep silence until the '*rapporteur* spoke: every one sought to read in his countenance 'whether he was to announce a victory or a proscription. His 'proposals, whatever they were, were servilely adopted, gene-'rally in silence; but if a word were spoken, it was merely an 'echo.'*

Such was the state of things when, on the 24th *Prairial* (12th June 1794), Bourdon de l'Oise requested a visit from M. Berryer. He went, little expecting the frightful confidence that was to be reposed in him. 'Robespierre,' said Bourdon, 'has become my enemy. He intends to murder me by the 'guillotine. I have resolved to be beforehand, and to destroy 'him with my own hand.' As proofs of his courage and resolution, he displayed the dress which he had worn at the storm of the Bastile, still covered with the blood of its defenders; the plumes which had ornamented his cap in the Vendéan war, torn by balls in every feather; and the huge sword with which he had pierced many an enemy, and which was now to be plunged into the heart of Robespierre. M. Berryer listened in terror; but still more dangerous matter was to come. Bourdon added, that he had selected him as depositary not only of his secrets but of his last wishes and of his fortune, and placed in his hands a parcel containing his will, his title-deeds, and instructions to be followed in the very probable event of Bourdon's fall before he had an opportunity to execute his attempt, or in consequence of the attempt.

For forty-five† anxious days, and almost sleepless nights, M. Berryer retained this terrible deposit. He was now for the first time an actual conspirator. His connexion with the chief conspirator was notorious. His safety seemed to depend on Bourdon's immediate success in destroying, by his own hand, both Robespierre and the oligarchy of which he was the president. Assassination is a desperate resource. The attempt itself rarely

* *Mémoires sur la Convention et le Directoire.* Paris, 1827. Vol. i. p. 47.

† M. Berryer says sixteen days; but the time between the 24th *Prairial* and the 9th *Thermidor*, that is, from the 12th of June to the 27th of July, was forty-five days. Perhaps the error may lie in the date of the conversation.

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succeeds, and where it does succeed rarely produces the intended result.

Happily for M. Berryer events took a different turn. We have said that the committees were omnipotent; but their power depended more obviously and immediately than that of governments in general, on opinion. They had not, like the tyrannies that succeeded them, an armed force trained to unreflecting obedience. While the Convention bent before them, they seemed to be irresistible; but the Convention was obedient, not from affection or confidence, for the committees were objects of distrust and hatred, but because they were supposed to have the support of the National Guards: how far that supposition was true, was a doubt not to be solved without extreme peril, for the fact could be ascertained only by resistance, and if they really had that support those who resisted must perish. Dissensions among themselves forced the decision of this tremendous question. Robespierre threw all his colleagues in the committees into shade. He formed, with his devoted adherents St Just and Couthon, what began to be called the triumvirate; a sort of committee of the committees, which controlled all their operations. It was rather, however, a dictatorship than a triumvirate; for St Just from fanaticism, and Couthon from servility, were mere instruments.

Robespierre did not owe his predominance to his talents; for his talents, though it is absurd to deny him great talents both as a writer and as a speaker, were inferior to those of several of his rivals, and even of his dependents; nor to his courage, for there he was positively deficient. But he had insatiable ambition, and insatiable vanity, and no passion that interfered with them. He had no love of money, of ostentation, of pleasure, or of ease. He had no friendship, no pity, no truth, no shame, and no remorse: he appeared, therefore, to have an inflexible will. The weakest part of his character was the combination of ambition with vanity; but during the earlier part of his career these passions acted well together. His desire of immediate applause led him to flatter the self-love of the Parisian mob, by an adulation of which no man with self-respect could have been guilty; to encourage all their most mischievous prejudices, and to stimulate all their worst passions. In any ordinary state of society such conduct would have been fatal to his prospects as a statesman; but in a revolution it gave him unbounded popularity, and popularity was power. On the other hand, his love of power impelled him to destroy those whose influence interfered with his own, and thus pleased at the same time his vanity by leaving him the only prominent figure.

But the time was come when the gratification of both these

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passions at once became impossible. He might, perhaps, have retained predominant power if he had been satisfied with the reality, and allowed his colleagues to appear to the world as his equals; but this was repugnant to his vanity. He might have remained the general object of admiration if he had allowed them to be really his associates in power; but this interfered with his ambition. He wished to absorb all power and all reputation; to be the dictator of a republic of which his will was to be the law; and to be the high priest of a religion which his recognition had established. To do this it was necessary to destroy his present associates; and as their removal would have revived the more moderate revolutionary party, of which Danton had been the head, it was also necessary to destroy the remnant of Dantonists. These objects could be effected, however, only by the aid either of the Convention, or of the Commune of Paris, and the National Guards. If he could obtain from the Convention a decree for their arrest and accusation, he would have succeeded; the remainder of the Convention, deprived of all its influential members, would have been at his feet. The Commune was already devoted to him, so was Henriot, the commander of the National Guards; and he relied on the obedience of these citizen troops to orders in which all the authorities should concur. But if the Convention took part with the committees, he still hoped, with the aid of the Commune and of Henriot, to dispose of the National Guards, and put an end, by terror or by force, to all resistance. It may appear that it would have been simpler to begin by force; but, in the first place, he expected submission from the Convention; and, in the second place, until the Convention had refused his demands, there was no pretext for rising against it, and some pretext was required even in these times, and even for an insurrection.

At the meeting of the Convention on the 8th *Thermidor*, An. 2, (26th July 1794,) Robespierre commenced his attack. After a long description of the general mal-administration of the country, he inferred 'that there was a conspiracy to destroy the republic 'and the patriots; that the members of the two committees were 'among the conspirators; and that it had become necessary to 'punish the traitors, to crush all factions under the weight of the 'national authority, and to raise from the ruins the supremacy 'of justice and freedom.'

This speech was received, as no speech of Robespierre's had ever before been received in that assembly, with dead silence. The usual motion, however, for its being printed and distributed, was made and carried, and the Convention seemed to remain in obedience. But the extremity of the peril now gave courage to the

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members of the two committees. Those who spoke first ventured only to defend themselves; those who followed dared to recriminate. Robespierre, unaccustomed to opposition, began to explain and retract: the Dantonists joined his opponents, and the sitting terminated by rescinding the resolution for printing his speech.

The first attack, therefore, had been repulsed. The evening and the night were spent by each party in preparation. It was resolved on the part of Robespierre that the Commune should meet the next morning; that in the Convention a definite motion, denouncing the crimes and requiring the arrest of those whom it was intended to sacrifice, should be made by St Just, and enforced by Robespierre; and that, if the Convention refused, the Commune should declare that the people had resumed the direct exercise of its sovereignty, should assemble the National Guards, and march to deliver the Convention from the criminals who were misleading it. In the mean time the members of the committees and the Dantonists, united into one party by their common danger, were employed in endeavouring to obtain the co-operation of the other parties in the Convention. Such was the detestation which they themselves had inspired, and such the fear of Robespierre, that it was only after many repulses that they began to make any progress. Succeed, however, they did, and the next day, the celebrated 9th *Thermidor*, when Robespierre entered the assembly, he probably had not ten adherents left in a body of which two days before he had been the dictator.

We need not do more than refer to the scene of the 9th *Thermidor*—a scene probably unequalled in any deliberative assembly; when St Just was interrupted after his first sentence, and Robespierre had to listen hour after hour to the long-compressed hatred of his revolted subjects—his cries and screams for the right of reply, drowned by the imprecations of his accusers, and the bell of the president; until at length, as he lay on the bench gasping with fatigue, rage, and terror, he was ordered into arrest, together with his adherents, St Just, Couthon, Le Bas, and Robespierre the younger, and seized by the attendants of the house.

It was now five o'clock, and the House adjourned to seven, exhausted by the struggle, and scarcely venturing to believe the result. The Commune in the mean time had assembled, but had not acted. It had adjourned before the arrest of Robespierre was known. Indeed, considering the strangeness and the magnitude of that event, the news appears to have circulated very slowly. Thibaudeau tells us that, when the Convention met in the evening, the greater part of the members heard for the first time the events of the morning. It is probable that

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the morning attendance had been comparatively thin, and consisted chiefly of those who the night before had concerted their proceedings.

The Commune had adjourned only till six. When they reassembled, and heard of the arrest of Robespierre and his companions, they declared that the People, and the Commune, as the organ of the People, had resumed its sovereignty; ordered the tocsin to ring in every section; dispatched messengers on all sides to call out the National Guards, and in short set in motion the insurrectional machinery which had never failed during the previous course of the Revolution. They soon collected a force sufficient to rescue the prisoners from their confinement in one of the committee rooms, and to carry them in triumph to the headquarters of the Commune, the Hôtel de Ville. By this time it was nearly eight. The Convention reassembled, but it was only to communicate their alarms. 'A few,' says Thibaudeau, 'had 'gained courage by their success in the morning; others awaited 'the result in silence; the greater part were unable to comprehend 'what was going on. As it became dark the horror of our 'situation increased. We heard the noise of the drums and of 'the tocsin. A few members formed themselves into a committee to consider the course to be adopted, the others listened in 'the utmost anxiety to the reports brought back by those who 'had ventured to ascertain the state of things without. At 'length, about midnight, the crisis appeared to approach. Collot 'd'Herbois, the President, said in his sepulchral voice, "Repre'sentatives, the time is come for us to die at our posts; I am 'informed that Henriot's forces surround us." Instantly all the 'spectators fled from the galleries, the members who had been 'standing together in groups, took their usual seats, and pre'pared to die with decency. As for myself, I had not the 'slightest doubt that our last moment was come.'* It was true that Henriot had led his men to the attack. His cannon even were pointed at their doors. But when he gave the word to fire, his artillerymen hesitated, and at last refused. Henriot, finding that his troops could not be depended on, thought it prudent to march them back to the Hôtel de Ville. It was thus that, on the caprice or the irresolution of half a dozen men, the fate of the Convention, and perhaps the future history of France, and even of Europe, depended. For if the cannon had fired, and Henriot's forces, many of them the same men who three years before had stormed the Tuileries and destroyed the defenders, had rushed

* *Mémoires*, Vol. I. p. 83.

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into the hall where the members were sitting, merely awaiting their fate without any plan of resistance, it seems probable that the greater part of the assembly would have been massacred on their seats; and certain that all who escaped would have been treated as they themselves treated their adversaries a few hours afterwards, condemned and executed without a trial. Robespierre would have been absolute master of Paris. Whether he would or would not have been able to summon another representative assembly, or without one to retain the provinces and the armies in subjection to Paris, is more questionable. But, on any supposition, the whole subsequent course of events would have been different; there would have been different scenes and different actors. Pichegru might have imitated Monk, and royalty have been restored by a native army in 1794, instead of a foreign one in 1814; or Nantes, and Lyons, and Bordeaux, and Toulon, and La Vendée, might have successfully risen against Paris, and France have split into hostile communities. Reform would have been delayed in Germany, and accelerated in Great Britain and Ireland. The half minute during which it was undecided whether the artillery would fire or not, is the most important half minute in history.

The retreat of Henriot seems to have given to the Convention the courage necessary to active resistance. They declared Henriot, Robespierre, and his associates, and the whole Commune of Paris, *hors de la loi;* invested Barras with the command of the National Guards, and appointed members to act under him; dispatched others to the headquarters of the different sections, to announce these decrees and summon the National Guards, and resolved as soon as a sufficient body could be collected, to march and attack the Commune at the Hôtel de Ville. The events of this night have been told in so many different ways, that some future Strauss may treat the whole as a legend. The following is M. Berryer's narrative:—

'The *corps de garde* of my section, La Réunion, was at the Hôtel d'Asnières, and I determined not to return home during the night. There was great indecision among us, until the exhortations of the messengers from the Convention, marked by their dress, and raised, from their being on horseback, above the audience, decided the wavering to side with the Convention. We resolved to march immediately to the defence of the Assembly. I was armed as usual with my pike, which was the common weapon; a very few had muskets. When we reached the Place of the Carrousel, which at that time joined the Tuileries, receiving no orders, we sat down on the pavement. Between midnight and one in the morning we were ordered to form column, and march on the Hôtel de Ville, then occupied by Robespierre and his associates. On our left was the section Marat, consisting, like ourselves, of about

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200 men, about as well armed as we were. Three guns with lighted matches preceded us. By the time we had reached the Oratoire in the Rue St Honore, our artillery, very ill commanded, was in the centre of the column. I now discovered by the cries of Bourdon de l'Oise, as he was rectifying this blunder, that we were under his command. When we reached the open space before the Hôtel de Ville, we found there many pieces of cannon, and the troops of several other sections, apparently directed like ourselves against the Commune.* Our officers had ranged us in front of the Hôtel de Ville, with our cannon behind, so that we should have been the first objects of a discharge. While Bourdon de l'Oise was setting this right, he noticed me, and congratulated me on my display of courage.

'Suddenly a sort of commotion was heard in the great hall of the Hôtel de Ville; and immediately afterwards I saw Bourdon de l'Oise, with some determined followers, rush up the large open staircase. He held a pistol in each hand, a drawn sabre between his teeth, and with his fiery eyes and burning cheeks, looked more like a fury than a human being. In a minute or two we heard shots in the interior. Robespierre the younger jumped out of one window, Henriot was thrown out of another, Robespierre was wounded, and Le Bas killed in the struggle. Couthon, pretending to be dead, was laid at full length on the coping of the Quai Pelletier, until a prick from a bayonet made him wince, and he was removed in custody; Robespierre was carried by me on a litter to endure the utmost bitterness of death.

'The next morning I found it so difficult to believe my recollections of the night, that, notwithstanding my horror of executions, I went to the Terrace of the Tuileries, which overlooks the Place de la Revolution, to watch the carts filled with the conquered party enter the enclosure of the guillotine. The long-continued shouts and applause which soon followed, left me no doubt that the head of Robespierre had really fallen.

'The next day, however, perished some whom I could not but pity. These were the seventy-two members of the Commune of Paris, who had been all seized in their hall of assembly, kept in custody for thirty-six hours, and then, without any trial beyond a mere identification, thrown into seven or eight carts, carried to the Place de la Revolution, and executed. The greater part of them had committed no error except that of taking office in such times as these. This punishment *en masse* of a whole body, though it may comprehend a minority who have protested against the acts of the majority, is the *ne plus ultra* of political iniquity. As I saw them pass by to their dreadful fate, I congratu-

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* On comparing M. Berryer's statements with those of other witnesses, we are inclined to believe that the greater part of these troops consisted of the National Guards, who had originally obeyed the summons of the Commune; and whom the retreat of Henriot, the decree which outlawed the Commune, and the arguments of the members who had been sent out, had subsequently induced to support the Convention.

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lated myself again and again on my resolution to refuse public employment.

'Heron, the murderer of the Magons, was arrested under a resolution of the Convention, and immediately executed. My formidable enemy Coffinhal, who had contrived to add to the ferocity even of judgments such as his, by the jests with which he embittered them, was destroyed by the ingratitude of a wretch like himself. He had escaped from the Hôtel de Ville in the confusion of the night of the 9th Thermidor, fled to the river side, and lay hid for two days at the bottom of a barge. At length he was forced by hunger from his retreat, and reached the house of a petty shopkeeper, who owed to him his marriage and his establishment in business. It was late, and he found the husband and wife in the back room. While the wife was providing him with food, the husband went forward under the pretence of closing his shop; but in fact it was to denounce his benefactor and call in the police. Coffinhal resisted, was tied and thrown into a cart, and carried to instant execution, shouting and screaming in impotent rage.' *

Experience had proved the mischiefs and the dangers, both to rulers and to subjects, of what had been called revolutionary government; that is to say, government by a single assembly representing the omnipotence of the people, and exercising or delegating to its own instruments all legislative and executive powers. The surviving leaders, therefore, in the Convention, a small minority of the remarkable men whom it once contained, employed themselves in preparing, for the third time, a constitution. The constitution of 1791 had failed, partly from its intrinsic defects, partly from the disinclination of the separate authorities to acknowledge the rights which the constitution gave to others, or the restraints which it imposed on themselves; and partly from the violent and unjust aggressions of foreign powers. That of 1793 had been prepared in a week, accepted by the people in three days, and immediately suspended. It scarcely differed, in fact, from the existing revolutionary government, except by subjecting to annual re-election the single assembly which was to govern as a sort of committee of the nation. The wisdom of the constitution of 1795 has been highly praised. We have been told that it would have endured, and endured beneficially, if any government not monarchical could have supported itself in France. It was prepared at leisure, and by men of talents, knowledge, and integrity; and, as it was the result of six years' experience in revolution, it provided against the most obvious of the disorders under which the pre-

* Vol. I. p. 231, 237.

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[illegible] governments had fallen. It provided against the dangers of universal suffrage by establishing indirect election; and by requiring from the first body of electors, the members of what were called the primary assemblies, a qualification depending on taxation; and from the second body, the members of the electoral assemblies, a qualification depending on property. It guarded against rash legislation, by dividing the legislative body into two chambers; one intrusted with the preparation of laws, the other with their acceptance or rejection. It created a separate executive, consisting of a Directory of five persons appointed by the Chambers, and endeavoured to prevent the union of legislative and executive powers, by prohibiting any member of either chamber from filling any other office whatever. It guarded against permanence in office, by exacting that no one should be an elector of the higher order, that is to say, a member of an electoral assembly, for two successive years, or a member of the legislative body for more than six successive years, or a director for more than five years. One director and a third of the legislature were to retire annually; the first by lot, the second according to seniority of election.

It is impossible to believe that, under any circumstances, such a constitution could have been permanent. Its fundamental principles were change and collision. Neither the electoral, the legislative, nor the executive body were to remain unaltered for more than one year. It made experience in public affairs a positive disqualification. A member of the legislature was not re-eligible till after two years' interval, nor a member of the Directory till after five. The members of the legislature, incapable of any other functions, were necessarily in opposition to the Directory. The five directors, with no head, and no common interest, whom accident had made colleagues, and accident was to separate, necessarily split into factions. All the principles of good government were sacrificed to republican jealousy of those to whom power was to be intrusted.

The fitness of this new government to withstand assaults from without, cannot be said to have been tried. Before it had lasted two years it was destroyed from within; and with it was destroyed, for many years, all hope of constitutional, or even legal, government in France. From the unhappy morning of the 18th *Fructidor*, An. 5, (Sept. 4, 1797,) when a portion of the Directory used a military force to overpower their colleagues and the two representative bodies of France, the army had become the masters of the state. Such a precedent once set was not to be recalled. For many subsequent years the drum was substituted for the tocsin, the voice of the general for that of the demagogue,

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and a military commission for a revolutionary tribunal. From that time the history of France loses its interest. From the history of a nation it becomes the history of an army; and soon afterwards the biography of the individual whose genius enabled him to seize that coarse but irresistible instrument. The picturesque and exciting acts of the vast drama were ended; the great actors, whose audacity of thought, language, and conduct, had crowded into six years changes that seemed to require centuries, had perished, were exiled, or were silenced. The work of destruction ended with the Convention: that of reconstruction began with the Consulate. The Directory was an interval of fraud and force applied to personal purposes—combining the insecurity of a revolution without its enthusiasm, and the oppression of a tyranny without its vigour.

The establishment, however, of something resembling regular government, restored M. Berryer to the public exercise of his profession. One of his first appearances was in defence of a member of the revolutionary committee who had been the petty despots of his section. Their acts of oppression were passed over as incidental to their office, but it was thought safe to attack their miserable peculations. Among these was the robbery of a chapel; the knife-grinder had appropriated the cloth, the president had turned the velvet of the high altar into a pair of breeches, the shoe-cleaner had taken the silk, the porter the silver fringes, and the fifth member the linen. The shoe-cleaner had been M. Berryer's patron, had obtained a passport for him at a critical time, and had given countenance and protection to some others of the inhabitants of the section, who had the merit of being the customers of his stall. These services were urged by M. Berryer, and accepted by the judges as an excuse for the sacrilege.

More serious questions soon arose. In a country in which the law had been powerless for nearly two years—in which property had been a ground for proscription, and every stratagem had been used to conceal it—in which the legal currency had been in a course of daily depreciation, while death was the punishment of those who ventured to refuse it, or even to take it at less than its nominal value—where even the connexion and mutual rights of husband and wife, and parent and child, had been fluctuating—the relations of individuals towards one another, and towards the property which had escaped confiscation, required to be ascertained.

M. Berryer's narratives of his contests on questions depending on marriage, divorce, and legitimacy, are interesting. They describe a community unsupported by religion, delicacy, or morality—in which virtues had so often been declared to be criminal,

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and crimes to be virtuous, that public opinion had been destroyed, and with it the conscience and even the self-respect of individuals. Brothers and sisters bred up together attack one another's legitimacy, women set aside their own marriages, husbands disavow their wives, and parents their children; in short, all the misery is exhibited of a society in which mere law is the only restraint. But M. Berryer's stories of this kind are too concise, and too much alike in their features, to be interesting in such an abridgement as we could give of them. We shall select, therefore, some other incidents from his parti-coloured narrative.

One of the most remarkable, and one of those which throw most light upon the internal state of France, during the interval between the Reign of Terror and the Consulate, is a trial before the tribunal of Chartres, in which M. Berryer was only a spectator. For some years previous to the trial, which appears to have taken place in the year 1795, a large tract of country, of which the forest of Orgeres, extending to within thirty miles of Chartres, is the centre, had been infested by bands of ruffians, who, from their use of fire as an instrument of torture, acquired the name of *Chauffeurs*. They were accustomed to surround lonely farm-houses in numbers too large for resistance, bind the males, and force the females, by fire applied to the feet, to discover the property of the family. From the number of their outrages, the uniformity of their proceedings, and the skill with which they were conducted, it was inferred that they formed a large confederacy, acting on system, and obeying some central authority. But this was mere suspicion: common as the crime was, not one of the criminals was identified. One day, however, two *gendarmes*, as they crossed a portion of the forest, found a child about ten years old, the singularity of whose dress excited their curiosity. He asked for food, and was persuaded to accompany them to a neighbouring town. A good breakfast and a glass of wine obtained his confidence. He told them that he lived with his father and mother, and many other families, in a vast cavern in the forest. That a great many men came there from time to time, bringing with them sometimes plate and other valuables, which were afterwards taken away, and sometimes provisions and clothes for the inhabitants. It seemed probable that the headquarter of the *Chauffeurs* was now detected; but, instead of attacking the cavern, the result of which would have been only the seizure of those who might be in it at the time, and the alarm and escape of the other members of the confederacy, it was resolved to use the child as a means of arresting the out-door brigands, one by one, and to reserve the cavern for the

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last. For this purpose, the child, to whom we will give, by anticipation, the name of *Finfin*, which he afterwards acquired by the dexterity with which he played his part, was disguised by good clothes, and placed, under the care of a woman who acted as his nurse, at the corners of the markets of the towns to which it was supposed that the brigands would resort to sell the plundered property. Whenever he saw a face with which he had become familiar in the cavern, he gave a sign, and the person indicated was arrested. At length the number exceeded a hundred; descriptions of the prisoners, and of the property found on them, were published; and evidence poured in from all sides. The trial lasted several days. Every morning the accused, about 112 in number, were marched in a long column, guarded by a numerous escort, through the streets of Chartres, to a church in the centre of the town, which had been fitted up on this occasion as a court, and was large enough to exhibit them all to the witnesses and the jury. M. Berryer dwells on the horrors of the evidence, particularly on that of the daughters of an opulent proprietor, three sisters, whose feet had been destroyed by fire, so that they were forced to come on crutches into the court.

It appeared that the cavern, or rather the collection of caverns, from whence *Finfin* had wandered, was situated in the least accessible portion of the forest; and formed out of the quarries which had furnished the stone for the magnificent cathedral of Chartres. Here a colony of malefactors, male and female, had been founded, which recruited itself, partly by immigration and partly by natural increase. Like the Indian associations of the Thugs, it had a government, laws, and police, adapted to the frightful profession of its members. It had corresponding members, who indicated the dwellings most fit for attack, and an executive, which planned expeditions, and appointed the persons who were to effect them. The whole 112 were convicted. At a subsequent period, it would have been difficult to dispose of a body of criminals for whom death was the only appropriate sentence, and who would have been thought too numerous for such a punishment; but in 1795, and in France, men were accustomed to such scenes, and M. Berryer passes over their execution without remark.

During the six years which elapsed between M. Berryer's return to his profession and the peace of Amiens, his principal employment, as honourable as it was ineffectual, was the defence of neutral owners against French privateers. At the breaking out of the war in 1793, a decree of the Convention had given jurisdiction in all cases of capture to the local tribunals of France, and even to the French consuls in foreign parts.

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'It became,' says M. Berryer, 'a presumption of law in those local prize courts, that not a vessel that traversed the ocean was really neutral; that every cargo was in fact English property; and that all the exteriors of neutrality were frauds to be exposed or eluded. The most frivolous objections were raised to the different papers by which the nationality of the ship, or the ownership of the cargo, was proved, and always with success. Every syllable in every passport was challenged, and every change that, during a long voyage, had taken place in the crew. But when the law of 1798 had declared good prize every vessel containing goods (*marchandises*) the produce of England, or of any English dependency, the robberies of the privateers were unrestrained. They seized, absolutely without exception, every vessel which they met with at sea, whatever the flag, for they were sure to find on board some English goods. It might have been supposed that the word goods (*marchandises*) meant something intended for sale, or at least something for which freight was to be paid. It was held to comprehend the mere furniture of a cabin, a bed, a chair, or a carpet, or even a knife or a razor used by the captain. The presence of any such article drew after it the confiscation of ship and cargo, valued perhaps at millions. An appeal was, indeed, given from the tribunal which sat in a French port to the tribunal of the district, and from the judgment of the French consul abroad to a court sitting in France; but the right was so given as to be beneficial only to captors. In the rare case of a judgment favourable to the neutral, the captor could appeal, and the vessel and cargo were detained till the event was known; but every sentence of an inferior court in favour of a captor was put into immediate execution. No security for costs or for restitution was required, and the neutral, supposing him to succeed on appeal, had generally a mere claim for damages; a claim which the captors rendered nugatory, by converting these undertakings into a joint stock, of which the shares passed by mere delivery, so that the persons liable were unknown, and were constantly changing.

'Such was the state of the law, or of the administration of the law, under which, in the beginning of the year 1798, I was called, for the first time, as counsel to Nantes. My clients were Messrs Duntzfels and Co., one of the first mercantile houses in Copenhagen. They were the owners of the Bernstorf and the Norge, worth more than three millions of francs, which had been captured by Nantes privateers, and condemned by the inferior tribunal. It was admitted, indeed stated in the sentence, that they were *bonâ fide* Danish property. The only pretence for condemnation was non-compliance, on the part of the captain, with some mere formal regulations, imposed indeed by the recent municipal law of France, which could not, except in violation of the treaty made between France and Denmark in 1742, be applied to the ships of our allies the Danes. I urged the express words of the treaty. I urged its recognition in a similar case by the neighbouring tribunal of St Brienne. Such was the influence of my arguments on public opinion, even in Nantes, that instruments, purporting to assign shares in the prizes, were not saleable except at nominal prices. By an abuse which had become habitual, the superior court of justice in Nantes applied for instructions

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to the Directory, then the rulers of France. I instantly returned to Paris, in the hope of inducing the Directory, if they interfered in a matter of law, at least to interfere in favour of the treaty. But it was in vain. I soon heard that the law of nations had been overruled, and the vessels finally condemned. The notoriety of these decisions gave a still further extension to the piracy of our privateers. They seized even the coasting traders of the Mediterranean, as they were proceeding, at a distance from any seat of war, from one port belonging to our allies to another. Hundreds of appeals were put into my hands, not from the hope of redress, but because the policies which insured against capture required that every means to ward off condemnation should have been exhausted. The neutral captains and supercargoes crowded to my office—men who had been entrusted with millions; and now, deprived of their own little funds, and even of their baggage, had to depend on the consuls of their countries for the means of existence during the suit. In one matter, I so far shook the Court of Appeal as to delay its judgment for one day. It was the case of the Federalist, a ship belonging to citizens of the United States of America, with whom we were in strict alliance. The ground of confiscation was a strip of carpet by the captain's bedside. It was discovered, or pretended to be discovered, that this bit of carpeting was of English manufacture. On this pretence the ship and her whole cargo, worth a million and a half of francs, had been condemned. At the conclusion of my address, the court was proceeding to reverse the condemnation. One judge only suggested a doubt. The decision was adjourned to the next day, and was then given in favour of the captors. Generally, I had no clue to the proceedings of the Court of Appeal, but sometimes I could account for them. Early in the morning sittings of the Council of Five Hundred, (Lower Chamber of France,) or when the attendance was thin, the pirates used to obtain from the members present resolutions of the Chamber, declaring in their favour the law on any litigated point, and these resolutions were considered decisive. One day, during the hearing of a case, I saw a man, whom I believe to be a deputy from the south, give a paper to the Government commissioner. While they were whispering together, I rushed towards them, in order to ascertain the nature of the business which brought the deputy into court. He instantly disappeared, for his business was over. The paper contained a resolution of the house, deciding the question against my client.

'The ultimate results were, that not a vessel ventured to approach a French port; that we were cut off from the supply of indispensable commodities; that our privateers, acting without concert and without prudence, fell into the power of the English cruisers; that our maritime population was crowded into the English prisons, where many perished from ill-treatment; that our colonies were lost, for want of sailors to form a military marine; and, ultimately, when the day of retribution arrived, the state had to pay for the plunder which had been profitable only to a few individuals.'*

* This narrative is extracted, with some changes of arrangement, from the second volume, cap. iii. § 1, 2.

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The revolution which placed Bonaparte on the consular throne was unquestionably beneficial. The despotism which seems to be the inevitable result of military rule, was more tolerable than that of the factions which owed to treason their rise and their fall. Even the tyranny of the Empire was as great an improvement on the intrigues and violence of the Directory, as the Directory was on the anarchy of the Convention.

We are inclined, indeed, to consider the eighteen months of the Peace of Amiens, as the most brilliant portion of the history of France since the death of Charlemagne. England was supposed to be incapable of any but maritime war, and had accepted an insecure and dishonourable peace. The force of Russia was unknown, and neither Austria nor Prussia had yet adopted the systems which, at the expense of all the other objects of government, now give them powers offensive and defensive, which their happier ancestors never contemplated. The military supremacy of France seemed established; and it was supported by a territory as extensive as can be usefully united in one empire. She had incorporated Savoy, Piedmont, the Milanese, a considerable part of Switzerland, and all the great and rich countries that lie between her present frontier and the Rhine. The portions of Holland, Switzerland, and Northern Italy which she had not made French, were her dependencies. It is true that under the Empire she acquired a still more extended territory, and a still larger body of subordinate allies; but her subsequent acquisitions were not ratified by England. They were mere incidents in a fearful game, liable to be torn away, and in fact actually torn away, as soon as her fatal system of playing double or quits should produce its usual result. At the Peace of Amiens her gains were realized. Had she remained contented with them, she would probably now form the most powerful empire that the world has seen. She would possess fifty millions of rich, warlike, and highly civilized inhabitants, with the best soil, the best climate, the best frontier, and the best position, on the Continent.

The same remark may be extended to the extraordinary man who had seized the command of her destinies. He then enjoyed more real power, more real popularity, and more real glory, than at any subsequent period of his career. As a soldier, he never repeated the miracles of his Italian victories. In his subsequent campaigns he obtained vast and decisive advantages when he had a superior force; suffered vast and decisive defeats when his force was inferior; and when the force on each side was nearly balanced, as at Eylau, Aspern, Borodino, and Ligny, so was the success. As a politician, he was known only as a Pacificator; he

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had had nothing to do with the origin of the three great wars in which he had been an actor; and he had concluded each of them by a glorious peace. He owed, it is true, his power to usurpation, but it was the most pardonable usurpation that history records. Those whom he deposed were themselves usurpers, and for hundreds that regretted the change, there were millions that hailed it with delight. Never was there an easier or a more popular revolution; and, up to the time of which we are speaking, the millions appeared to be right. He had given to France internal as well as external peace. He had restored the rule of law, and made it omnipotent against all except himself. He had laid the foundation of a Code which, with all its defects, is superior to that of any other Continental nation. He had restored Religion, not indeed in its purest form, but in the form most attractive to a people among whom imagination and passion predominate over reason, and who yield more readily to feeling, to authority, and to example, than to conviction. With religion he had restored decency of manners, and, in a considerable degree, decency of morals. He had effected all this under the forms of a constitution which, depending not on the balanced rights and privileges of classes, but on the simple basis of centralized power, gave to the body of the people the equality which they seem to prefer to real liberty and to real security.

One of the first acts of the Consulate was to withdraw matters of prize from the ordinary tribunals, and place them in the hands of a department of the government, denominated the *Conseil des Prises.* The unfitness of the petty local courts had been shown; but the referring questions of pure law to an administrative instead of a legal body, was a strange anomaly. And when we add that the persons appointed to decide between French captors and neutral owners, were mere officers of the executive, removable at pleasure, the anomaly became an oppression. It is strange that M. Berryer, himself a lawyer, approves of this institution: he had soon a remarkable opportunity of ascertaining its impartiality and its integrity.

'Holland,' says M. Berryer, 'at that time forming the Batavian Republic, was in the year 1797 the unhappy ally of the Republic of France. The price of the alliance had been the loss of all her colonies, and of all maritime commerce under her own flag: for all Indian commodities, and particularly for tea, in Holland a necessary of life, she depended on that of Denmark, the only flag respected by England on the southern ocean. The respect paid by England to the Danish flag was, indeed, a pretence for its violation by France. The French privateers and the French tribunals affected to believe that England used Danish vessels as the means of her Eastern communication. When it is recollected that the Indian trade of England

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was carried on in the great ships of the East India Company, sailing in fleets, and under convoy, the insincerity of this pretence is obvious; but it served as a convenient instrument of pillage, particularly in the case which I am about to relate.

'In the autumn of 1797 the Batavian Republic wished to import a year's supply of green tea. The attempt to send from Amsterdam to Canton ten millions of francs of Dutch property, and to bring it back in so peculiar a form, was very difficult and very perilous; on the one hand the seas of Africa and Asia were swarming with English cruisers, which respected no flag but the Danish, and on the other hand the seas of Europe were filled with the privateers of the dear ally of Holland, which respected no flag whatever.

'To delude the English cruisers, a ship which had belonged to the English East India Company, was purchased and sent to Copenhagen. There she was named the Caninholm, and fitted for her voyage; her captain was naturalized as a Dane; she had a whole set of Danish papers, and cleared for Tranquebar, a Danish settlement; taking in at Portsmouth her outward cargo in dollars. These precautions were supposed, and indeed proved, sufficient as regarded the cruizers of her enemy, England; the real danger was from those of her ally, France. To ward off this the Batavian government took into their confidence the French government, then consisting of the Directory, and obtained their sanction to the expedition, and a license or protection against all interference by French vessels. As a further precaution, a Dutch supercargo was taken in at Tranquebar, and the Caninholm, on her return voyage, cleared out at Canton for the Texel.

'The expedition lasted more than eighteen months. The Caninholm left Copenhagen in November 1797, and it was in June 1799 that she was captured as she entered the European seas by a French privateer, and carried into Bordeaux. The captain instantly went on shore to show his license to the Bordeaux authorities; but no justice was to be expected in a privateering town, when a prize of ten millions of francs was in dispute. The ship was of course condemned. The owners appealed, but before they could be heard, the revolution of 1799 had overthrown the Directory. The consular government refused to recognize the contracts of its predecessors or the rights of its ally, and the Caninholm was definitively condemned as English property. I ascertained afterwards that Bonnet and Co., the owners of the privateer, had been obliged to scatter a little of their rich prey in order to keep the remainder. Bills accepted by them suddenly appeared in the Paris market; I myself had to advise proceedings on more than half a million's worth of them.' *

Some branches of the legal profession may flourish under a despot; attorneys and chamber counsel do not excite his jealousy; and judges are the best instruments of his power. They enable him to express his will in the form of general principles, and thus

* Vol. II. Sec. iii.

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to regulate the actions of millions, of whose separate existence he is not even aware. They convert resistance to his power into a breach of law, and punish it without his apparent interference. An army or a mob may give power to its chief; but that power cannot be safe until it is supported by legal forms, enforced by legal authorities. But no arbitrary ruler looks favourably on advocates. The bar is essentially an aristocracy in the noblest sense of that term; the relative position of its members depends on their merit; the smiles of the crown cannot give reputation to mediocrity, its frowns cannot depress diligence and talent. The functions of the bar are still more offensive than its independence; its business is to discuss, and an absolute government hates discussion; its business is to enforce the observance of general rules, and adherence to precedents: such a government, though it requires them from others, refuses itself to be bound by either. 'Every day,' said Bonaparte, and he was then only Consul, 'one 'must break through positive laws; there is no other mode of 'proceeding. The action of the government must never be im-'peded—there must be no opposition.'*

Again, a bar, though it offers its services indifferently to the government and to its subjects, is really useful only to the latter. Such a government does not require the aid of an advocate to persuade judges to be subservient to a power which appoints, promotes, and removes them; but to those whom the government is attacking, his assistance is inestimable. He may sometimes be able to protect their lives or their fortunes, and he can almost always protect their reputation. All other appeals to public opinion may be tolerated up to a certain point, and silently prevented from passing the prescribed limit. A censorship may effectually chain the press without attracting attention to any given case of interference; but if an advocate is once allowed to speak, he cannot be stopped without an apparent denial of justice.

Bonaparte, who had all the jealousies and the instincts of ambition in their utmost intensity, must, under any circumstances, have hated the French bar; but he had also a personal quarrel with its members:—out of more than two hundred advocates, only three voted in favour of the Empire, and this was a subject on which he never forgave opposition. He restored indeed the order, but he deprived it of self-government, and laid it at the feet of the imperial authorities. The express permission of the chief judge was necessary before an advocate could plead in any court but his own; the attorney-general selected the members of the *Conseils*

* Thibaudeau, *Mémoires sur le Consulat*, p. 229, 231.

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de discipline, which regulated the internal affairs of the order; and he also selected from them the *bâtonnier*, or president of the bar; and, finally, the chief judge had an arbitrary power of suspension, and even of expulsion.

M. Berryer himself incurred Bonaparte's especial displeasure. He had been counsel against Bourrienne before Bourrienne had lost his master's favour; he had defended Moreau and Dupont, and the family of Monnet, the unfortunate defender of Flushing. For these offences he was excluded from the Tribunate, and from the honours of the bar; but the contest which he appears to think the most dangerous was his defence of M. the Mayor of Antwerp, in 1812 and 1813.

The Mayor, an old man of high character and great wealth, and once in high favour with Bonaparte, was married to a young wife, who quarrelled with the wife of the commissioner of police about a box in the theatre. The commissioner revenged himself by accusing the Mayor, and three other municipal officers, of embezzling the proceeds of the *Octroi* of Antwerp; and, having Bonaparte's confidence, contrived to render him the determined enemy of the accused.

The indictment was an enormous instrument: the attorney-general of the imperial court of Brussels, which then included Antwerp in its jurisdiction, was said to have been killed by the labour of preparing it. The trial took place at Brussels, before a jury consisting of the principal persons of the country. After it had gone on for some days, it became clear that it would terminate by an acquittal. The law-officers who conducted the prosecution, therefore, interrupted its progress, by indicting for perjury two of the mayor's witnesses. As this matter was to be disposed of before the Mayor's trial could be concluded, the latter was thrown over to a subsequent session and a new jury. The indictment against the witnesses utterly failed, and the Mayor's trial was resumed. A new jury was selected solely from Frenchmen, most of them public functionaries, and all devoted to the Emperor, whose determination to destroy the Mayor was now notorious. We will pursue the narrative in M. Berryer's words:—

'On my second arrival at Brussels I had to unveil before the jury the complicated iniquity of the prosecution. I referred to the oppressive indictment of the witnesses for the defence, and showed it to have been a trick to get rid of the first jury. I dwelt on the absence of any documentary evidence against my clients, and refuted all the verbal testimony which had been procured. The trial, after several days of hearing, ended by a general acquittal. The whole population of Brussels surrounded the mayor, and drew his carriage in triumph to his hotel. Even when I left

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the town late in the evening, on my return to Paris, the streets were still resounding with music and acclamations. The news reached Bonaparte at Dresden, and put him in a state of fury. He instantly sent a violent despatch to Paris, ordering the mayor and his co-defendants to be re-tried, and even the jury to be tried for having acquitted them. The minister of justice transmitted the order to M. Argenson, the prefect of Antwerp. M. Argenson replied that it was impossible to try men again on charges from which a jury had acquitted them. The Council of State was assembled, and decided that the imperial command must be obeyed. This decision was notified to M. Argenson. He merely repeated his refusal. Application was now made by the minister of justice to the Senate, as the highest body in the state. The Senate referred the matter to a committee. I flew to the Luxembourg, and obtained an interview with a member of the committee. He heard all I had to say, agreed with me that such a profanation of the forms and the substance of law would be disastrous, but ended by saying, "After all, what would you have us do?—do you not perceive that we should upset ourselves?" The committee accordingly reported as the Council of State had done before; and by virtue of a decree of the Senate, the mayor and his supposed accomplices were directed to be tried before the Court of Assizes of Douai. I heard of the decree before it was published, and had time to advise two of those who had been acquitted with the mayor, and some of the members of the jury who had fled to me in Paris for my aid in the extreme danger in which they were placed, to avoid the storm by concealing themselves. M. Argenson not only persisted in his refusal, but resigned. Other persons, however, less scrupulous were found, and the mayor was arrested and conveyed to the prison of Douai. Worn out, however, by oppression and anxiety, he died there, before the period of trial. Indeed, before that trial could have been terminated, the man who had been mad enough to order it had ceased to reign.' *

Though a stanch royalist, M. Berryer does not appear to have been one of the enthusiastic welcomers of the Restoration. It was connected, indeed, with the loss of his fortune, the honourable accumulation of thirty-four years of labour. A manufacturer who had been the victim of the fraud and ingratitude of his partners, became his client. He obtained for him damages sufficient to form the nucleus of a capital, and, by becoming his guarantee to a banking company, enabled him to establish himself as a cotton-spinner at Rouen. M. Berryer's security for the sums advanced on his guarantee, was the deposit of twist of double the value. At the time of the Restoration, the amount for which M. Berryer was liable exceeded L.25,000, for which he held twist valued at L.50,000. The relaxation of prohibitory duties in the first effervescence of the Restoration, instantly

* Vol. I. p. 350-354.

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Late in the night between the 13th and 14th, Ney was guilty of his first breach of duty. He admitted messengers from Bonaparte: they brought him a letter from Bertrand, assuring him that Louis had been betrayed by his ministers; that troops devoted to Bonaparte had been posted along the road to Paris, so as to ensure his advance without opposition; and that the whole enterprise had been concerted with England and Austria. The folly of the last statements ought not to revolt us, when we remember that the successor to Napoleon was the grandson of Francis; and that M. Berryer, who has passed his life in estimating evidence, even now believes that we effected Bonaparte's escape! Absurd as they really were, they did not appear so to Ney. With Bertrand's letter came a proclamation ready prepared in the name of Ney, in which he was made to declare that the cause of the Bourbons was lost for ever, and that liberty and Napoleon were triumphant. And there came also orders from Bonaparte, expressed as if the old relations between himself and Ney had remained uninterrupted, and giving him instructions in the style which he had long been accustomed to obey.

Between three and four in the morning of the 14th, he was roused from his sleep by M. de Capelle, the prefect of Bourg, who had to tell him that one of his regiments, the 76th, stationed at Bourg, had proclaimed Bonaparte; that even the regiment at St Amour, which formed the advanced guard of the small force at Lons le Saulnier, was preparing to go over; and that throughout the country the higher classes were stupified, and the lower mad with revolutionary excitement. This information appears to have convinced him of the impossibility of further opposition. 'Can I stop,' he said to M. de Capelle, 'with my hand the rising of the tide?' A few hours afterwards he ordered his troops to be called together; but before he took a decisive step, summoned the two generals next him in command, De Bourmont and Lecourbe, both of them supposed to be devoted to the King, showed them the proclamation, repeated the contents of Bertrand's letter, and asked their advice. No fourth person was present. De Bourmont and Lecourbe state that they urged him to remain faithful to the King; Ney maintains that they approved of his joining Bonaparte. It is in favour of Ney's statement, that they both accompanied him to the parade where the troops were formed in square, stood on each side of him while he read the proclamation, heard it without any expression of dissent, and dined with him the same evening. The dinner was silent and melancholy. We fully believe Ney's account of the effect produced on his own mind by the irrevocable step which he had taken. 'From the time of that unhappy pro-

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'clamation life was a burden to me; I wished for nothing but 'death, and did all I could to find it at Waterloo. A hundred 'times I was on the point of blowing out my brains; all that 'restrained me was my wish to defend my character. I knew 'that all honourable men must blame me—I blamed myself. I 'did wrong, I admit it, but I was not a traitor; I was partly 'deceived, and partly carried away.'*

Ney proceeded to meet Bonaparte at Dijon, and a few days afterwards was ordered to visit the northern and eastern frontier, from Lille to Landau, to ascertain the state of the fortresses and hospitals; and to publish every where that Bonaparte had returned under a treaty between himself, England, and Austria—stipulating that he was never to carry on war beyond the frontier of France; that he was to give France a liberal constitution; and that his wife and child were to remain as hostages in Vienna until he had performed all the positive parts of his engagement.† Having executed his mission, he retired into the country, and took so little part in the transactions of April and May, that when, on the 1st of June, he appeared at the ceremony of the acceptance of the new constitution, Bonaparte told him that he thought he had emigrated. 'I ought to have done so long ago,' answered Ney; 'now it is too late.'‡

He returned after the battle of Waterloo to Paris; and by his bold exposition in the Chamber of Peers, on the 22d of June, of the real facts and consequences of the battle, materially assisted in driving Bonaparte from power. In that speech, Ney maintained that the Allies would be before Paris in a week. His prediction was accomplished; and on the morning of the 3d of July it seemed probable that, before the evening, a battle would have been fought, more disastrous to France, and particularly to Paris, than any event in the history of the French nation. Davoust, who commanded the army defending the town, had a large body of infantry, (80,000 men, according to M. Berryer,§) 25,000 cavalry, and between four and five hundred pieces of field artillery‖—a force insufficient for victory, but sufficient to maintain a contest destructive of the city in which it was to take place. Already the firing had begun, when the Provisional Government and Davoust sent to propose a negotiation; of which the bases were to be, the entry of the allied forces on the one hand, and the preservation of Paris, and the security of all who inhabited it, on the other. On these terms the convention of the

* *Procès*, No. i. p. 12. † Ibid. p. 27. ‡ Ibid. p. 12.
§ Vol. i. p. 374. ‖ See the evidence, *Procès*, No. iv. p. 19.

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3d of July 1815, was framed; and ratified by the Duke of Wellington and Blucher on the part of the Allies, and by Davoust on the part of the Provisional Government. The twelfth article provided that all the inhabitants, and generally all persons found in Paris, should continue to enjoy all their rights and liberty, and should not be liable to any molestation or enquiry whatsoever, with relation to their functions, to their conduct, or to their political opinions. It appears, from the evidence of General Guilleminot, one of the negotiators of the convention, that this was the clause to which the defenders of Paris attached the most importance. Had it been refused, he was to break off the discussion, and the battle would have commenced.*

Relying on the protection given to him by the convention, Ney remained in Paris till the 6th of July, and continued in France until the 3d of August; when he was arrested on a charge of treason, and ordered to be tried by a court-martial, comprising among its members four of the Marshals of France. Ney protested against the jurisdiction of such a tribunal, and the court, unfortunately, as M. Berryer thinks, for the prisoner, declared itself incompetent.

The cause, therefore, was transferred to the House of Peers; the court appointed by the Charter for the trial of treason. The object of Ney's counsel was to gain time. They knew, from the experience of thirty-five years of revolution, that political resentment is a passion as fleeting as it is fierce; and that, if a delay of a few months could be obtained, the Government would no longer have the courage to execute him, nor indeed the wish. For this purpose they endeavoured to show that, although the Charter rendered treason cognizable by the House of Peers, yet it laid down no rules by which the house was to be governed when sitting as a court of criminal justice; and they required that the trial should be suspended until a law regulating the procedure of the house should have been passed. M. Berryer's speech † is an admirable specimen of legal and constitutional reasoning; and indicates, with great sagacity, the errors into which such a tribunal, unless supported and directed by strict regulations, would be likely to fall. The house, however, after a secret deliberation of an hour and a half, decided that the trial should go on. Objections were then raised to the indictment, and, though they were overruled, so much time was gained, that the house, which had met for the trial on the 11th of November, did not really begin it till the 4th of December.

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* *Procès*, No. iv. p. 20. † Ibid. No. ii. p. 32.

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In the mean time, Ney had applied to the ministers of the allied powers, and required them to interfere, and prevent the convention of the 3d of July from being violated in his person. Their answer, drawn up by the Duke of Wellington, and adopted by the ministers of Austria and Prussia, stated, that 'the 'object of the 12th article was to prevent the adoption of any 'measure of severity, under the military authority of those who 'made it, towards any persons in Paris, on account of the offices 'which they had filled, or their conduct, or their political opi-'nions; but it was not intended, and could not be intended, to 'prevent either the existing French government, or any French 'government which should succeed to it, from acting in this 'respect as it might deem fit.'*

In this extremity Madame Ney sought the aid of Lord Holland, a name illustrious throughout Europe as the friend of the oppressed. She requested him to lay Ney's Memorial before the Prince Regent. It was done; but the only effect was a letter from Lord Liverpool, referring her to the communication already made to her husband by the Duke of Wellington.† Lord Holland, however, did not yet despair. He still thought that the Duke of Wellington's interference might be obtained, and must be decisive; and in that hope he addressed to their common friend, Lord Kinnaird, then at Paris, a letter which was to be shown to the Duke. What effect it might have had, cannot be told. It arrived the day after the sentence had been executed. As this admirable letter has never been published, we cannot resist the temptation of extracting some of its most material passages.

'*Middleton, Dec.* 5, 1816.

'DEAR KINNAIRD,

'What is passing at Paris annoys me more than I can describe For La Valette, on the score of private acquaintance, though slight, I am much concerned; but from regard to the character of our country, and to that of the Duke of Wellington, (in whom, after the great things he has done, even as decided an opponent of the war as myself must feel a national interest,) I have conceived more horror at the trials and executions going on in the teeth of our capitulation than mere humanity could create.

'How can such a man as Wellington assert that the impunity for political conduct extends only to impunity from the Allies for offences

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* British and Foreign State Papers, 1815, 1816, printed by the Foreign Office.—P. 262.

† Ibid.—P. 272.

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committed against *them*? When ships, when garrisons surrender, do the captains or commanders stipulate that the foreign conqueror shall not molest them for their political exertions? With or without such stipulations, what shadow of right has a foreign enemy to punish individuals for opinions held, or conduct pursued in their own country? It is clear that the impunity promised was impunity for crimes, real or supposed, against a French government. If the French government was a party to that promise, by that promise it must abide. If not, the other Allies are bound in honour not to deliver over a town taken in virtue of it, without exacting the same terms from those to whom they deliver it. Such, perhaps, is the formal technical way of putting the argument. Practically and substantially, the case, if not more striking, is yet more conclusive to men of justice and honour. The Allies have virtually, I might say formally too, been masters of Paris, while the persons who delivered it to them on the faith of impunity for political offences, have for political offences been imprisoned, tried, condemned, and executed! Wellington has himself precluded all doubt on the question. He maintains, in his letter to Lord Castlereagh, that there is no article in the capitulation securing to the town of Paris the pictures and statues; and therefore he argues, and he acts on his argument, that the Allies may seize the pictures, &c., and seize them without any *fresh* or formal cession from Louis XVIII. Up to that time, then, the Allies, according to him, were in military possession of Paris, and up to that time therefore, even upon his own view of the subject, the inhabitants were entitled to claim impunity for all political opinions and conduct. Those who had the right and the power of taking forcibly from Paris, property not specified or disposed of in the capitulation, notwithstanding the nominal government of Louis XVIII., must surely have a right to enforce on any such nominal and dependent government the observance of promises, on the faith of which the inhabitants had surrendered the town.

'Technical arguments may possibly be urged on both sides; and, though they appear to me all in favour of Ney's claim, it is not on them I lay stress, but on the obvious and practical aspect of the transaction as it must strike impartial men and posterity. The plain relation of the events in history will be this. A promise of security was held out to the inhabitants of Paris—they surrendered the town, and while Wellington and the Allies were still really in possession of it, Labedoyere was executed, and Ney was tried for political opinions and conduct. Even of subsequent executions, and I fear there will be many, it will be said—The Allies delivered over their authority, in Paris, to a French government, without exacting an observance of the stipulations on which they had originally acquired it.

'Had we taken Martinique in 1794, on a promise of not molesting individuals for political opinions or conduct, should we have been at liberty to cede it had Louis XVIII. been then restored, without insisting on the impunity of all political offenders; or, at the very least, on the right of leaving the country for all such as might have so offended? In Egypt the French stipulated that no natives should be molested for their con-

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duct or opinions during the war. We took military possession of the country on these terms, and then delivered it over to the political authority of the Ottoman Porte. When, however, the Capitan Pasha, acting under that authority, began murdering the Beys, and proceeding against the adherents of the French, we not only remonstrated and threatened, but actually protected the persecuted men within our own lines. Yet, by reference to the history of those times, we find that many blamed Lord Hutchinson for not having recourse to yet more violent methods, to enforce on the legitimate political authority the observance of engagements entered into by our military power on taking military possession of the country.

'What would Wellington himself have said, if the British troops had surrendered any town in Spain to the French with a similar stipulation, and if, on the flimsy and hypocritical subterfuge of a distinction between Joseph's government and the French military authorities, all the Spaniards who had assisted us during the siege had been prosecuted for treason against Joseph? Yet, where is the distinction?

'The want of principle and consistency, and the disgusting changes of the Marshals, have, I know, steeled men's minds to their sufferings. This is natural enough. But when the violence of the times is gone by, and, above all, when the tomb has closed on their offences, the transaction will be judged with reference to the nature of the promise, not to the conduct or misconduct of the sufferers. *Si ego digna in quam faceres, tu tamen indignus qui feceris, Pamphile.*

'Nor is this all. If we judge by former instances, even the crime itself will be regarded with more indulgence by posterity than any irregular mode of punishing it. Allowance for individuals is made in all great changes. It is difficult in sudden emergencies and great convulsions of state, especially for professional men whose lives have been passed in camps, to weigh maturely all the considerations by which their conduct should, in the strict line of duty, be regulated. Unforeseen cases occur, and men of good principles and understanding are hurried into acts of inconsistency and political immorality.

'In this latter view of the subject, I know I am somewhat singular. Few at present make such allowances for the political tergiversations of the Marshals; and many, more indulgent than I am in their judgment of political apostasy in England, are quite outrageous with Frenchmen for not acting with inflexible principle in the most trying and difficult circumstances. Some, however, among the most indignant at their crimes, yet doubt the justice, policy, and safety of punishing them; and more, especially among the moderate of all parties, think the claim of the capitulation conclusive; or, if not quite so, of a nature questionable enough to induce Wellington, for the preservation of his own and the national character, to give it the construction most favourable to the weaker party.

'My opinion is of no importance; but it is so strong that I could not resist expressing it to you, who have access to those whose character is most interested in forming a sound one on this important subject. I have not spoken of La Valette. All my arguments apply in his

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favour as strongly as in Ney's; and surely he is not, as others may be, any object of a bystander's indignation. He seems an honourable man throughout.—Yours ever truly,

'VASSALL HOLLAND.'

The progress of the trial had been comparatively rapid. In two sittings, on the 5th and 6th of December, each party proved satisfactorily their principal points; the accusers, that the treason was legally completed—the defenders, that the crime had been unpremeditated. But when M. Berryer opened the real defence, the convention of the 3d of July, he was interrupted by the counsel for the Crown. M. Bellart, their leader, protested against any allusions to a convention, the conditions of which had been demanded by rebels, and had never been accepted by the King; and he presented to the house a requisition, by which he formally opposed the reading of the convention, and any allusion to it, and required the house, by the Chancellor, its president, to order Marshal Ney and his defenders to confine their defence to the mere facts of the indictment.

The Chancellor, speaking in the name of the house, answered that, foreseeing the line of defence that would be adopted, he had already taken the opinion of the house; and that the peers had decided, by a large majority, that it would be highly improper to rely in that house on a convention to which the King was no party, and by which it was obvious, from the mere fact of Ney's prosecution, that his Majesty did not consider himself bound. He therefore forbade the defenders to make any use of the convention. Ney's counsel replied, that they bowed to the will of the King, and to the decision which the court, without hearing them, had thought fit to adopt; but that they felt bound to offer a plea to the jurisdiction of the court—namely, that Sarre Louis, the birth-place of their client, having been ceded to Prussia, he was no longer a subject of France.

Here, however, the counsel were interrupted by Ney.

'"No!" he exclaimed; "I was born a Frenchman—I will die a Frenchman. Up to this time my defence has been free, but I now see that it is to be fettered. I thank my generous defenders for the exertions which they have made, and which they are ready to make; but I had rather have no defence than the mere shadow of one. If, when I am accused in the teeth of a solemn treaty, I am not allowed to appeal to it, I must appeal to Europe and to posterity."

'"Gentlemen, counsel for the prisoner," said the Chancellor, "continue your defence within the limits which I have prescribed."

'"My lord," said Ney, "I forbid my counsel to say another word. Your excellency may give to the house what orders you think fit; but

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as to my counsel, they may go on if they are free, but if they are to be restrained by your limits, I forbid them to speak, You see," he said, turning to M. Berryer, who was anxious to continue, "that it is a decided thing. I had rather have no defence than one chalked out by my accusers."

"Then," said M. Bellart, "we waive our right of reply; if the defence is at an end, so is the accusation. We have only to demand the judgment of the Court."

'"Have you any thing to add?" said the chancellor, turning to the prisoner and his counsel.

'"Nothing whatever," replied Ney, in rather an impatient tone.' *

The Chamber was then cleared, and the peers alone remained in deliberation; the result of their deliberation, and of the attempts afterwards made to obtain a pardon, are too notorious to require repetition.

The execution of Ney was one of the grossest faults of the Restoration: his crime was great, but, as we have seen, it was not premeditated; only a few hours elapsed between his active fidelity and his treason; it was the effect of the pressure of circumstances of extraordinary difficulty and perplexity on a mind unaccustomed to balance conflicting motives. If Ney had been a man of higher education, he would have felt that no motive justifies a failure in honour. But he had been trained in revolutionary camps; the only fidelity to which he had been accustomed was fidelity to France, and fidelity to the Emperor. He was now required to become an emigrant from the one and an opponent to the other; he was required to do this, though he believed the cause of the Bourbons to be irretrievably lost, and the reign of Bonaparte an inevitable calamity. No one can doubt what his conduct ought to have been; but no one can wonder at what it actually was. It must be added, that his treason was really harmless; no opposition on his part could have retarded, by a single hour, the entry of Bonaparte into Paris. If he had followed the example of Macdonald, he must have shared his fate—have seen his troops join the usurper, and then have fled across the frontier; the only consequence would have been, that Bonaparte would have had one brave man less at Quatre-Bras and Waterloo. Under such circumstances, his execution, even if it had been legal, would have been impolitic. Public opinion would have sanctioned his degradation, perhaps his banishment, but not his death.

But the judgment under which he suffered was manifestly

* *Procès*, No. iv. p. 37, 38, 39. Berryer, vol. i. p. 376.

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illegal. Royalist as he is, M. Berryer is so convinced of this, that he accounts for it by the irrational supposition, that it was extorted from the King by the allied powers for the mere purpose of degrading the French army. Ney was included in the words and in the spirit of the convention. To deny validity to the convention because it was entered into with rebels, was to affirm the execrable doctrine, that faith is not to be kept in civil war. To deny its validity because it was not formally accepted by the King, was to add fraud to oppression; for what can be a baser fraud than to accept the benefits of an agreement and to refuse its obligations? There was not a human being to whom that convention was so beneficial as Louis. If it had not been effected—if, after the slaughter of 25,000 of its defenders, Paris had had to endure the horrors of a town taken by assault, could Louis have retained a crown so recovered for a longer period than while English and Austrian troops occupied his capital and his country? Louis owed to that convention his throne as an independent monarch. When we recollect this, it is unnecessary to refer to the well-known fact alluded to by M. Berryer, that Louis *did* expressly recognize the convention, by appealing to it in order to prevent Blucher from destroying the Pont de Jena.

As is usually the case with political crimes, it received its retribution. The recollection of Ney's death was one of the principal causes of the unpopularity with the army which haunted the elder Bourbons; and fifteen years afterwards, when, in their utmost need, they had to rely on the army for support, that recollection precipitated their fall.

We have said that the trial of Ney exercised an unfavourable influence on the subsequent fortunes of M. Berryer. He had obtained from the King the fullest permission to act for the prisoner—a permission which might have been supposed to be unnecessary to an advocate filling no office under the crown; but, though the permission was granted, the act was registered as an offence. It was thought, too, that he had too much identified himself with his client. In his honest indignation against the restriction imposed on the defence, he had ventured to call it a denial of justice; and, what was worse, in consequence of the recollections which the term excited—a revolutionary proceeding: this seems never to have been forgiven. The result was, that he was excluded under the Restoration, as he had been under the Empire, from the *Conseil de Discipline* and the dignity of *Bâtonnier*, an exclusion to which he attaches what seems to us an undue importance.

The subsequent life of M. Berryer contains no facts sufficiently interesting to lead us to dwell on them. In 1825 he visited

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London, on business connected with the administration of the estate of a French subject who died in England. He was charmed, as might have been expected, with his reception by '*Sir* '*Coppley*, (*aujourd'hui Lord Linthurst*,) *Atthorney-Général*,' (we copy literatim;) gratified by the respect paid to him when he appeared in court; and amused by finding there people 'en per-'ruque à la Louis XIV.' He ascertained, he says, that his reception was meant as a return for that with which Lord Erskine had been honoured, at a sitting of the *Cour d'Appel* of Paris. This, however, we can assure him is a mistake. It was scarcely possible that any one of those who rose in Westminster Hall to welcome a distinguished stranger, could have heard how Lord Erskine had been treated twenty years before in Paris; and it must be added, that the mere announcement of M. Berryer's name was a sufficient passport to the attention of a British bar.

Soon after his return from London M. Berryer ceased to appear regularly in court; he was entering his 69th year, and began to feel daily contests oppressive. He found, too, his eldest son, by this time a distinguished advocate, often opposed to him; he thinks that this was done by the suitors intentionally, which is not very probable, since it diminished the efficiency of the son as much as that of the father. The result has been, that for some years he has nearly confined himself to chamber business and arbitrations. He continued, indeed, up to the time of the publication of his memoirs, to plead at the bar in causes in which he possessed peculiar information, and perhaps may continue to do so up to the present time. The last circumstance of this kind which he mentions, took place at Rouen in the end of the year 1837; and he tells with pleasure his reappearance, after an interval of sixty years, at the scene of one of his earliest triumphs.

M. Berryer dwells with just pride on the extent and long continuance of his labours. When we consider that his practice embraced every branch of jurisprudence, ecclesiastical, international, civil, and criminal; that he performed the duties of a solicitor as well as those of a barrister; and that he has been engaged in these duties, with scarcely any interruption, for more than sixty years; his readiness to undergo toil, and his power of enduring it, are perhaps unparalleled. He attributes his success to his domestic happiness, and to a natural gaiety of disposition, fostered by the amenity, and, to use his own expression, the joyousness, of the manners and habits which for the first thirty-four years of his life adorned his country. But now, he says, no one smiles in France; he finds himself, between eighty and ninety, too young for his associates, and is forced to repress a thousand sallies which the gravity of the times would not tolerate. He

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tells us, that for the same reason he has suppressed the most amusing parts of his 'Recollections;' and defers his full revelations until a period when the public may be better prepared for them.

He has appended to the narrative portion of his work some propositions on Political Economy and Legislation, the results of his long experience and meditation. We cannot venture to call the attention of our readers to them on any other ground than as specimens of the degree of knowledge on these subjects which has been acquired by a French lawyer, far superior in intelligence to the bulk of his brethren.

He conceives it to be the duty of the government to regulate production, and promote an equivalent consumption. For the first purpose, he thinks that the minister of commerce ought to direct, by a perpetual course of regulations founded on accurate statistical facts, all the proceedings of agriculture and manufactures. For the second purpose, he proposes to check the tendency to systematic economy, which he thinks the great enemy of consumption, by a tax on accumulated capital;—the amount to be ascertained by requiring from every capitalist a declaration of his fortune, and any concealment to be punished by confiscation. Such a tax he thinks would prevent the parsimony which dries up the channels of circulation. He further proposes to establish in every department a bank, to be managed by landholders, of which the capital should consist of land, and which should issue notes to a corresponding amount; and also insurance companies, to secure the punctual payment of rents, and relieve landholders from the temptation to provide, by annual savings, against irregularity of income—such savings being, in M. Berryer's opinion, unfavourable to circulation. He thinks that eighty-three new peers ought to be created, one for each department; that their dignity should be hereditary, and that its transmission to an unfit person should be prevented by an examination, from time to time, into the moral and intellectual qualities of each successor. He thinks that the tendency in man to better his condition and to change his residence should be repressed. He proposes that no one should be allowed to exempt himself from military service (the great oppression of France) by finding a substitute, unless he can prove that he has always resided under his father's roof, and that it is probable that he will continue to do so; and that no one shall be allowed to serve as a substitute, unless he can show that he has always resided in the parish where he was born. Further, that those who have changed their residences shall be subjected to increased taxation, and that no one shall be eligible to any local office if he have quitted his birth-place.

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He ventures to insinuate a regret at the complete abolition of *lettres de cachet*, and, as a substitute, proposes to give parents and guardians power over children and wards until the age of twenty-five.

He proposes to create courts of equity, with criminal and civil jurisdiction, for the purpose of punishing offences not cognizable by the existing law, and forcing people to be liberal and grateful. 'Since religion and morality,' says he, 'have lost their power, 'they must be supplied by legal coercion.'

Such views, in so eminent a member of the French bar, explain Bonaparte's contempt of advocates!

The work is written in an easy, but rather careless style; and, to the inconvenience of a foreign reader, is full of unexplained technical terms. The great fault of the short narratives of which it is composed, is a perplexed arrangement of facts. To make our extracts intelligible, we have often been forced to transpose them.

ART. V.—*The Laws relating to India, and the East India Company: with Notes and an Appendix.* Quarto. Third Edition, London: 1842.

IN treating, on several recent occasions, of the affairs of British India—of its system of land revenue, its political relations, its commercial wrongs and claims, and its judicial administration—we have studied to divest our statements of all oriental forms and colouring not absolutely essential to their fidelity; and to communicate the information which we desired to impart, in the shape most easily intelligible, and therefore most palatable, to the largest possible number of English readers. We have taken this course, though we knew that it would expose us to the charge of shallowness from those Anglo-Indians who could not see, or would not appreciate, our end; because we have proposed to ourselves, as the one great object of our endeavours, to open the eyes of the people of England to the great value of their much neglected possessions in the East; and to point out to them the means by which, in our judgment, that value may be most largely enhanced, and most beneficially realized. We have not, therefore, addressed ourselves primarily to persons already conversant with Indian affairs; but to that great body—the British public—whose enlightened convictions, and the consequent exertion of whose prevailing influ-

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ence, must greatly contribute both to forward and to render effective the redress of the grievances, the improvement of the institutions, and the development of the resources, of our Indian Empire.

Still, though this has been our aim, and though we have already reaped the reward of our labours, by witnessing changes in our fiscal policy, both at home and in the colonies of the Crown, most beneficial to British India, we are not without misgivings that, in endeavouring to inform the people of England of the state and prospects of their fellow-subjects in the East, and of the ample means which each possesses of benefiting the other, we have not begun sufficiently at the beginning, but have assumed the existence of a greater degree of knowledge of the subject than actually obtains. "*Quas aures nostræ penitus reformidant*," said Jerom, fourteen hundred years ago—speaking of the harsh sounds of the oriental dialects; and this horror of hearing appears to have extended itself, in modern times, from Indian words to Indian things. But we have seen, of late, quite enough of improvement in this respect to encourage us to pursue our task; being well assured that, in the present state of public intelligence, the mischievous prejudices to which we have alluded cannot survive the spread of sound information, still less any general conviction that the interests of Great Britain are deeply involved in the good government, and consequent prosperity, of our Asiatic possessions.

We propose to supply, in this paper, a primary part of the information which we believe to be wanting to the full understanding of the present state of British India; by explaining, in as popular a manner as the subject will permit, the constitution of the government, the organization of its several departments, and their respective bearings upon the condition of the people. These, we are quite sure, are matters as little known at present to the bulk even of intelligent Englishmen, as the corresponding concerns of "the central flowery Empire." There is not one well-informed man out of ten, who knows whether the right of nominating, and the option of accepting or rejecting, a Governor-General, be severally vested in the Court of Directors, or in her Majesty's ministers. Ignorance as to the respective powers of the Court and of the Board of Control, in the event of their differing as to the nature of the orders to be sent to India, upon any occasion, is still more common. But with regard to the organization of the governments abroad, to the general constitution of the civil service, to the courts of justice, with their distinctions of Queen's and Company's, to the agency by which the complicated affairs of the land revenue are administered, to the other great fiscal branches

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of salt, opium, and customs, and to many subjects of importance only secondary to these, the ignorance is general and profound. Yet these are matters, which, on the score alike of interest and responsibility, it behoves Englishmen to understand; and we shall consider our labour well repaid, if we are able to place them in such a point of view as to render the principal features of the system by which British India is governed, familiar to the public mind. Distaste for the subject is fast wearing off; the mighty powers of steam are bringing the dominant and the subject people into comparatively close connexion; and knowledge alone is wanting to ensure the happiest issue from the union.

The last Charter act, passed in 1833, effected material changes in the instrumentality by which England rules the millions of Hindostan. The Company was not only deprived of the monopoly of the trade with China, but was absolutely debarred from engaging in any commercial transactions, and became, from the date of that act, a purely governing body; the directors of which have a strong interest, not merely on the score of reputation, but of a pecuniary nature also, in the wise and equitable administration of the affairs of a country, upon which they and their constituents have been rendered exclusively dependent for their dividends. The making India responsible for these payments, amounting to L.640,000 per annum, in return for which a considerable part of the commercial assets of the Company was applied to the liquidation of funded debts, has been strongly condemned by some,—fondly disposed to believe that it would have been right or practicable to settle all the difficult and delicate questions at issue between the Company and the Government, by rudely casting the sword of power into the scales in which it behoved the great council of the nation to weigh fairly and considerately the claims of the body, which, however anomalous its constitution, and whatever its sins of omission or commission, had unquestionably won and maintained for England a mighty empire; and was ruling it, at the period when the mode of its future management came under discussion, with great and increasing vigour and success. It is very questionable whether public opinion would have permitted, or the letter of the law would have sanctioned, a measure involving so much national ingratitude as the dissolution, in 1833, of all connexion between the East Indian Company and the wide regions which its military and civil servants had acquired for the Crown, and had governed so long and so ably. It is certain, in our judgment, that nothing would really have been gained by it, either for England or for India. There are obvious reasons of the highest

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national importance, why the enormous patronage of India should not be conferred on the ministry for the time being; and ingenuity has not yet devised any plausible scheme by which the servants of the Crown could be debarred from the use and abuse of this superabundant supply of the richest materials for oiling the wheels of government, otherwise than by the interposition of such a body as the Company. As regards India, no one who knows how its affairs have been administered by the servants of the Company on the one hand, and how the comparatively petty business of governing the colonies of the Crown has been executed on the other, can doubt that it would have been a grievous sufferer from a change of agency. In the one case, there has been uninterrupted and signal success, achieved by a succession of able men, with scarcely an instance, in the long course of eighty years, of even partial failure at any important crisis; in the other, there has been almost constant weakness, inefficiency, and dissatisfaction, felt and expressed by all acquainted with the working of the system; and not seldom serious remissness or positive miscule, issuing in more or less disastrous results. Further, it is essential to the welfare of India, that the principles on which it is governed should be fixed on a more stable and enduring basis than the contingency of the maintenance of power by any ministry could afford; that the counsels of its rulers should be free, to the utmost possible extent, from the action of English politics; and that the singleness of their view to its interests should not be liable to be distorted by any temptation to make this or the other measure connected with its administration the means of upholding or distressing a parliamentary party. A board chosen in any imaginable manner by the Crown or the people, could not be expected to possess these aptitudes in so great a degree as the directors of the East India Company; and it is obvious that no mere segment of the ministry could so far abstract itself from the whirl and excitement of the home politics of the day, as to make the affairs of India its primary concern. But these affairs might most beneficially engross the attention of the ablest of our statesmen; they cannot, without grievous mischief, be regarded as objects of secondary consideration by any individual or body responsible for their administration. Yet it is certain that they would be postponed by mere politicians to a thousand matters of transitory, but nearer and more urgent interest. As to the outcry that the Charter of 1833 threw an increased charge upon the already overburdened people of India, the application of about twelve millions sterling of the Company's commercial assets to the extinction of territorial debt constitutes a very considerable offset to this liability.

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And even had the difference been larger, thinking that the arrangement then made was the best suited, upon the whole, to further the true interests of our Indian fellow-subjects, and that it was especially desirable to disconnect the immediate rulers of India from all concern in trade, and to get rid at once and for ever of all the juggling, or alleged juggling, between commercial and territorial assets, we should not be disposed to stickle about any reasonable price for those objects. What India needs is not the mere saving of this or the other item of expenditure, but the blessing of an enlightened and vigorous government, able and willing to bestow upon her a wise and consistent system of laws; an efficient administration of civil and criminal justice; entire freedom, throughout the peninsula, from all restrictions or duties upon inland commerce; and measures—such as we have pointed out in former papers—necessary to raise all classes connected with the soil into their proper position, and to secure each against the other. Were these all-important matters sufficiently cared for, (it would not be just to say that they have been neglected of late years; but war and diplomacy on the one hand, and comparative trifles on the other, have engrossed a disproportionate share of the attention of the local authorities,) there would be no deficiency of means for every purpose of complete administrative efficiency. It is misgovernment, long centuries of temporal and spiritual tyranny—resulting, in the latter case, from the worst of false religions—which has made the people so wretchedly poor; and whilst we would by no means encourage or excuse extravagance, we are bound to say that it is miserable quackery to attempt to cure, or even to mitigate, such a disease by mere retrenchment of expenditure. An effectual remedy would be cheaply purchased, even in a pecuniary point of view alone, by an outlay of millions. It is in the power of the people of England to cause such a remedy to be applied; and they could not confer this mighty benefit upon their Indian fellow subjects without ensuring to themselves a large participation in it. Improvements of such magnitude cannot, of course, be effected in a day; but let India be only moderately well governed—let all persons and all property be efficiently protected—let fair and wholesome encouragement, chiefly by the dissemination of knowledge, be given to private enterprize, directed towards the development of her vast resources—and limits are scarcely assignable to the extent of the market that would be opened for British manufactures.

The Charter of 1833 did not alter very materially the practical relations of the Court of Directors to the India Board; but it

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defined those relations more precisely, and laid down the course to be taken in the event of the controlling authority differing with that court, on any occasion, as to the orders proper to be sent to India. No orders 'relating to any public mat-'ter whatever,' can now be issued by the court without the previous sanction of the board: formerly the directors could correspond with any parties *in this country* without the intervention or knowledge of the controlling authority. Nor can the court now make any money grant without the permission of the board. The initiative in all cases is with the directors, except when they shall omit to prepare, and submit for the consideration of the board, orders or despatches upon any subject, within fourteen days after receiving a requisition to that effect. But the board is empowered to alter, at its discretion, the drafts of any despatches submitted by the court for its sanction; and the court are required to sign and forward the orders so remodelled by the board. The court may remonstrate against directions of this nature; but if they be reiterated, their only means of resistance are passive —namely, a refusal to sign the despatch as required; leaving the board to enforce its authority by the instrumentality of the Court of Queen's Bench. The issue of such a conflict must depend entirely upon the moral strength of the parties, as resulting from their being severally right or wrong upon some important point of principle, involving considerations higher than any of mere policy—of justice or good faith; for, of course, the court would not be justified in making a stand on any lower ground, against the power with which the Board of Control is unquestionably vested by the law. In one instance since 1833, the court did take up such a position of passive resistance, and maintained it with equal spirit and judgment; the board, which was grossly in the wrong, being obliged to recede from its requisition. Such collisions, happily, can seldom occur when both parties are ordinarily honest and sensible, and are not blinded—as can, indeed, under the existing system, rarely be the case in regard to Indian affairs—by any factious motives.

It is not surprising that there should be much misconception with respect to the right of nominating the Governor-General and the Governors of the subordinate Presidencies; for though it be vested by law, as heretofore, in the court of directors, yet the appointments being subject to the approbation of the Crown, they are virtually in its gift. Hence, whatever the politics of the majority of the court, the governor-general is always the friend and supporter of the ministers of the day; and the utmost extent of the power which the court really possess, is that of refusing to nominate an individual personally distasteful to them.

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The constitution of the Court of Directors is this. The directors, thirty in number, are elected by the proprietors of East India stock, voting by ballot; L.1000 stock (worth at present about L.2500) entitling to one vote; L.10,000 stock to four votes. Six of the directors go out every year, and as regularly return to office at its close, never having to encounter even a show of opposition, except when one or more of the six happen to die, or choose to retire, during the period of exclusion. In that event only, established routine permits new candidates to offer themselves, together with the remainder of the ex-directors, who constitute what is technically called the *house list;* but though such circumstances frequently occur, only two instances have been known within the memory of man, in which an individual, out of office by rotation, has failed to recover his seat.

The directors annually choose a Chairman—or rather a Deputy-Chairman, who becomes chairman after the lapse of a year, as a matter of course—to preside over their deliberations. In the hands of these two functionaries resides the principal power of the court, deliberative as well as executive. They conduct, personally or by correspondence—official or private—all the negotiations of the Company with the Board of Control; and they, with or without one other director, constitute the 'Secret 'Committee;'* to whose exclusive management, in concert with and subordination to the board, all matters 'concerning 'the levying war or making peace, or treating or negotiating 'with any of the native princes or states in India, *or with 'any other princes or states, or touching the policy to be ob-'served with respect to such princes or states,'* which are conceived to be 'of a nature to require secrecy,' are entrusted. The late Charter increased the powers of this committee, by adding to the previous law (33 Geo. III. cap. 52, sect. xix.) the words printed in italics in the foregoing quotation; which, of course, embrace Persia and Russia, and all the states with which British India can possibly be brought into connexion or dispute. In all other respects, the law which regulates the relations of the Court of Directors to the Board of Control, and keeps the court in profound ignorance of the communications of that board with the secret committee, remains exactly as Mr Pitt made it nearly sixty years ago. Yet one would

* The chairman and deputy-chairman are not necessarily members of the secret committee, the court being authorized to appoint any directors, not exceeding three, to that committee; but we believe that, in practice, they always form a part, or the whole of it.

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suppose, from the vehement denunciations of the Charter of 1833, and Sir John Hobhouse, both in and out of Parliament, that the functions of the secret committee were a hideous novelty of the iron age of Whig ascendency. The truth is, that by the constitution, good or bad, of the Indian administration, as framed by Mr Pitt, the ordinary members of the Court of Directors know no more of the business which falls under the special cognizance of the secret committee than the public at large. All other affairs are conducted partly by the chairman and deputy-chairman, in what are called 'previous communications' (a device to obviate the publicity and inconvenience of collision) with the president of the India Board, and partly by the several committees—revenue, judicial, military, and the like—into which the court is divided. The system actually in operation is strange enough; seeing that every subject of any importance is considered, and, to some extent at least, decided upon by the controlling authority, before it comes even under the cognizance of the body by which, according to the theory of the constitution of the government of India, it ought to be digested and laid before the court; the results of whose deliberations thereon should then be moulded into a despatch, to be submitted, in due course, for the sanction of the board. The practice almost reverses this constitutional order of things, except in so far as the chairman and deputy-chairman, under whose immediate and exclusive orders the drafts of 'previous communications' are prepared, and who are members *ex-officio* of all committees, may be considered to represent the Court of Directors.

This arrangement, which was kept a profound secret until it was divulged on one occasion by Mr Canning in the House of Commons, produces a smoothness and apparent accordance of opinion in the working of the double government, at the heavy expense of relieving both the Court of Directors and the Board of Control from the responsibility which the law imposes upon those bodies respectively. It was manifestly intended that there should be entire freedom of sentiment and action on the part of the court, up to the period of their submitting the results of their deliberations to the judgment of the board; which ought then, in the unshackled exercise of its discretion, to approve, modify, or reject the proposed orders—stating openly, in either of the latter cases, the grounds of its dissent from the court. If this constitutional course of proceeding had not been departed from, the views of each authority, upon every question of importance, would be publicly known; each would be subject to the wholesome influence and control of enlightened public opinion, and each would enjoy the credit or bear the blame of the good or evil results of the measures which it recommended

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or opposed. The existing plan is one of compromise and concession, resulting sometimes in middle courses, which neither party altogether approves; and, in the majority of cases, in the concoction of orders to the local governments, for which neither the court nor the board can feel themselves to be distinctly responsible. This is paying too dear for mere facility in the transaction of business; or for a fender to some little warmth of discussion between the authorities in Leadenhall Street and Cannon Row. As Englishmen, we must believe that such discussion, whatever its partial inconveniences, would lead to good upon the whole; there is nothing in the condition of India to render its case an exception to the received political axiom in its favour. Indeed, the unfitness of that country for popular institutions, renders it particularly desirable that the only tolerable substitute for free and responsible government—the open canvassing by its rulers of all public measures—should be studiously encouraged. This the law prescribes—this the practice evades; and though this practice may result in some economy of time, from obviating disputes, it is certain, if we are rightly informed, that it permits of delays such as could not take place if the law were properly acted up to. The Charter act requires that the board shall return, within two months, all orders, &c., submitted for its sanction by the court, approved or disapproved; under the system of 'previous communications,' the board enjoys the license of evading this wholesome rule, and can retain the papers which have not been formally laid before it for an indefinite period. This license, which is obviously capable of being very mischievously abused, is in itself a very strong argument against the practice which involves it:—coupled with the other considerations which we have adduced, it affords, in our judgment, abundant reason why the Court of Directors should return, without delay, to the system of official intercourse with the Board, laid down by the law.

We have drawn the best sketch which our present limits will permit, of the constitution of the East India Company as a governing body, and of the mode in which the representatives of its proprietors fulfil their functions. In both, there are palpable anomalies;—so great, indeed, looking only at the theory of the system, as would seem to render it, *a priori*, certain that an organ of government so constituted, and subject to such checks, could not possibly work to any good purpose. We will point out two or three of the most glaring defects—premising that this is a much easier task than the laying down of any scheme which, even in theory, should promise to work better.

In the first place, it appears to be passing strange, now espe-

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cially that the commercial privileges of the Company have terminated, that the power of electing the rulers of British India should be vested in every person—man, maid, or widow—who attains by purchase, marriage, or inheritance, a certain amount of stock; which is just as much the subject of daily transfer from hand to hand, as any part of the funded debt of the government. By this scheme, an individual may have been an elector yesterday, may cease to be so to-day, and be reinstated in the privilege to-morrow, if the necessary share in the Company's stock be bequeathed to him: for in the case of purchase, the buyer cannot exercise his electoral functions for a year. No sort of qualification, beyond the possession of stock, is required. The peer of the realm, the intelligent merchant or tradesman, the retired Indian soldier or civil servant, and the man who has accumulated a fortune, in halfpence, by sweeping a crossing in the streets, are all upon a level as to eligibility and presumed competence. The sweeper—if he be rich enough—may have four votes; the member of the legislature, the director of the Bank of England, the ex-governor-general, or member of council, only one.

Again, custom has made a very laborious and irksome personal canvass an indispensable preliminary to attaining a seat in the direction; and the most highly qualified candidate for the office must be content to walk patiently behind several, if not most, of those who have preceded him in declaring their pretensions. There is no instance, we believe, of the post being taken by a *coup-de-main*, nor of a canvass being dispensed with in favour even of the most eligible individual that ever desired the office. There is a difference, indeed, as respects the ease with which the object is attained, in favour of those candidates whose fitness for the office is most generally recognised; but none are exempted from undergoing considerable labour, to say nothing more, in canvassing the electors; and, unless there be some very marked distinction in regard to qualification, the aspirant who is most earnest and constant in personal solicitation, generally outstrips his competitors. The consequences of this system are, first, that the most distinguished of the statesmen and soldiers who have served their country in India—such men as Elphinstone, Metcalfe, Malcolm—are deterred from coming forward as candidates; and secondly, that notwithstanding the great value of the prize, on account of the patronage that it confers, the instances are very rare in which any person possessed of a sufficient stock of patience and perseverance to bear up against a certain number of defeats, has not ultimately gained his end.

Thirdly, the rule that, after four years' tenure of office, each

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director shall retire for one year, cannot fail to operate most injuriously on the general efficiency of the court. It often happens that a director's turn for vacating office occurs immediately after he has devoted two years, as deputy-chairman and chairman, to the almost exclusive management of the Company's affairs; and both as respects the ordinary functions of the court, and the special duties of the secret committee, is, *cæteris paribus*, more conversant with all the important subjects under discussion, or likely to present themselves, than any other member of the body. But the inexorable rule requires that all this knowledge and experience shall lie completely fallow for a year, until, perhaps, by ceasing to be recent, it has ceased to be practically useful; and the individual whose voice has been most potent in the government of an empire up to the second Wednesday in April, often ceases on that day to possess the smallest authority in its counsels.

Yet in spite of these and other anomalies, nothing is more certain than that, from the time of Warren Hastings to the present day, the administration of India has been eminently successful. We are no blind optimists. We know well, and we have not hesitated to show, that much that might have been done has been left undone; and that in too many instances the measures of the rulers of India have been unwise in principle. But, after allowing all due weight to those drawbacks and disparagements, the broad fact remains untouched, that an empire has been won and governed, which the whole civilized world regards with admiration and envy, and which none but unwise and ungrateful Englishmen are so blind as to undervalue. Such being the case, it were absurd to doubt that the system from which such results have sprung, must combine in its constitution the elements of the highest practical efficiency. But it were equally absurd to suppose that this vigour resides in such anomalies as we have exhibited, or that it is not grievously impaired by them. It is one thing to see and acknowledge that mighty progress has been made, notwithstanding hindrances:—it is quite another thing to mistake such hindrances for the propelling power. The very remarkable state of things which undeniably exists, has led two very different classes of observers into opposite errors. The one, looking at the marvellous general effects of the Company's administration, at the wide regions which its delegates govern, at the general order and peace which they maintain, and at the great and sustained efforts which they are capable of making, will not believe that there can be any thing essentially unwise or unfitted to the proposed ends, still less of a counteracting tendency, in the machinery by which such mighty results are brought to pass. The other class, of

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sharper eyes to discern defects, but belonging to the school of the philosopher who 'travelled from Dan to Beersheba, and found 'all barren,' are so inflamed with indignation at this or the other anomaly in the constitution of the Company, or defect or shortcoming in the discharge of its obligations to the people of India, that they can see nothing but wrong and rapine, broken faith and denial of justice, in the whole government of our eastern empire. The truth, of course, lies between the two extremes—between the optimism that can perceive no evil in a system capable of vast improvement; and the prejudice which regards the rule of the Company as a curse to the natives of India, and looks back with fond regret to the good old times when they were robbed, tortured, and murdered by princes of their own race, or by their Mahomedan conquerors. That they were scandalously misgoverned then, does not affect, in the smallest degree, their right to the best government that we can give them now; but it is equally certain that, after the fullest admission of past errors and present imperfections, the rule of England is a mighty blessing to the people of India.

The Charter of 1833 effected great improvements in the Local administration of India. The greatest, perhaps, was the creation of a really supreme government, — in the governor-general and council of India,—vested with exclusive powers of legislation for the whole of the British dominions, and with effectual control over the public expenditure. By this wise measure, a single body was made responsible for the enactment of good laws; and the power of the purse was taken out of the hands of those who never—in the case of Bombay,—or not always—in the case of Madras,—having a local income equal to their local charges, had found it a mischievously easy process to supply the deficiency, by drawing upon the well-replenished treasury of Bengal. The power of legislation was extended with equal benefit. The royal courts of justice, established at each of the three Presidencies, had previously administered the law of England in entire independence—except when the judges thought fit to recognize and register a regulation—of the local legislature. The law of 1833 abated this gross absurdity—which had been productive of much practical mischief from the time of Warren Hastings down to recent times—of placing a court of justice, the interpreter of its own charter, and of the laws which it administered, at a distance of many thousand miles from the legislature which alone it was bound to obey; whilst the local government—to whose legislation its respect was entirely optional, and which it possessed innumerable means of thwarting, insulting, and degrading in the eyes of its subjects—was solely responsible for the peaceful and prosperous maintenance

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of the wonderful sway exercised by a few thousands of Englishmen over subject millions. The relations of the royal courts to the Company's government are now very nearly what, in reason and prudence, they ought to be; supposing that it is necessary to keep up establishments so large and costly for the sake of the utterly disproportionate service which they render, directly or indirectly, to the people for whose ostensible benefit, and at whose certain expense, they are maintained. Whether there be such necessity, is quite another question.

The charge which the Queen's Courts at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, entail upon India, is very heavy; amounting, according to the latest returns, to L.96,253 per annum, exclusive of the salaries of the Company's law-officers and their establishments, and of the charges of the coroner's office and the police. The service rendered to the community, in return for this large outlay, is extremely small; partly because the territorial jurisdictions of the courts are very limited; but mainly, we fear, as regards the civil department, because the justice which they administer is so enormously high-priced, that none but the wealthy few possess the means of taking advantage of it. To the great bulk of the people, therefore, it is, and always has been, the same as if no such courts of justice existed; except in so far as the *prestige* that accompanies them may be presumed to protect from some of the grosser outrages or wrongs. To the wealthy, these courts have been the instruments of the most exhausting chicanery. It is said, that at Madras almost all the opulent native families have been reduced to poverty by litigation. The wealthy natives of Calcutta, after spending vast sums in the supreme court, have so far profited by experience as to decide most of their differences by private arbitration. From these concurrent causes, the time of the judges is very inadequately occupied; very little civil business is brought before them; and these highly paid functionaries are often engaged, day after day, in trying petty larcenies, compared with which the pilferings of the 'artful dodgers' of our metropolis are high crimes and misdemeanours.

If the few Englishmen settled in India are so much attached to the laws, and the mode of administering those laws, which obtain in their native country, as to require that justice should be dispensed to them in this particular manner, under circumstances which render it extremely expensive; or if their fear of the government under which they live induces them to demand special protection from it—it is surely reasonable that they, and not the people among whom they have voluntarily come to sojourn, should pay for the luxury in the one case, or for

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the security in the other. As regards the natives, we affirm, that whether they be wronged by their rulers or by each other, they can, and do obtain at least as efficient redress—certainly much cheaper—in the courts of the Company as in those of the Queen. We may state as one proof of this position, that, as far as we have been able to watch the result, fewer decisions of the former than of the latter tribunals have been reversed upon appeal to the Privy Council. The leaning of the Company's courts is decidedly against the executive government in general, and the revenue department in particular. On the other hand, whilst many outrages upon natives have been committed by Englishmen residing in the interior of the country, there is scarcely an instance upon record in which such parties have been prosecuted to conviction in the supreme courts. Not unfrequently, English principals in such outrages have escaped with impunity, whilst their native instruments, subject to the jurisdiction of the Company's courts, have been convicted and punished. The Queen's courts are equally impotent for another principal object of their original constitution. We are not aware that any public servant—though many, in so long a course of years, have been dismissed from their employment with infamy—was ever prosecuted to conviction, in those courts, for embezzlement, corruption, or extortion. The causes of impunity are the same in both cases;—the absurd facilities which the English rules of evidence afford for the escape of the guilty; the partial favour too often shown by jurymen of British birth or blood to their own countrymen; and the little less than impossibility, that the most respectable native witness should pass satisfactorily the severe ordeal of a cross-examination by an acute English lawyer. There is no case so good and strong that a native does not think it capable of a little improvement by exaggeration, or positive invention; there is no action so open and unequivocal that a native eyewitness may not be driven to hesitate, prevaricate, or contradict himself concerning it.

As at present constituted, the Queen's Courts are comparatively useless, with the additional objection of being exceedingly expensive to a country which stands in the utmost need that every rupee should be applied, with the most careful judgment, to those purposes most essential to its well-being. They ought to be abolished altogether, and a far less costly machinery supplied, for the performance of those of their present functions which are really necessary; or they should be united with the supreme courts of the Company, already established at each of the three Presidencies, and at Allahabad; under a system providing for the administration of a uniform code of

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laws, dealing the same measure by the same processes, and with the smallest possible number of exceptions, to men of every colour, religion, and blood throughout British India. The last course would certainly be the wisest; and we are happy to hear, upon good authority, that it has been contemplated by those who are best qualified to judge of the propriety of such a change. We should anticipate the happiest results to India from the association of enlightened and liberal English lawyers with the ablest judicial officers of the Company, in a newly constituted supreme court. Such a junction could not fail to result in the interchange of much useful knowledge, and in rubbing off many hurtful prejudices on both sides.

Considerable good of this sort has already been effected by the last Charter act. An English lawyer was attached to the council of India, and another to the law commission. It is partly owing to the unhappy circumstances of the times during the last three years, and partly to the vicious system which clogs the wheels of government with endless details of comparatively unimportant business, that this judicious infusion of new blood has not been followed by a larger measure of practically beneficial results. Yet, advantage there has unquestionably been;—not the least, that the ablest and most influential members of the civil service, many of whom have passed twenty or thirty years in uninterrupted exile, have been brought into intimate communication with minds formed and exercised in the highest schools of English legislation and jurisprudence. Had the upright and public-spirited philanthropist who has just retired, with the respect of all who have observed his conduct, from the chief seat in the bench of the Queen's Court of Calcutta, occupied a corresponding position in such a supreme court as we desire to see constituted, the opportunities of public usefulness which he had so sedulously endeavoured to improve to the uttermost, would have been increased an hundred-fold.

The miscellaneous character of this article, and the limits to which we must necessarily confine it, forbid us to enter on an enquiry whether the Law Commission, constituted by the Charter act, has or has not worked up to its intrinsic capabilities, or duly availed itself of the means at its command, in the fulfilment of its high functions. Certainly, its labours have hitherto met with but little encouragement from those whose duty it is to examine and give practical effect to their results. As far as our knowledge extends we must say, that the records of those labours have appeared to be regarded very much as the Carthagenian General, according to the Poet, regarded the victorious Consul,—

'Quem fallere et effugere est triumphus.'

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The endeavour seemingly has been to suffocate them under a mass of commentary and criticism. In after years, it will cost some trouble to dig out what is really valuable from the surrounding heap of rubbish.

The constitution of the Civil Service—of the agency by which the affairs of this mighty empire are directed, superintended, and controlled—is the grand peculiarity of the system of our Indian Government. From the commencement of the Company's marvellous career—from the time when they held, by sufferance, a few petty factories on the coasts of that vast continent which they now rule as absolute sovereigns—they sent out a succession of youths, to perform in the first instance the drudgery of weighing muslin, measuring pepper, and engrossing accounts; with the privilege of rising, in an order of seniority rarely departed from, to the charge of the outposts of trade or manufacture, from which the warehouses at the ports of shipment were supplied, and eventually to the council and government; involving the sale of the goods sent out by the Company, and the preparation for the annual investment for the English market. To this class belonged Orme—whose elegant and animated, though somewhat diffuse work, narrating with remarkable fidelity the romantic progress of British ascendency in the East, is much less known than its merits deserve; and Forbes, the amiable author of the 'Oriental Memoirs.' In this school also—apparently so ill-fitted to train the founders of empire, men greater far than these—Clive and Hastings, whose remarkable history we have lately surveyed, spent the years of their early manhood. In one respect, indeed, the service of the Company, in its subordinate stations, had at least a negative recommendation as a state of discipline and probation. It was not a service of ease and indulgence. 'At that time,' (1768,) says Mr Forbes, who was upon the Bombay establishment, 'I can safely 'affirm, I lived in the most sparing manner, a writer's income altogether not exceeding L.65 per annum.' Indeed, 'the generality' are stated to have had but L.36 or L.40. 'I never drank wine at 'my own table, and often went supperless to bed when the day 'closed, because I could not afford either supper or candles: as 'the dinner hour was one o'clock, and a writer's age generally 'between sixteen and twenty-one, the abstinence was not occasioned by a want of appetite.'

The effects of this parsimony in an unhealthy climate, requiring many comforts and conveniences to render it endurable by Europeans, fell only upon the servants who were thus underpaid, a very small proportion of whom lived to return to their native country;—as long as the Company was merely a commercial body, and those

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who managed its affairs in India had no political power, and were kept in check by the parties who possessed it. But the result was very different when ambition, or the irresistible force of circumstances, had rendered the agents of this association of merchants the sovereigns, *de facto*, of extensive provinces teeming with population; and which, though poor in comparison with the wealthier countries of Europe, and utterly unable to render to England the regular annual tribute which sanguine politicians expected from them, were abundantly capable of compensating the actual rulers of the land for the inadequacy of their legal salaries. And no harm would have been done, if a sufficiency for this purpose had been regularly and avowedly raised and distributed: such a step, in fact, if taken immediately on the occurrence of the entire change of circumstances to which we have adverted, would have prevented that shameless corruption and rapine from which it was eventually found necessary to relieve the people, by measures of wise liberality to the functionaries placed over them. This being neglected in the first instance, it was too much to expect that those who negotiated concerning the fate of kingdoms—who presided, with almost absolute power, over great commercial marts—or who collected, on behalf of their distant masters, the revenues of fertile provinces, should rest satisfied with the scanty salaries which the Company had doled out to mere book-keepers and factors. The 'supperless' case of Mr Forbes and his contemporaries at Bombay, was no doubt an extreme one, though perfectly true; but it is certain that the ostensible allowances of the civil servants of the Company, for some time after that body became virtually the sovereigns of Bengal, Bahar, and the Carnatic, did not exceed, even if they amounted to, the necessary expense of the barest subsistence. Of course, under such circumstances, these functionaries did not scruple to help themselves copiously to what their inconsiderate masters withheld; and it is no marvel that they did not confine their appropriations, in all cases, within the limits of a handsome remuneration for their services. As an equally certain consequence, these illicit exactions robbed the people of ten times as much—with incalculable concomitant vexation and suffering—as found its way into the pockets of the European officers of the government. The clear intellect of Lord Clive saw this plainly, and he devised and executed—with characteristic boldness—a scheme for cutting off the sources of the unauthorized profits of the public servants, and for granting them adequate allowances, raised by a public monopoly. But the system was incomplete, and therefore the effect fell short of the object, until the time of Lord Cornwallis. That nobleman placed the

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establishment upon such a footing, in respect to the salary allotted to each office of trust and responsibility, as left the public servant who should thenceforward grasp at gains beyond the handsome stipend issued to him from the treasury, utterly without excuse; and from that day, amidst great and daily temptations, and far removed, in that tainted atmosphere, from all purer example, the servants of the Company have preserved, as a body, the most unsullied reputation. It is right to add, that a share in the credit of a result so happy as well as honourable, is justly due to those who, exercising in this country supreme control over the administration of India, have firmly and invariably visited with the most severe punishment any offence on the part of public functionaries involving fraud, peculation, or corruption.

Notwithstanding, however, the entire change in the nature of the duties devolving on it, the constitution of the civil service remains exactly as it was in the days when the preparation and shipment of investments formed the highest functions of its highest members. Even the ancient names of its gradations were, till very recently, retained: up to August 1841, the youth who entered the service as a writer, rose successively to the ranks of factor, junior merchant, and senior merchant. In one point of view, this rigid adherence to the old order of things has been of signal benefit to India.

The mode of recruiting the public service has remained unchanged. A number of young men are annually sent out, not to particular appointments allotted to them severally in this country, but as probationers for office generally, and to be employed in this or the other department, at the discretion of the local government. There is, therefore, no possibility of entering upon public employment otherwise than at the lowest end of the scale; and as the emoluments attached to it are not, for some years, more than sufficient to maintain the servants of the government in comfort and respectability, such a line of life in a distant land, and an unhealthy climate, has no temptations to any one who does not intend to adhere to it as his profession, until the devotion of the best years of his manhood shall have been rewarded by the gradual accumulation of the means of returning to his native land. This system is, of course, open to obvious objections. General competition, from which the community reaps such great advantage in all lands governed by their own children, is altogether precluded. The number of those eligible for office is rigidly limited; and, practically, it often happens that the strictness with which the privileges of the body of public servants is upheld, debars the authorities from giving employ-

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ment to men who have proceeded to that country upon some private adventure, and whom natural abilities, or intimate acquaintance with the people, have peculiarly qualified to render the most beneficial services to the community. Yet, after making the most ample allowance for these considerations, as well as for the mischiefs resulting from the passions and prejudices of *caste*, necessarily generated by the peculiar position of the civil service, we are decidedly of opinion that, due reference being had to the evils which it precludes, the benefits of the existing system greatly preponderate over its disadvantages. We are, therefore, decidedly of opinion, that to whomsoever the patronage may be entrusted, the present system of recruiting the public service in India should be jealously maintained. But it is quite another question whether that system is followed out as effectually as it might be—whether the most is made of the materials, which, upon the whole, appear to be the best suited to answer the important ends in view. This question, we fear, must be answered in the negative.

General competition is incompatible with the constitution of the public service. To this evil we must submit; that limitation of choice of agency which it involves, appearing to be the best, if not the only, means of warding off still greater evils. But it seems at least equally certain that the too great weight allowed to the claims of mere seniority, has weakened the spring of honourable emulation within the privileged body. Only a few appointments, and those almost exclusively in the higher grades of the service, are regarded as prizes for merit. These are exceptions to the general rule, and are not made upon any avowed principle; but apparently because, as in the case of the Secretaryships to government, their being filled by able men is essential to the creditable and easy working of the administrative machinery. But the great majority of situations, ninety-five at least out of every hundred, all of them in the present day highly responsible—and all of them, especially those in the judicial department, affecting most powerfully the condition of the people, are filled up with a paramount regard for seniority. No amount of superior fitness elevates an officer to a judgeship until his turn has come, or very nearly come; no mediocrity of ability or attainments, no degree of indolence or self-indulgence, or of engrossing devotion to other pursuits—nothing, in fact, which comes short of absolute incapacity—stands in the way of the operation of the rule of promotion to the judgment-seat by seniority. It is the same in every other department of the service; and in India, under every system of managing the land revenue, the people are liable to suffer

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as grievously when the difficult and often discretionary duties which it involves are entrusted to incompetent hands, as when justice between man and man is denied, ill-administered, or bought and sold by underlings. There is no kind of wrong so dreadful to the natives of British India—now that the days of open pillage and bloodshed have passed away—as the nominal management of the land revenue, by officers whose inefficiency or sloth permits the abuse of their authority by a rapacious host of subordinate and irresponsible functionaries. Under the existing system, this, as well as the elevation of incompetent persons to the judicial bench, are circumstances of inevitably frequent occurrence.

Proof of the truth of these statements is to be found on the very surface of that aspect which the public service in India presents. In every walk of life, where matters are left to regulate themselves—where, consequently, high success is dependent upon eminent merit, and even moderate advancement upon competent fitness—some individuals will be found to have gained the goal in the prime of life; others will reach it with difficulty, or, perhaps, rest content with coming somewhat short of it, after a longer period of toil; whilst a third class, whom nature or their own misconduct have disqualified for the race, will occupy a place in their old age but little in advance of the starting-post. In England, this state of things is common in every profession and calling; and no one wonders, or thinks it a hardship, that those whom nature has not formed to excel, should hold situations subordinate to younger men on whom she has conferred the talent, the energy, and the perseverance which command success. In India, on the other hand, the advancement of the members of the body which administers or controls every branch of the government, is regulated by a diametrically opposite principle. The man who was never intended to rise is forced up; whilst the energies of the individual whom Providence designed to distinguish from the mass are cramped and crippled — if, indeed, their development is not altogether prevented — by the absurd rule which contravenes the general law of nature, and ordains that the active and vigorous shall not outstrip the apathetic and indifferent; and that, with the exception of a very few prizes, offices of the highest practical importance—such as the dispensation of civil and criminal justice, in a district as large as an English county, including the superintendence and control of twenty or thirty subordinate courts—shall be filled with an almost exclusive reference to the age and standing of individuals in the general muster-roll of a service which all have alike en-

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tered as boys. That this is no exaggerated representation, a glance at the list of civil servants, under any one of the Presidencies, will demonstrate. Those lists will not show five instances where all the individuals of a certain standing are not judges or collectors at least; if not the supervisors and controllers of judges and collectors. They will not exhibit five cases in which the officer of fifteen or twenty years' standing is on a level, in respect to distinction and emolument, with the generality of those who have been five or six years in the service. Yet it is morally impossible that every person of a certain standing should be fit to be a judge or a collector—fitter than any one of the fifty who entered the service five or even ten years later: it is equally out of the question that of the fifty or hundred who are now placed in situations of high responsibility, merely because they have passed a given number of years in India, there should not be several, who, in any state of things where they were solely dependent upon their own exertions, would have remained till old age in offices of mere mechanical drudgery. The existing system picks two or three of the best out of every hundred, in order to place them in offices, the efficiency of which is essential to the ease or character of the government, and treats all the rest exactly alike.

The consequences are mischievous in the extreme. It is the old story in the main:—'*Delirunt reges, plecteuntur Achivi:*' the people are the principal sufferers; but the British Government reaps directly and largely the fruit of its own absurdities. Emulation lives only in the hearts of the few competitors for the scanty prizes to which we have alluded. Beyond them, the great body of public servants, many of whom are, of course, possessed of abilities capable of being quickened into most useful activity, regard themselves as members of a sort of professional *tontine;* and repose in the comfortable assurance that, if they live long enough, and do not absolutely disgrace themselves, they shall grow up in the paradise of promotion, like the bean-stalk in the nursery tale, by the mere force of vegetation. This feeling, doubtless, is strongest in the least worthy; and doubtless, also—to their honour be it said—there are many in the ranks of the civil service who are stimulated to the energetic discharge of their public duties by higher and purer motives than any which mere emulation—having worldly advancement for its goal—can afford. But it is undeniably a grand political blunder, that this most cogent incentive is not systematically superadded to those which are derived from other sources.

In truth, it must, we think, be self-evident, that a rule of pro-

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motion that might have been, and probably was, well enough suited to regulate the advancement of the clerks and factors of a company of merchants, is utterly inapplicable to the administrators of a vast empire. It is impossible to calculate the amount of public loss that results from it; because it is impossible to ascertain the quantum of useful ability which the absence of stimulus permits to lie dormant. That it is very heavy, no one will doubt who knows any thing of human nature, or of the difficulty of governing a hundred millions of men by the agency of a handful of foreigners; and, consequently, of the importance of eliciting from such instruments the largest possible amount of useful service.

There ought to be strong grounds for continuing a system so broadly at variance with all received principles. Yet we never heard any arguments urged in its favour, which do not appear to us absolutely futile when weighed against the opposing considerations. It is alleged that promotion by seniority is a necessary safeguard against favouritism. The answer is, that the exclusive nature of the service, the members of which are alone eligible for employment, is in itself a great protection against such abuse; and that the local governments, which are necessarily trusted so largely, may well be trusted further to select the best qualified member of that service for every appointment that falls vacant. They exercise that discretion already in regard to a few prizes—affording the greatest temptation to jobbing—and that, as all admit, with the best effect. Why should any thing but good result from extending the practice of selection according to merit to all offices of responsibility? As regards what has been said about jealousies and heartburnings, such feelings on the part of the less successful, because the less worthy, are very dearly bought off at the expense of the general abandonment of the master stimulus of emulation. Lastly, we have heard it urged, that promotion by seniority is a necessary concomitant of an exclusive service. But all schools, all colleges, all universities, all professions, are exclusive; yet in many of them emulation works with the best effect, and no one doubts that it might be beneficially introduced in all. And though it be true, as the late excellent Lord William Bentinck remarked, in a private note now before us, that in India the ordinary state of things is sometimes reversed—there being more difficulty to find men to fill places, than places to accommodate men—it is certain, that in no case could that difficulty be increased, whilst in many it would, doubtless, be altogether removed, by making the highest degree

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of fitness, altogether irrespective of *standing* in the service, the strongest recommendation to a candidate for office.

We have dwelt upon this subject at considerable length, because we have long been sensible of its extreme importance to the interests of British India. The rigid single file in which the public servants are made to advance, has assuredly dwarfed their minds; except in those rare instances in which talent is accompanied by so much energy as to be altogether irrepressible. Every thing short of extraordinary qualification is levelled, by the absence of encouragement, to the low standard of passable fitness. We know but of one reason—and that one which no honest mind, once awakened to reflect on the subject, would allow to sway it—why the system should be clung to. It *enhances the value of patronage*, as regards the least worthy recipients of it, by rendering the public service of India a *lottery without blanks*, except in cases of scandalous misbehaviour. But the opportunity of entering the lists of competition in such a service is, or ought to be, a sufficient boon to any young man; it would be amply sufficient to tempt the *élite* of the rising generation to engage in it with hopefulness and energy; and it is too much to add a virtual guarantee, at the expense of the people of India, that unless there be misconduct of the grossest description, there shall be regular advancement, as a matter of course, to offices which can hardly be designated as otherwise than of the highest trust and responsibility. The existence of such a guarantee reduces all but the few salient minds to the dead level of mediocrity; whilst those whom nature, sloth, or bad habits have marked out as drudges, have a claim of right to receive, and do actually receive—if their demerits fall short of absolute incapacity—the general average of promotion.

The Charter Act made a considerable change, or rather a considerable opening for change, at the discretion of the Court of Directors, in the constitution of the Indian governments. It enacted that the executive government of each of the Presidencies shall be administered by a governor and three councillors; but, at the same time, it empowered the Directors to revoke and suspend the appointment of councils. It also made the Governor-General of India for the time being, Governor of Bengal. Under the license given to the court, the Governor of Bengal has hitherto exercised the functions of that office without the aid of a council; as did also the governor of Agra, as long as that office existed.

This autocracy has been objected to by some, principally, we believe, on account of the additional power which the absence of

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councils is supposed to throw into the irresponsible hands of secretaries; who, it is thought, are more likely to lead or mislead one than many masters. For our part, we have always, even irrespective of the saving of expenditure, thought the change an improvement. The subordinate governments have now no powers of legislation, and very little latitude in expenditure; their functions may, generally speaking, be better, because more promptly, performed by one mind than by many; the governor acts alone, under individual, and therefore more stringent, responsibility; and as to the dangerous influence of secretaries, those functionaries, though younger men—a circumstance which is not always, by any means, an objection in India—are, commonly, at least as well selected as the members of council. It would not be difficult to devise a plan which would give them all needful and wholesome responsibility.

The Local Governments transact their business in four departments:—the political, which includes the secret, and is limited to what in England we term diplomacy; the judicial; the revenue; and the general, to which all the financial business appertains. A fifth—the legislative department—is peculiar to the supreme government. At the several Presidencies, and at the same Presidencies under changes of circumstances, these departments are variously arranged as regards the manner in which they are worked. Thus the supreme government has but two secretaries, one of whom undertakes the political, legislative, judicial, and revenue departments, and the other the general department; whilst the subordinate government of Bengal, having a vast deal more of detail on its hands—much more, indeed, than it ought, in wisdom, to meddle with—has a separate secretary for the important departments of revenue and justice. The arrangements of departments, and of the business attached to them, are generally wise and efficient—the several governments taking care not to choose secretaries for themselves, as they do judges for the people, according to *seniority* in the service;—but the division of duties is not altogether free from anomalies. In Bengal, for instance, the superintendence and control of the customs, and of the salt and opium monopolies, belong not to the revenue, but to the general, department; which manages, besides the finance, all the miscellaneous business which does not come under one or other of the more specific heads. Ecclesiastical affairs, steam-boats for sea and river navigation, the post-office, and public instruction, are only a part of its multifarious cares. The government and the people would be far better served, if separate secretaries were appointed to the revenue and judicial departments; the former relieving the secretary in the general

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department from the charge of the customs, the two monopolies, and post-office; and the latter conducting all correspondence connected with the education of the natives. The secretary in the general department might then discharge all the important duties of the Accountant-General. Under the existing arrangements, the Admirable Crichton himself could not fulfil efficiently all the functions of the general department.

The secretary in the political department conducts all the correspondence with the numerous officers, who, under the title of Residents at the native courts, or of Agents to the governor-general, discharge, in some cases, purely diplomatic functions; and exercise, in other instances, an ambiguous sway—alternating between command and counsel—over princes and chiefs partially independent, but looking up to the British Government, not only for protection against all external danger, but for the mediation of all matters in dispute among themselves, or with powerful tributaries, or with their subjects. The residents and agents do not submit reports merely upon all important matters, but diaries of their ordinary proceedings, showing with whom they have communicated, and the nature of the conference. Those who hold the more important trusts—and some, as the agent for Rajpootana, have many officers, each residing at the court of a petty prince, subordinate to them—correspond directly with the supreme government; the others are subject to the orders of the governor, to whose jurisdiction their respective offices are attached. The subordinate governments, again, report all matters of moment to the supreme government; so that a complete chain of communication is maintained from the lowest functionary engaged in any business of diplomacy—one of whom is stationed at every spot where his services can be useful—to the Governor-General in council. In this department, the state is, and always has been, admirably served. The chief reason is easily told. In the political line, the claims of *seniority* are far less attended to than in other departments. The Company's army contends with the civil service in furnishing the requisite amount of ability; and, what is still more important—the diplomatists of British India are not, generally speaking, so hopelessly overladen with business as the officers, who perform their duties with equal zeal and energy, though with less brilliant results, in other branches of the service. They enjoy, personally, another signal advantage. They do not labour exclusively for the good of others, and for the rewards of their own conscience—though they may well promote the one and earn the other—as those who discharge important duties on the judicial bench, or in the revenue department. The nature of

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their functions brings them, in frequent instances, to the notice of their countrymen at home; and they reap, though not a fair share, yet a far larger share than their brethren, of those distinctions which the grace of the Crown, or public opinion, confer on those who are felt to have rendered good service to their country. To all merit displayed on the distant and disregarded theatre of India, such rewards have been dealt with niggard hand. They have been almost absolutely denied to those whose talents and devotion have been displayed in the less shining walks of the public service. In no instance, as far as we are aware, has the highest judicial merit, manifested in the Company's Courts, received any honorary acknowledgment in this country; whilst comparatively petty services, performed in the colonies of the Crown, have been abundantly rewarded! Is this generous—is it wise? The Crown should not look coldly on the distinguished men who serve their country in India, because England chooses to rule that splendid empire through the instrumentality of the Company. It would cost her nothing, it would stimulate to still greater exertions, it would be a graceful compensation for the wealth which the improved state of public morals and feeling forbids the servants of the Government to accumulate in India, if suitable honours, such as would confer rank and distinction upon those servants in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen, were bestowed with judicious liberality upon those best deserving them.

The superintendence and control of the judicial department are exercised principally by the instrumentality of the Sudder Courts—the supreme judicatories of the Company's territories, beyond the narrow precincts of the jurisdiction of the three courts chartered by the Crown. The executive government holds little direct correspondence—and that little only on trivial subjects—with any subordinate judicial functionaries; excepting only, in the case of the government of Bengal, the superintendent of police, whose office does not exist elsewhere. Throughout Bengal, including the lieutenant-governorship of Agra, the provincial courts of appeal and circuit, which formed a material part of the scheme of judicial administration devised by Lord Cornwallis, have been abolished; the Sudder Courts now preside immediately over the civil and sessions judges of the several districts into which the provinces are divided; each of whom, again, supervises the proceedings, and hears appeals from the decisions, of many judges of inferior jurisdiction, proportioned in number to the amount of local business, and ranked in three gradations with respect to their powers and to their official emoluments. The judges of the several districts are invariably civil

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servants: the officers who preside in the subordinate courts are principally natives of India, though all properly qualified persons are eligible. Those of the highest rank are competent to decide all suits, whatever the value of property at issue; and it has been, of late years, the wise object of the government to relieve as much as possible the highly-remunerated district judges from all primary jurisdiction, and to employ them, almost exclusively, in the far more extensively useful work of superintending the proceedings of the numerous subordinate courts, and of hearing appeals from their orders and judgments. Upon the promptitude and efficiency with which these duties are executed, the character of the administration of civil justice absolutely depends. The government has most wisely abandoned the attempt commenced by Lord Cornwallis, to administer justice to millions by the almost unassisted agency of a small body of English judges, whose necessarily high remuneration rendered it impossible to increase their numbers. Of the utter inadequacy of the salaries assigned to the lowest and most numerous class of native judges, (*moonsifs*,) by whom the great majority of causes are decided, we have already spoken; but the miserable economy of dispensing justice to the bulk of the people by the agency of underpaid functionaries, cannot be too often or too strongly denounced. With a proper addition to their allowances, they might most beneficially be made the effective instruments of improving the administration of criminal, as well as of civil, justice.

The existing system has one glaring and most prejudicial defect. It is lamentably wanting in the vigour of an active and watchful executive superintendence and direction. Those functions are ostensibly performed—as we have stated—by the Sudder Courts; the judges of which have, therefore, double and discordant responsibilities. Besides exercising the highest appellate jurisdiction, and hearing judicially, in the last resort, all complaints against the proceedings of all subordinate courts, they ought to maintain a jealous supervision over the official conduct of every functionary attached to the judicial department; availing themselves of every legitimate means of obtaining information with respect to the efficiency of each tribunal, and to the estimation in which the several judges are held by the people. It is the more necessary that this duty should be well performed by the high officers to whom it is assigned; because, in India, there is no public to discharge it on its own behalf. The people are sunk, to a degree of which home-bred Englishmen can form no adequate conception, in sloth, apathy, and moral cowardice. They regard even the grossest judicial venality as a

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very light offence. No extent of fraud or wrong, committed under the shelter of the forms of justice, appears—when they are not personally the victims of it—to excite in their breasts any emotions of abhorrence or indignation. Their ignorant apprehensions often deter them from complaining of the grossest injustice. There is manifestly the greater need that they should be well protected by those whose especial duty it is to watch the working of the judicial administration. This vastly important duty the Sudder Courts are, in our judgment, from the nature of their constitution, and of their other functions and responsibilities, altogether unqualified to perform. Their obligations are almost absolutely *antagonistic*. They are judges of the last resort; they are a board of justice; they are, or ought to be, keen and jealous inspectors of the proceedings of a host of subordinate judges, scattered through a vast extent of country, and dispensing justice to millions. Being always stationary, they can superintend the proceedings and estimate the character of the many officers dependent on each district court, only through the intermediate agency of the judge of that court. Their knowledge of all those subordinate to him must be coloured, at least, by his opinions regarding them. If he be blind, it is next to impossible that they should be able to see to any good purpose; but if he be dishonest or corrupt, and in league with inferiors of a like character, they must be absolutely helpless. This last consummation of iniquity is not probable; but, under such a system of promotion of judicial office as we have already described, instances must, in the nature of things, frequently occur, where, from one cause or another, the district judge is a very bad medium of supervision. We could mention an instance in which, within a few months after an English judge, personally above all suspicion, and of considerable merit, had left a district in which he had presided for some years, two of the principal subordinate judges of that district—to whom on retiring he had given certificates of high character—were dismissed from office with infamy, on proof that they had been selling justice for years. It was proved that one of them had been pulled out of his palankin in the public bazar, and flogged by a man to whom he had denied redress, after he had been paid for it. In another case, a board of revenue was compelled to denounce to the Government the open and shameless iniquities prevalent in one of the late provincial courts, situated within two miles of the Sudder Court, of which that court had taken, and appeared disposed to take, no notice.

We have specified these two instances, because they illustrate the two distinct causes of the inefficiency which characterizes

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the superintendence of the Sudder Court. The first shows—if it needs showing—that a stationary body, operating through local instruments of very unequal fitness—some of whom must be expected to be unsuspicious, some indolent, some inaccessible to the people, some disposed to favour and shield parasites and flatterers—must be very ill qualified to watch with sufficient acuteness and steadiness the proceedings of inferior courts situated at distances of from seventy to four or five hundred miles. The second exemplifies the mistake involved in entrusting the most important judicial and executive functions to the same hands; and those hands trained principally to the patient and deliberate dispensation of justice. It is next to impossible that the same man should be at once a calm and dispassionate judge, and a keen and jealous supervisor. All the qualities indispensable for the first office, are little less than disqualifications for the other. The judge is bound to keep his eyes, ears, and mind closed to all that he might see or hear out of court. The superintendent, to be efficient under the extremely difficult circumstances of the case, as respects the absence of public spirit, ought to be in a constant state of enquiry—accessible to information from every quarter, listening to and investigating every rumour which bears with it a plausible appearance of truth; and prompt to pursue any clue that may enable him to test the efficiency and soundness of the system which it is his duty to watch over. The judge should assume every one to be innocent till he is proved guilty: the superintendent, whilst he judges no one, should make it his business to possess himself of the fullest information regarding the proceedings of all.

Just in proportion as the officers who preside in the Sudder Courts with so much ability, and with so much honour to the British character, are excellent judges, they are bad superintendents of civil and criminal justice. It is unfair to impose duties so incompatible upon any men:—it is vain to expect that they should both be efficiently performed.

The remedy is obvious. The Sudder Courts should be divided, and the discordant functions imposed upon them allotted to different individuals. Such an arrangement would occasion no increase of expense, since there need be no augmentation of the number of officers. It would permit the adaptation of individual qualifications to that department of duty best suited for their useful exertion. It would result in economy of time, much of which is now wasted in passing backwards and forwards from one sort of business to another totally dissimilar. The judges would be only judges: the superintendence of the administration of civil and criminal justice

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would be in distinct hands; either of an individual, which we think decidedly the better plan, or of a board. The efficiency of both departments would thus be much increased. The Government would learn from the court how the judges of the various grades performed those parts of their duties, the fulfilment of which could be tried by their decisions—the grounds of which are always fully recorded in India; whilst the superintendents of justice would watch and report upon all matters of an executive nature—the relations between the institution and the decision of suits, the execution of decrees, the disposal or accumulation of interlocutory and other miscellaneous business; and, pre-eminently, upon the general efficiency and purity of the courts, and the estimation in which they are held by the people. It is not sufficient in any land, but especially not in India, that the fountains of justice should be free from actual pollution; it is essential that there should be an absolute and universal conviction that they *are* pure. This double obligation has not, hitherto, been sufficiently attended to in British India. The government has not unfrequently stopped short, after satisfying itself by an investigation into alleged misfeasance; leaving the minds of the people as full of distrust as before, with the additional suspicion of their rulers being cognizant of, and conniving at the iniquity.

The department of the land revenue is well attended to throughout British India, owing probably—we must confess our persuasion—to the strong and direct interest which the government has in the efficiency of the instrument by which its treasury is principally replenished. In former times, for some years following the formation of the permanent settlement of the provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Benares, and, probably, in those districts also of the Madras Presidency into which a corresponding measure was subsequently introduced, it was thought that a scheme so simple might be left to execute itself; and that those public servants who were unfit for more important and difficult employment, might be well able to act as mere receivers of the dues of the state from a body of thriving and grateful landholders. How entirely, and with what a penalty for the mistake, these expectations have been frustrated, we have before had occasion to show on more than one occasion, especially in urging the necessity of an immediate survey of the whole area of the permanently settled provinces:—but much of the mischief of past mismanagement is now irreparable. In the districts subject to periodical assessments throughout the Presidencies, we have profited by experience; and whatever other errors have been committed, the state has been effectually protected from the loss of that revenue, upon the integrity and judicious dispensation of which all reasonable hopes of

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the improvement of British India must be built. The people are not in a state to advance their own condition. The landholders of the provinces, to whom the permanent settlement has insured so large a proportion of the rental, have done little or nothing, in the long course of fifty years, even to benefit themselves—not one in a thousand pretends to feel any care for the interests of his country: on the other hand, the government can do nothing for the people if it have not sufficient pecuniary means for their defence, against external and internal enemies, and for complete administrative efficiency. The case is essentially different from that of a country where the people are on a level with, if not in advance of, their rulers, in respect to the knowledge of their own wants, and of the best manner of supplying them—'where private intelligence always outstrips and prevents public wisdom.' Yet there are some sincere—but deluded—philanthropists, whose single idea of benefiting British India is centred in the abandonment of the system of land revenue;—as if sufficient means for any, the most economical, government of that country could be obtained from all other sources put together; as if some of those sources were not far worse in principle than that from which the land revenue is derived; and as if it would be practicable to make any sacrifice of revenue in favour of the landholders, without mulcting somebody else to a corresponding amount.

The land revenue is managed by the collectors and deputy collectors of the numerous districts into which the provinces of British India are divided; subject to the authority of boards of revenue stationed at Calcutta, Allahabad, and Madras, and of a revenue commission at Bombay. Throughout Bengal, Behar, Benares, and the north-western provinces, commissioners of revenue, each presiding over four or five districts, were interposed, under Lord William Bentinck's administration, between the boards and the collectors; and the powers of the boards were increased, the commissioners being invested with the authority of the former boards. This measure tended most beneficially to relieve the government from the details of the revenue administration; but it still interferes much too often and too minutely, instead of confining itself to general superintendence and control, holding the boards responsible for the efficiency of the system. But this, as we have stated, is the general vice of the Indian governments, equally prevalent, and equally mischievous in all departments, both at home and abroad. It would be easy to make out a list of matters in which the Governor-General in council, the Court of Directors, and the Board of Control, busy themselves, or profess to busy themselves, in any given month of

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any year, which, to use the words of Junius, 'the gravest of 'chaplains would not be able to read without laughing.'

Our limits compel us to state briefly, that the other great departments of the revenue of Bengal, the richest by far of the Company's possessions, are managed by the Board of Customs, salt and opium, fixed in Calcutta; by the instrumentality, in the two latter branches, of agents, members of the civil service, stationed at the principal places of manufacture or store. We cannot discuss, at the close of a long article, the principles of the great monopolies of salt and opium. As monopolies they are, of course, essentially vicious; that of salt operating as a poll-tax, almost absolutely irrespective of the means, and consequently of the obligations to the state, of the person paying it; that of opium mixing up the Christian rulers of India, in a manner the most discreditable, with the demoralizing traffic by which British merchants poison the minds and bodies of the Chinese and Malays. It is clear to us that the government should abandon all concern in the manufacture of this drug, and content itself with levying such an export duty at the port of shipment as would not afford too tempting a premium to the smuggler. There would be loss of revenue in this, no doubt; but there would be great gain of character. Were it not for the unfortunate permanent settlement of the land revenue, which so many extol as the perfection both of justice and of financial wisdom, (as if there could have been no middle course between annual assessments at rack-rents, and the limitation for ever of the supply to be derived from the best possible source of national expenditure,) both these monopolies, objectionable from different but equally cogent reasons, might be altogether abandoned; and the transit duties at Madras might, at the same time, be abolished, and all the ports of India be declared absolutely free. Let those who know any thing of the condition of India, and of the effects of a bad system of taxation in any land, weigh these advantages against those which the community derive from the immunities enjoyed by the Zemindars in the permanently settled provinces; for no one pretends that any other class, even of those directly connected with the soil, is a whit the better off in consequence of the limitation of the public demand. Bitter cause have the people of India to rue Lord Cornwallis' mistaken benevolence, which, whilst it shackles the hands of the government, fixes, hopelessly, unequal and mischievous taxes upon the shoulders of the people.

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ART. VI.—*Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries.* Two vols. 8vo. London: 1842.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ, in her combined and inseparable character as writer and woman, enjoys the singular and delightful reputation of having united, beyond all others of her class, the rare with the familiar, and the lively with the correct. The moment her name is mentioned, we think of the mother who loved her daughter; of the most charming of letter-writers; of the ornament of an age of license, who incurred none of its ill-repute; of the female who has become one of the classics of her language, without effort and without intention.

The sight of a name so attractive, in the title-page of the volumes before us, has made us renew an intercourse, never entirely broken, with her own. We have lived over again with her and her friends from her first letter to her last, including the new matter in the latest Paris editions. We have seen her writing in her cabinet, dancing at court, being the life of the company in her parlour, nursing her old uncle the Abbé; bantering Mademoiselle du Plessis; lecturing and then jesting with her son; devouring the romances of Calprenede, and responding to the wit of Pascal and La Fontaine; walking in her own green alleys by moonlight, enchanting cardinals, politicians, philosophers, beauties, poets, devotees, haymakers; ready to 'die with laughter' fifty times a-day; and idolizing her daughter for ever.

It is somewhat extraordinary, that of all the admirers of a woman so interesting, not one has yet been found in these islands to give any reasonably good account of her—any regular and comprehensive information respecting her life and writings. The notices in the biographical dictionaries are meagre to the last degree; and 'sketches' of greater pretension have seldom consisted of more than loose and brief memorandums, picked out of others, their predecessors. The name which report has assigned to the compiler of the volumes before us, induced us to entertain sanguine hopes that something more satisfactory was about to be done for the queen of letter-writing; and undoubtedly the portrait which has been given of her, is, on the whole, the best hitherto to be met with. But still it is a limited, hasty, and unfinished portrait, forming but one in a gallery of others; many of which have little to do with her, and some, scarcely any connexion even with her times. Now, in a work entitled 'Madame 'de Sévigné and her Contemporaries,' we had a right to expect a picture with the foreground occupied by herself and her friends,

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and the rest of the group at greater or less distances, in proportion to their reference to the main figure; something analogous to an interesting French print, which exhibits Molière reading one of his plays to an assembly of wits, at the house of Ninon de l'Enclos. The great comic writer is on his legs—the prominent object—acting as well as reading his play, in a lively and salient attitude, full of French expression; near him sits the lady of the house, as the gatherer together of the party; and round both, in characteristic postures, but all listening to the reader, sit Rochefoucauld, La Fontaine, Corneille, and one or two more. But in a picture of Madame de Sévigné, and those whom an association of ideas would draw round her, what have we to do with Cardinal Richelieu, and Père Joseph, and Boisrobert? What with the man in the 'Iron Mask,' with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the Earls of Holland and Ossory, the Dukes of Buckingham, Shrewsbury, and St Simon, and others who flourished before and after her day? There is, it is true, a sprinkling of extracts from Madame de Sévigné's letters through the greater part of the volumes; but even these naturally fail us in many of the sketches, and of whole letters we have but two or three; whereas, what the public looked for, was a regular and satisfactory account both of her writings and her life, a selection of specimens of her letters, and some talk about her friends; in short, about all of whom she talks herself; not excepting Ninon, of whom there is here scarcely a word; and assuredly not omitting such a friend as Corbinelli, whose name we do not remember seeing in the book. There is very little even about her son the Marquis, and not a syllable respecting her startling 'contemporaries,' Brinvilliers and La Voisin; while, on the other hand, we have a long account of the King and Queen of Spain, and a history of the very foreign transactions of Stradella the musician. It is much as if, in the print above mentioned, Molière and his friends had been thrust into the background, and the chief part of the composition given up to a view of the courts of France and England. We need not dwell upon the contradictions between the 'advertisement' and the 'introduction' respecting the chief authorities consulted; or such as those in the opinions expressed about Louis the Fourteenth, who is at one time represented as 'the greatest monarch that had appeared in France 'previous to the times of Napoleon and Louis-Philippe,' and at another as a man whose talents were 'below mediocrity.' The work, in a word, is one of the jobbing, book-making expedients of the day, with a dishonest title-page; and yet there are sketches and passages in it so good, and indicative of a power to

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do so much better, that we speak of it thus with regret. It should have been called by some other name. At present it reminds us too much of the famous ode on Doctor Pococke, in which there was something about 'one Pococke' towards the middle of the composition.

Proceeding to sketch out, from our own acquaintance with her, what we conceive to be a better mode of supplying some account of Madame de Sévigné and her writings, we shall, in the order of time, speak of her ancestors and other kindred, her friends and her daily habits, and give a few specimens of the best of her letters; and we shall do all this with as hearty a relish of her genius as the warmest of her admirers, without thinking it necessary to blind ourselves to any weaknesses that may have accompanied it. With all her good-nature, the 'charming woman' had a sharp eye to a defect herself; and we have too great a respect for the truth that was in her, not to let her honestly suffer in its behalf, whenever that first cause of all that is great and good demands it.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Baroness de Chantal and Bourbilly, afterwards Marchioness de Sévigné, was born, in all probability, in Burgundy, in the old ancestral *château* of Bourbilly, between Semur and Epoisses, on the 5th of February 1627. Her father, Celse Benigne de Rabutin, Baron as above mentioned, was of the elder branch of his name, and cousin to the famous Count Bussy-Rabutin; her mother, Marie de Coulanges, daughter of a secretary-of-state, was also of a family whose name afterwards became celebrated for wit; and her paternal grandmother, Jeanne Françoise Fremyot, afterwards known by the title of the Blessed Mother of Chantal, was a *saint*. The nuns of the Order of the Visitation, which she founded by the help of Saint Francis de Sales, beatified her, with the subsequent approbation of Benedict XIV.; and she was canonized by Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) in 1767. There was a relationship between the families of Rabutin and De Sales;—names which it would be still stranger than it is to see in conjunction, had not the good St Francis been the liveliest and most tolerant of his class. We notice these matters, because it is interesting to discover links between people of celebrity; and because it would be but a sorry philosophy which should deny the probable effects produced in the minds and dispositions of a distinguished race by intermixtures of blood and associations of ideas. Madame de Sévigné's father, for instance, gave a rough foretaste of her wit and sincerity, by a raillery amounting to the *brusque*, sometimes to the insolent. He wrote the following congratulatory epistle to a minister of

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finance, whom the King (Louis XIII.) had transformed into a marshal :—

'My Lord,

'Birth; black beard; intimacy.

'CHANTAL.'

Meaning that his new fortune had been owing to his quality, to his position near the royal person, and to his having a black beard like his master. Both the Chantals and the Fremyots, a race remarkable for their integrity, had been amongst the warmest adherents of Henry IV.; and, indeed, the whole united stock may be said to have been distinguished equally for worth, spirit, and ability, till it took a twist of intrigue and worldliness in the solitary instance of the scapegrace Bussy. We may discern, in the wit and integrity of Madame de Sévigné—in her natural piety, in her cordial partizanship, and at the same time in that tact for universality which distinguished her in spite of it—a portion of what was best in all her kindred, not excepting a spice of the satire, but without the malignity, of her supercilious cousin. She was truly the flower of the family tree; and laughed at the top of it with a brilliancy as well as a softness, compared with which Bussy was but a thorn.

The little heiress was only a few months old when the Baron de Chantal died, bravely fighting against the English in their descent on the Isle of Rhé. It was one of the figments of Gregorio Leti, that he received his death-wound from the hand of Cromwell. The Baron's widow survived her husband only five years; and it seems to have been expected that the devout grandmother, Madame de Chantal the elder, would have been anxious to take the orphan under her care. But whether it was that the mother had chosen to keep the child too exclusively under her own, or that the future saint was too much occupied in the concerns of the other world and the formation of religious houses, (of which she founded no less than eighty-seven;) the old lady contented herself with recommending her to the consideration of an Archbishop, and left her in the hands of her maternal relations. They did their part nobly by her. She was brought up with her fellow-wit and correspondent, Philippe-Emmanuel de Coulanges; and her uncle Christophe, Abbé de Livry, became her second father, in the strictest and most enduring sense of the word. He took care that she should acquire graces at court, as well as encouragements to learning from his friends; saw her married, and helped to settle her children; extricated her affairs from disorder, and taught her to surpass him-

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self in knowledge of business; in fine, spent a good remainder of his life with her, sometimes at his own house and sometimes at hers; and when he died, repaid the tenderness with which she had rewarded his care, by leaving her all his property. The Abbé, with some little irritable particularities, and a love of extra-comfort and his bottle, appears to have been, as she was fond of calling him, *bien bon*, a right good creature; and posterity is to be congratulated, that her faculties were allowed to expand under his honest and reasonable indulgence, instead of being cramped, and formalized, and made insincere, by the half-witted training of the convent.

Young ladies at that time were taught little more than to read, write, dance, and embroider, with greater or less attention to books of religion. If the training was conventual, religion was predominant, (unless it was rivalled by comfit and flower making, great pastimes of the good nuns;) and in the devout case, the danger was, either that the pupil would be frightened into bigotry, or, what happened oftener, would be tired into a passion for pleasure and the world, and only stocked with a sufficient portion of fear and superstition to return to the bigotry in old age, when the passion was burnt out. When the education was more domestic, profane literature had its turn—the poetry of Maynard and Malherbe, and the absurd but exalting romances of Gomberville, Scudery, and Calprenede. Sometimes a little Latin was added; and other tendencies to literature were caught from abbés and confessors. In all cases, somebody was in the habit of reading aloud while the ladies worked; and a turn for politics and court-gossip was given by the wars of the *Fronde*, and by the allusions to the heroes and heroines of the reigning gallantries, in the ideal personages of the romances. The particulars of Madame de Sévigné's education have not transpired; but as she was brought up at home, and we hear something of her male teachers, and nothing of her female, (whom, nevertheless, she could not have been without,) the probability is that she tasted something of all the different kinds of nurture, and helped herself with her own cleverness to the rest. She would hear of the example and reputation of her saintly grandmother, if she was not much with her; her other religious acquaintances rendered her an admirer of the worth and talents of the devotees of Port-Royal; her political ones interested her in behalf of the *Frondeurs;* but, above all, she had the wholesome run of her good uncle's books, and the society of his friends Chapelain, Menage, and other professors of polite literature; the effect of which is to fuse particular knowledge into general, and to distil from it the spirit of a wise humanity. She seems to have been

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not unacquainted with Latin and Spanish; and both Chapelain and Menage were great lovers of Italian, which became part of her favourite reading.

To these fortunate accidents of birth and breeding were joined health, animal spirits, a natural flow of wit, and a face and shape which, if not perfectly handsome, were allowed by every body to produce a most agreeable impression. Her cousin Bussy Rabutin has drawn a portrait of her when a young woman; and though he did it half in malice and resentment, like the half-vagabond he was, he could not but make the same concession. He afterwards withdrew the worst part of his words, and heaped her with panegyric; and from a comparison of his different accounts we probably obtain a truer idea of her manners and personal appearance, than has been furnished either by the wholesale eulogist or the artist. It is, indeed, corroborated by herself in her letters. She was somewhat tall for a woman; had a good shape, a pleasing voice, a fine complexion, brilliant eyes, and a profusion of light hair; but her eyes, though brilliant, were small, and, together with the eyelashes, were of different tints; her lips, though well-coloured, were too flat; and the end of her nose too 'square.' The jawbone, according to Bussy, had the same fault. He says that she had more shape than grace, yet danced well; and she had a taste for singing. He makes the coxcombical objection to her at that time of life, that she was too playful 'for a woman of quality;' as if the liveliest genius and the staidest conventionalities could be reasonably expected to go together; or as if she could have written her unique letters, had she resembled every body else. Let us call to mind the playfulness of those letters, which have charmed all the world; —let us add the most cordial manners, a face full of expression, in which the blood came and went, and a general sensibility, which, if too quick perhaps to shed tears, was no less ready to 'die with laughter' at every sally of pleasantry—and we shall see before us the not beautiful but still engaging and ever-lively creature, in whose countenance, if it contained nothing else, the power to write those letters must have been visible; for, though people do not always seem what they are, it is seldom they do not look what they can do.

The good uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, doubtless thought he had made a happy match of it, and joined like with like, when, at the age of eighteen, his charming niece married a man of as joyous a character as herself, and of one of the first houses in Brittany. The Marquis de Sévigné, or Sevigny, (the old spelling,) was related to the Duguesclins and the Rohans, and also to Cardinal de Retz. But joyousness, unfortunately, was

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the sum-total of his character. He had none of the reflection of his bride. He was a mere laugher and jester, fond of expense and gallantry; and, though he became the father of two children, seems to have given his wife but little of his attention. He fell in a duel about some female, seven years after his marriage. The poor man was a braggart in his amours. Bussy says, that he boasted to him of the approbation of Ninon de l'Enclos; a circumstance which, like a great number of others told in connexion with the 'modern Leontium,' is by no means to be taken for granted. Ninon was a person of a singular repute, owing to as singular an education; and while, in consequence of that education, a license was given her, which, to say the truth, most people secretly took, the graces and good qualities which she retained in spite of it, ultimately rendered her house a sort of academy of good breeding, which it was thought not incompatible with sober views in life to countenance. Now, it is probable, from the great reputation which she had for good sense, that she always possessed discernment enough to see through such a character as that of Monsieur de Sévigné. The wife, it is true, many years afterwards, accused her, to the young Marquis, of having 'spoilt (or hurt) his father,' (*gâté*,) and it may have been true to a certain extent; for a false theory of love would leave a nature like his nothing to fall back upon in regard to right feeling; but people of the Marquis's sort generally come ready spoilt into society, and it is only an indulgent motive that would palm off their faults upon the acquaintances they make there. Be this as it may, Bussy-Rabutin, who had always made love to his cousin after his fashion, and who had found it met with as constant rejection, though not perhaps till he had been imprudently suffered to go the whole length of his talk about it, avows that he took occasion, from the Marquis's boast about Ninon, to make her the gross and insulting proposal, that she should take her 'revenge.' Again she repulsed him. A letter of Bussy's fell into her husband's hands, who forbade her to see him more; a prohibition, of which she doubtless gladly availed herself. The Marquis perished shortly afterwards; and again her cousin made his coxcombical and successless love, which, however, he accuses her of receiving with so much pleasure as to show herself jealous when he transferred it to another; a weakness, alas! not impossible to very respectable representatives of poor human nature. But all which he says to her disadvantage must be received with caution; for, besides his having no right to say any thing, he had the mean and uncandid effrontery to pretend that he was angry with her solely because she was not generous in money matters. He tells us, that

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after all he had done for her and her friends, (what his favours were, God knows,) she refused him the assistance of her purse at a moment when his whole prospects in life were in danger. The real amount of this charge appears to have been that Bussy, who, besides being a man of pleasure and expense, was a distinguished cavalry officer, once needed money for a campaign; and that, applying to his cousin to help him, her uncle the Abbé, who had the charge of her affairs, thought proper to ask him for securities. The cynical and disgusting, though well-written book, in which the Count libelled his cousin, (for, as somebody said of Petronius, he was an author *purissimæ impuritatis*,) brought him afterwards into such trouble at court, that it cost him many years of exile to his estates, and a world of servile trouble and adulation to get back to the presence of Louis the Fourteenth, who could never heartily like him. He had ridiculed, among others, the kind-hearted La Vallière. Madame de Sévigné, in consequence of these troubles, forgave him; and their correspondence, both personally and by letter, was renewed, pleasantly enough on his part, and in a constant strain of regard and admiration. He tells her, among other pretty speeches, that she would certainly have been 'goddess of something or other,' had she lived in ancient times. But Madame de Sévigné writes to him with evident constraint, as to a sort of evil genius who is to be propitiated; and the least handsome incident in her life was the apparently warm interest she took in a scandalous process instituted by him against a gentleman whom his daughter had married, and whose crime consisted in being of inferior birth; for Count Bussy-Rabutin was as proud as he was profligate.* Bussy tried to sustain his cause by forged letters, and had the felicity of losing it by their assistance. It is to be hoped that his cousin had been the dupe of the forgeries; but we have no doubt that she was somewhat afraid of him. She dreaded his writing another book.

We know not whether it was during her married life, or afterwards, that Bussy relates a little incident of her behaviour at court, to which his malignity gives one of its most ingenious turns. They were both there together at a ball, and the King took her out to dance. On returning to her seat, according to the Count's narrative,—'It must be owned,' said she, 'that the 'King possesses great qualities: he will certainly obscure the 'lustre of all his predecessors.—I could not help laughing in

* See a strange, painful, and vehement letter, written by her on the subject, to the Count de Guitaut. Vol. xiii. of the duodecimo Paris edition of 1823-4, p. 103.

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'her face,' observes Bussy, 'seeing what had produced this pane-
'gyric.' I replied, 'There can be no doubt of it, madam, after
'what he has done for yourself.' 'I really thought she was
'going to testify her gratitude by crying *Vive le Roi.*' *

This is amusing enough; but the spirit which induces a man to make charges of this nature, is apt to be the one most liable to them itself. Men at the court of Louis used to weep, if he turned his face from them. The bravest behaved like little boys before him, vying for his favour as children might do for an apple. Racine is said to have died of the fear of having offended him; and Bussy, as we have before intimated, was not a whit behind the most pathetic of the servile, when he was again permitted to prostrate himself in the court circle. Madame de Sévigné probably felt on this occasion as every other woman would have felt, and was candid enough not to hide her emotion; but whether, instead of pretending to feel less, she might not have pleasantly affected still more, in order to regain her self-possession, and so carry it off with a grace, Bussy was not the man to tell us, even if his wit had had good-nature enough to discern it.

The young widow devoted herself to her children, and would never again hear of marriage. She had already become celebrated for her letters; continued to go occasionally to court; and frequented the reigning literary circles, then famous for their pedantry, without being carried away by it. Several wits and men of fashion made love to her, besides Bussy. Among them were the learned Menage, who courted her in madrigals compiled from the Italian; the superintendent of the finances, Fouquet, who, except in her instance and that of La Vallière, is said to have made Danaës wherever he chose to shower his gold; and the Prince of Conti, brother of the great Condé, who, with the self-sufficient airs of a royal lover, declared that he found her charming, and that he had 'a word or two to say to her next winter.' Even the great Turenne is said to have loved her. On none of them did she take pity but the superintendent; and not on his heart, poor man! but on his neck; when it was threatened with the axe for doing as his predecessors had done, and squandering the public money. Fouquet was magnificent and popular in his dishonesty, and hence the envious conspired to pull him down. Some of the earliest letters of Madame de Sévigné are on the subject of his trial, and show an interest in it so genuine, that fault has been found with them for not being so witty as the rest!

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* *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules.* Tom. i. p. 158. Cologne, 1709.

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It was probably from this time that she began to visit the court less frequently, and to confine herself to those domestic and accomplished circles, in which, without suspecting it, she cultivated an immortal reputation for letter-writing. Her political and religious friends, the De Retzes and the Jansenists, grew out of favour, or rather into dislike, and she perhaps suffered herself to grow out of favour with them. She always manifested, however, great respect for the King; and Louis was a man of too genuine a gallantry not to be courteous to the lady whenever they met, and address to her a few gracious words. On one occasion she gazed upon the magnificent gaming-tables at court, and curtsied to his Majesty, 'after the fashion which her daughter,' she says, 'had taught her;' upon which the monarch was pleased to bow, and look very acknowledging. And, another time, when Madame de Maintenon, the Pamela of royalty, then queen in secret, presided over the religious amusements of the King, she went to see Racine's play of Esther performed by the young ladies of St Cyr; when Louis politely expressed his hope that she was satisfied, and interchanged a word with her in honour of the poet and the performers. She was not indeed at any time an uninterested observer of what took place in the world. She has other piquant, though not always very lucid notices of the court—was deeply interested in the death of Turenne—listens with emotion to the eloquence of the favourite preachers—records the atrocities of the poisoners, and is compelled by her good sense to leave off wasting her pity on the devout dulness of King James II. But the proper idea of her, for the greater part of her life, is that of a sequestered domestic woman, the delight of her friends, the constant reader, talker, laugher, and writer, and the passionate admirer of the daughter to whom she addressed the chief part of her correspondence. Sometimes she resided in Brittany, at an estate on the sea-coast, called the Rocks, which had belonged to her husband; sometimes she was at Livry, near Paris, where the good uncle possessed his abbey; sometimes at her own estate of Bourbilly, in Burgundy; and at others in her house in town, where the Hôtel Carnavalet (now a school) has become celebrated as her latest and best-known residence. In all these abodes, not excepting the town-house, she made a point of having the enjoyment of a garden, delighting to be as much in the open air as possible, haunting her green alleys and her orangeries with a book in her hand, or a song upon her lips, (for she sung as she went about, like a child,) and walking out late by moonlight in all seasons, to the hazard of colds and rheumatisms, from which she ultimately suffered severely. She was a most kind

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mistress to her tenants. She planted trees, made labyrinths, built chapels, (inscribing them 'to God,') watched the peasants dancing, sometimes played at chess, (she did not like cards;) and at almost all other times, when not talking with her friends, she was reading or hearing others read, or writing letters. The chief books and authors we hear of are 'Tasso,' 'Ariosto,' 'La Fontaine,' 'Pascal,' 'Nicole,' 'Tacitus,' the huge old romances, 'Rabelais,' 'Rochefoucauld,' the novels of her friend Madame de la Fayette, Corneille, Bourdaloue and Bossuet, Montaigne, Lucian, Don Quixote, and Saint Augustin; a goodly collection surely, a 'circle of humanity.' She reads the romances three times over; and when she is not sure that her correspondent will approve a book, says that her son has 'brought her into it,' or that he reads out 'passages.' Sometimes her household get up a little surprise or masquerade; at others, her cousin Coulanges brings his 'song-book,' and they are 'the happiest people in the world;' that is to say, provided her daughter is with her. Otherwise, the tears rush into her eyes at the thought of her absence, and she is always making 'dragons' or 'cooking,'—viz. having the blue-devils and fretting. But, when they all are comfortable, what they are most addicted to is 'dying with laughter.' They die with laughter if seeing a grimace; if told a bon-mot; if witnessing a rustic dance; if listening to Monsieur de Pomenars, who has always 'some criminal affair on his hands;' if getting drenched with rain; if having a sore finger pinched instead of relieved. Here lounges the young Marquis on the sofa with his book; there sits the old Abbé in his arm-chair, fed with something nice; the ladies chat, and embroider, and banter Mademoiselle du Plessis; in comes Monsieur de Pomenars, with the news of some forgery that is charged against him, or livelier offence, but always so perilous to his neck that he and they 'die with laughter.' Enter, with her friend Madame de la Fayette, the celebrated Duke de la Rochefoucauld, gouty, but still graceful, and he and the lady 'die with laughter;' enter the learned Corbinelli, and he dies; enter Madame de Coulanges, the sprightly mixture of airiness and witty malice, and she dies of course; and the happy mortality is completed by her husband, the singing cousin aforesaid—'a little round fat oily man,' who was always 'in' with some duke or cardinal, admiring his fine house and feasting at his table. These were among the most prominent friends or associates of Madame de Sévigné; but there were also great lords and ladies, and neighbours in abundance, sometimes coming in when they were not wanted, but always welcomed with true French politeness, except when they had been heard to say

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any thing against the 'daughter;' and then Madame told them roundly to their faces that she was 'not at home.' There was Segrais, and Saint Pavin, and Corneille, and Bossuet, and Treville, who talked like a book; and the great Turenne; and the Duke de Vivonne, (brother of Montespan,) who called her 'darling mamma;' and Madame Scarron, till she was Maintenon; and Madame de Fiesque, who did not know how to be afflicted; and D'Hacqueville, whose good offices it was impossible to tire; and fat Barillon, who said good things though he was a bad ambassador; and the Abbé Têtu, thin and lively; and Benserade, who was the life of the company wherever he went; and Brancas, who liked to choose his own rivals; and Cardinal de Retz, in retirement feeding his trout, and talking metaphysics. She had known the Cardinal for thirty years; and, during his last illness, used to get Corneille, Boileau, and Molière to come and read to him their new pieces. Perhaps there is no man of whom she speaks with such undeviating respect and regard as this once turbulent statesman, unless it be Rochefoucald, who, to judge from most of her accounts of him, was a pattern of all that was the reverse of his 'Maxims.'

With her son the Marquis, who was 'a man of wit and pleasure about town,' till he settled into sobriety with a wife who is said to have made him devout, Madame de Sévigné lived in a state of confidence and unreserve, to an excess that would not be deemed very delicate in these days, and of which, indeed, she herself sometimes expresses her dislike. There is a well-known collection of letters, professing to have passed between him and Ninon de l'Enclos, which is spurious; but we gather some remarkable particulars of their intimacy from the letters of the mother to her daughter; and, among others, Ninon's sayings of him, that he had 'a soul of pap,' and the 'heart of a cucumber 'fried in snow.'

The little Marquis's friends (for he was small in his person) did not think him a man of very impassioned temperament. He was, however, very pleasant and kind, and an attentive son. He had a strong contempt, too, for 'the character of Æneas,' and the merit of never having treated Bussy Rabutin with any great civility. Rochefoucald said of him, that his greatest ambition would have been to die for a love which he did not feel. He was at first in the army, but not being on the favourite side either in politics or religion, nor probably very active, could get no preferment worth having; so he ended in living unambitiously in a devout corner of Paris, and cultivating his taste for literature. He maintained a contest of some repute with Dacier, on the disputable meaning of the famous passage in Horace, *Diffi-*

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cile est propriè communia dicere. His treatise on the subject may be found in the later Paris editions of his mother's letters; but the juxtaposition is not favourable to its perusal.

But sons, dukes, cardinals, friends, the whole universe, come to nothing in these famous letters, compared with the daughter to whom they owe their existence. She had not the good spirits of her mother, but she had wit and observation; and appears to have been so liberally brought up, that she sometimes startled her more acquiescent teacher with the hardihood of her speculations. It is supposed to have been owing to a scruple of conscience in her descendants, that her part of the correspondence was destroyed. She professed herself, partly in jest and partly in earnest, a zealous follower of Descartes. It is curious that the circumstance which gave rise to the letters, was the very one to which Madame de Sévigné had looked for saving her the necessity of correspondence. The young lady became the wife of a great lord, the Count de Grignan, who, being a man of the court, was expected to continue to reside in Paris; so that the mother trusted she should always have her daughter at hand. The Count, however, who was lieutenant-governor of Provence, received orders, shortly afterwards, to betake himself to that distant region: the continued non-residence of the Duke de Vendôme, the governor, conspired to keep him there, on and off, for the remainder of the mother's existence—a space of six-and-twenty years; and though she contrived to visit and be visited by Madame de Grignan so often that they spent nearly half the time with each other, yet the remaining years were a torment to Madame de Sévigné, which nothing could assuage but an almost incessant correspondence. One letter was no sooner received than another was anxiously desired; and the daughter echoed the anxiety. Hours were counted, post-boys watched for, obstacles imagined; all the torments experienced, and not seldom manifested, of the most jealous and exacting passion, and at the same time all the delights and ecstasies vented of one the most confiding. But what we have to say of this excess of maternal love will be better kept for our concluding remarks. Suffice it to observe, in hastening to give our specimens of the letters, that these graver points of the correspondence, though numerous, occupy but a small portion of it; that the letters, generally speaking, consist of the amusing gossip and conversation which the mother *would have had* with the daughter, had the latter remained near her; and that Madame de Sévigné, after living, as it were, for no other purpose than to write them, and to straiten herself in her circumstances for both her children, died at her daughter's

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house in Provence, of an illness caused by the fatigue of nursing her through one of her own. Her decease took place in April 1696, in the seventieth year of her age. Her body, it is said, long after, was found dressed in ribbons, after a Provençal fashion, at which she had expressed great disgust. Madame de Grignan did not survive many years. She died in the summer of 1705, of grief, it has been thought, for the loss of her only child the Marquis de Grignan, in whom the male descendants of the family became extinct. It is a somewhat unpleasant evidence of the triumph of Ninon de l'Enclos over the mortality of her contemporaries, that, in one of the letters of the correspondence, this youth, the grandson of Madame de Sévigné's husband, and nephew of her son, is found studying good breeding at the table of that 'grandmother of the Loves.' The Count de Grignan, his father, does not appear to have been a very agreeable personage. Mademoiselle de Sévigné was his third wife. He was, therefore, not very young; he was pompous and fond of expense, and brought duns about her; and his face was plain, and it is said that he did not make up for his ill looks by the virtue of constancy. Madame de Sévigné seems to have been laudably anxious to make the best of her son-in-law. She accordingly compliments him on his 'fine tenor voice;' and, because he has an uncomely face, is always admiring his 'figure.' One cannot help suspecting sometimes that there is a little malice in her intimations of the contrast, and that she admires his figure most when he will not let her daughter come to see her. The Count's only surviving child, Pauline, became the wife of Louis de Simiane, Marquis d'Esparron, who seems to have been connected on the mother's side with our family of the Hays, and was lieutenant of the Scottish horse-guards in the service of the French king. Madame de Simiane inherited a portion both of the look and wit of her grandmother; but more resembled her mother in gravity of disposition. A daughter of hers married the Marquis de Vence; and of this family there are descendants now living; but the names of Grignan, Rabutin, and Sévigné, have long been extinct—in the body. In spirit they are now before us, more real than myriads of existing families; and we proceed to enjoy their deathless company.

We shall not waste the reader's time with the history of editions, and telling how the collection first partially transpired 'against the consent of friends.' Friends or families are too often afraid, or ashamed, or jealous, of what afterwards constitutes their renown; and we can only rejoice that the sweet 'winged words' of the most flowing of pens, escaped, in this instance, out of their grudging boxes. We give the letters in

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English instead of French, not being by any means of opinion that 'all who read and appreciate Madame de Sévigné, may be 'supposed to understand that language nearly as well as their 'own.' Undoubtedly, people of the best natural understandings are glad, when, in addition to what nature has given them, they possess, in the knowledge of a foreign language, the best means of appreciating the wit that has adorned it. But it is not impossible that some such people, nay many, in this age of 'diffusion 'of knowledge,' may have missed the advantages of a good education, and yet be able to appreciate the imperfectly conveyed wit of another, better than some who are acquainted with its own vehicle. Besides, we have known very distinguished people confess, that all who read, or even speak French, do not always read it with the same ready result and comfort to the eyes of their understandings as they do their own language; and as to the 'impossibility' of translating such letters as those of Madame de Sévigné, though the specimens hitherto published have not been very successful, we do not believe it. Phrases here and there may be so; difference of manners may render some few untranslatable in so many words, or even unintelligible; but for the most part the sentences will find their equivalents, if the translator is not destitute of the spirits that suggested them. We have been often given to understand, that we have been, by translation, too much in the habit, on our own part, of assuming that French, however widely known, was still more known than it is; and we shall endeavour, on the present occasion, to make an attempt to include the whole of our readers in the participation of a great intellectual pleasure.

The first letter in the Collection, written when Madame de Sévigné was a young and happy mother, gives a delightful foretaste of what its readers have to expect. She was then in her twentieth year, with a baby in her arms, and nothing but brightness in her eyes.

To the Count de Bussy-Rabutin.

'*March* 15*th*, (1647.)*

'You are a pretty fellow, are you not? to have written me nothing for these two months. Have you forgotten who I am, and the rank I hold in the family? 'Faith, little cadet, I will make you remember it. If you put me out of sorts, I will reduce you to the ranks. You knew I was about to be confined, and yet took no more trouble to ask after my health than if I had remained a spinster. Very well:—be informed

* Madame de Sévigné never, in dating her letters, gave the *years*. They were added by one of her editors.

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to your confusion that I have got a boy, who shall suck hatred of you into his veins with his mother's milk, and that I mean to have a great many more, purely to supply you with enemies. You have not the wit to do as much, you with your feminine productions.

'After all, my dear cousin, my regard for you is not to be concealed. Nature will proclaim it in spite of art. I thought to scold you for your laziness through the whole of this letter; but I do my heart too great a violence, and must conclude with telling you that M. de Sévigné and myself love you very much, and often talk of the pleasure we should have in your company.'

Bussy writes very pleasantly in return; but it will be so impossible to make half the extracts we desire from Madame de Sévigné's own letters, that we must not be tempted to look again into those of others. The next that we shall give is the famous one on the Duke de Lauzun's intended marriage with the Princess Henrietta of Bourbon; one of the most striking, though not the most engaging, in the collection. We might have kept it for a climax, were it not desirable to preserve a chronological order. It was written nearly four-and-twenty years after the letter we have just given; which we mention to show how she had retained her animal spirits. The person to whom it is addressed is her jovial cousin De Coulanges. The apparent tautologies in the exordium are not really such. They only represent a continued astonishment, wanting words to express itself, and fetching its breath at every comma.

To Mons. de Coulanges.

'*Paris, Monday, 15th December,* (1670.)

'I am going to tell you a thing, which of all things in the world is the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most bewildering, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the most exalting, the most humbling, the most rare, the most common, the most public, the most private (till this moment,) the most brilliant, the most enviable—in short, a thing of which no example is to be found in past times; at least, nothing quite like it;—a thing which we know not how to believe in Paris; how then are you to believe it at Lyons? a thing which makes all the world cry out, "Lord have mercy on us!" a thing which has transported Madame de Rohan and Madame d'Hauterive; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, when those who see it will not believe their own eyes; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, and yet perhaps will not be finished till Monday. I cannot expect you to guess it at once. I give you a trial of three times; *do you give it up?* Well, then, I must tell you. M. de Lauzun is to marry, next Sunday, at the Louvre, guess whom? I give you four times to guess it in: I give you six: I give you a hundred. "Truly," cries Madame de Coulanges, "it must be a very difficult thing to guess; 'tis Madame de la Vallière." No, it isn't, Madam. "'Tis

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Mademoiselle de Retz then?" No, it isn't, Madam: you are terribly provincial. "Oh, we are very stupid, no doubt!" say you; "'tis Mademoiselle Colbert." Further off than ever. "Well then, it must be Mademoiselle de Créqui?" You are not a bit nearer. Come, I see I must tell you at last. Well, M. de Lauzun marries, next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the king's permission, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de —— Mademoiselle —— guess the name;—he marries "MADEMOISELLE"—the *great* Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle, the daughter of the late MONSIEUR; Mademoiselle, grand-daughter of Henry the Fourth; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, cousin-german of the King, Mademoiselle destined to the throne, Mademoiselle, the only woman in France fit to marry Monsieur. Here's pretty news for your coteries! Exclaim about it as much as you will;—let it turn your heads;—say we "lie," if you please; that it's a pretty joke; that it's "tiresome;" that we are a "parcel of ninnies." We give you leave: we have done just the same to others. Adieu! The letters that come by the post, will show whether we have been speaking truth or not.'

Never was French vivacity more gay, more spirited, more triumphant, than in this letter. There is a regular siege laid to the reader's astonishment; and the titles of the bride come like the pomp of victory. Or, to use a humbler image, the reader is thrown into the state of a child, who is told to open his mouth and shut his eyes, and wait for what God will send him. The holder of the secret hovers in front of the expectant, touching his lips and giving him nothing; and all is a merry flutter of laughter, guessing, and final transport. And yet this will not suit the charming misgiving that follows. Alas, for the poor subject of the wonder! The marriage was stopped; it was supposed to have taken place secretly; and Mademoiselle, who was then forty-five years of age, and had rejected kings, is said to have found her husband so brutal, that he one day called to her, 'Henrietta of Bourbon, pull off my boots.' The boots were left on, and the savage discarded.

The letter we give next—or rather, of which we give passages—is a good specimen of the way in which the writer goes from subject to subject;—from church to the fair, and from the fair to court, and mad dogs, and Ninon de l'Enclos, and sermons on death, and so round again to royalty and 'a scene.' It is addressed to her daughter.

To Madame de Grignan.

'*Paris, Friday, March* 13, (1671.)

'Behold me, to the delight of my heart, all alone in my chamber, writing to you in tranquillity. Nothing gives me comfort like being seated thus. I dined to-day at Madame de Lavardin's, after having been to hear Bourdaloue, where I saw the Mothers of the Church; for

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'tion, that there must have been at least three hundred people 'to lard the fowls; that the dinner must have been served up 'in a great meadow, in tents pitched for the occasion; and that, 'supposing them only fifty, preparations must have been made a 'month beforehand.'

It is pleasant to bid adieu to Mademoiselle du Plessis, and breathe the air of truth, wit, and nature, in what has been justly called by the compiler of the work at the head of this article, one of 'Madame de Sévigné's most charming letters.* The crime of the fine gentleman servant who would not make hay, is set forth with admirable calmness and astonishment; and never before was the art of haymaking taught, or rather exemplified, in words so simple and so few. It is as if the pen itself had become a hay-fork, and tossed up a sample of the sweet grass. The pretended self-banter also, at the close, respecting long-winded narrations, is exquisite.

To M. de Coulanges.

'*The Rocks, 22d July,* (1671.)

'I write, my dear cousin, over and above the stipulated fortnight communications, to advertise you that you will soon have the honour of seeing Picard; and, as he is brother to the lacquey of Madame de Coulanges, I must tell you the reason why. You know that Madame the Duchess de Chaulnes is at Vitré: she expects the duke there, in ten or twelve days, with the States of Brittany.† Well, and what then? say you. I say, that the duchess is expecting the duke with all the states, and that meanwhile she is at Vitré all alone, dying with ennui. And what, return you, has this to do with Picard? Why, look;—she is dying with ennui, and I am her only consolation, and so you may readily conceive that I carry it with a high hand over Mademoiselles de Kerborgne and de Kerqueoison. A pretty roundabout way of telling my story, I must confess; but it will bring us to the point. Well then, as I am her only consolation, it follows that, after I have been to see her, she will come to see me, when of course I shall wish her to find my garden in good order, and my walks in good order—those fine walks, of which you are so fond. Still you are at a loss to conceive whither they are leading you now. Attend then, if you please, to a little suggestion by the way. You are aware that haymaking is going forward? Well, I have no haymakers: I send into the neighbouring fields to press them into my service; there are none to be found; and so all my own people are summoned to make hay instead. But do you know what haymaking is? I will tell you. Haymaking is the prettiest thing in the world. You play at turning the grass over in a meadow; and as soon as you know how to do that, you

* The original appears in the 'Lettres Choisies,' edited by Girault.
† He was Governor of the province.

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know how to make hay. The whole house went merrily to the task, all but Picard: he said he would not go; that he was not engaged for such work; that it was none of his business; and that he would sooner betake himself to Paris. 'Faith! didn't I get angry? It was the hundredth disservice the silly fellow had done me: I saw he had neither heart nor zeal; in short, the measure of his offence was full. I took him at his word; was deaf as a rock to all entreaties in his behalf; and he has set off. It is fit that people should be treated as they deserve. If you see him, don't welcome him; don't protect him; and don't blame me. Only look upon him as, of all servants in the world, the one the least addicted to hay-making, and therefore the most unworthy of good treatment. This is the sum-total of the affair. As for me, I am fond of straight-forward histories, that contain not a word too much; that never go wandering about, and beginning again from remote points; and accordingly, I think I may say, without vanity, that I hereby present you with the model of an agreeable narration.'

In the course of the winter following this haymaking, Madame de Sévigné goes to Paris; and with the exception of an occasional visit to the house at Livry, to refresh herself with the spring-blossoms and the nightingales, remains there till July, when she visits her daughter in Provence, where she stayed upwards of a year, and then returned to the metropolis. It is not our intention to notice these particulars in future; but we mention them in passing, to give the reader an idea of the round of her life between her town and country houses, and the visits to Madame de Grignan, who sometimes came from Provence to her. In the country, she does nothing but read, write, and walk, and occasionally see her neighbours. In town, she visits friends, theatres, churches, nunneries, and the court; is now at the Coulangeses, now dining with Rochefoucauld, now paying her respects to some branch of royalty; and is delighted and delighting wherever she goes, except when she is weeping for her daughter's absence, or condoling with the family disasters resulting from campaigns. In the summer of 1672 was the famous passage of the Rhine, at which Rochefoucauld lost a son, whose death he bore with affecting patience. The once intriguing but now devout princess, the Duchess de Longueville, had the like misfortune, which she could not endure so well. Her grief nevertheless was very affecting too, and Madame de Sévigné's plain and passionate account of it has been justly admired. In general, at the court of Louis XIV. all was apparently ease, luxury, and delight, (with the exception of the jealousies of the courtiers and the squabbles of the mistresses;) but every now and then there is a campaign—and then all is glory, and finery, and lover's tears, when the warriors are setting out; and fright, and trepidation, and distracting suspense, when the news arrives of a bloody battle. The suspense is removed by

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undoubted intelligence; and then, while some are in paroxysms of pride and rapture at escapes, and exploits, and lucky wounds, others are plunged into misery by deaths.

Extract from a letter to Madame de Grignan.

'You never saw Paris in such a state as it is now; every body is in tears, or fears to be so: poor Madame de Nogent is beside herself; Madame de Longueville, with her lamentations, cuts people to the heart. I have not seen her; but you may rely on what follows. * * * They sent to Port-Royal for M. Arnauld and Mademoiselle Vertus to break the news to her. The sight of the latter was sufficient. As soon as the Duchess saw her—"Ah! Mademoiselle, how is my brother?" (the great Condé.) She did not dare to ask further. "Madame, his wound is going on well; there has been a battle." "And my son?" No answer. "Ah! Mademoiselle, my son, my dear child—answer me—is he dead?" "Madame, I have not words to answer you." "Ah! my dear son; did he die instantly? had he not one little moment? Oh! great God, what a sacrifice!" And with that she fell upon her bed; and all which could express the most terrible anguish, convulsions, and faintings, *and a mortal silence*, and stifled cries, and the bitterest tears, and hands clasped towards heaven, and complaints the most tender and heart-rending—all this did she go through. She sees a few friends, and keeps herself barely alive, in submission to God's will; but has no rest; and her health, which was bad already, is visibly worse. For my part, I cannot help wishing her dead outright, not conceiving it possible that she can survive such a loss.'

We have taken no notice of the strange death of Vatel, steward to the Prince de Condé, who killed himself out of a point of honour, because a dinner had not been served up to his satisfaction. It is a very curious relation, but more characteristic of the poor man than of the writer. For a like reason, we omit the interesting though horrible accounts of Brinvilliers and La Voisin, the poisoners. But we cannot help giving a tragedy told in a few words, both because Madame de Sévigné was herself highly struck with it, and for another reason which will appear in a note.

'The other day, on his coming into a ball-room, a gentleman of Brittany was assassinated by two men in women's clothes. One held him while the other deliberately struck a poniard to his heart. Little Harouïs, who was there, was shocked at beholding this person, whom he knew well, stretched out upon the ground, *full-dressed, bloody, and dead.* His account (adds Madame de Sévigné) forcibly struck my magination.'*

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* We have taken the words in Italics from the version of the letters published in 1765, often a very meritorious one, probably by various

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The following letter contains a most graphic description of the French court, in all its voluptuous gaiety; and the glimpses which it furnishes of the actors on the brilliant scene, from the king and the favourite to Dangeau, the skilful gamester—cool, collected, and calculating—amidst the gallant prattle around him, give to its details a degree of life and animation not to be surpassed:—

To Madame de Grignan.

'*Paris, Wednesday, 29th July,* (1676.)

'We have a change of the scene here, which will gratify you as much as it does all the world. I was at Versailles last Saturday with the Villarses. You know the Queen's toilet, the mass, and the dinner? Well, there is no need any longer of suffocating ourselves in the crowd to get a glimpse of their majesties at table. At three the King, the Queen, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, and every thing else which is royal, together with Madame de Montespan and train, and all the courtiers, and all the ladies—all, in short, which constitutes the court of France—is assembled in that beautiful apartment of the king's, which you remember. All is furnished divinely, all is magnificent. Such a thing as heat is unknown; you pass from one place to another without the slightest pressure. A game at *reversis* gives the company a form and a settlement. The King and Madame de Montespan keep a bank together: different tables are occupied by Monsieur, the Queen, and Madame de Soubise, Dangeau* and party, Langlée and party:—every where you see heaps of *louis d'ors*; they have no other counters. I saw Dangeau play, and thought what fools we all were beside him. He dreams of nothing but what concerns the game; he wins where others lose; he neglects nothing, profits by every thing, never has his attention diverted; in short, his science bids defiance to chance. Two hundred thousand francs in ten days, a hundred thousand crowns in a month—these are the pretty

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hands,' some passages exhibiting an ignorance of the commonest terms hardly possible to be reconciled with a knowledge of the rest. The three special words above quoted are admirable, and convey a truer sense of the original than would have been attained by one more literal. The passage in Madame de Sévigné is *tout étendu, tout chaud, tout sanglant, tout habillé, tout mort.* We take the opportunity of observing that some of the directly comic as well as tragic relations in this version are rendered with great gusto; though it could not save us the necessity of attempting a new one—owing to the want of a certain life in the general tone, as well as an occasional obsoleteness of phraseology, somewhat startling to observe in so short a lapse of time as seventy-seven years. There is another version of a later date, and containing more letters; but though not destitute of pretensions of its own, it is upon the whole much inferior to the older one, of which it mainly appears to be a copy.

* The writer of the well-known Court-Diary.

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memorandums he puts down in his pocket-book. He was kind enough to say that I was partners with him, so that I got an excellent seat. I made my obeisance to the King, as you told me; and he returned it, as if I had been young and handsome. The Queen talked as long to me about my illness, as if it had been a lying-in. The Duke said a thousand kind things without minding a word he uttered. Marshal de Lorges attacked me in the name of the Chevalier de Grignan; in short, *tutti quanti* (the whole company). You know what it is to get a word from every body you meet. Madame de Montespan talked to me of Bourbon, and asked me how I liked Vichi, and whether the place did me good. She said that Bourbon, instead of curing a pain in one of her knees, did mischief to both. Her size is reduced by a good half, and yet her complexion, her eyes, and her lips, are as fine as ever. She was dressed all in French point, her hair in a thousand ringlets, the two side ones hanging low on her cheeks, black ribbons on her head, pearls (the same that belonged to Madame de l'Hôpital), the loveliest diamond earrings, three or four bodkins—nothing else on the head; in short, a triumphant beauty, worthy the admiration of all the foreign ambassadors. She was accused of preventing the whole French nation from seeing the King; she has restored him, you see, to their eyes; and you cannot conceive the joy it has given all the world, and the splendour it has thrown upon the court. This charming confusion, without confusion, of all which is the most select, continues from three till six. If couriers arrive, the King retires a moment to read the despatches, and returns. There is always some music going on to which he listens, and which has an excellent effect. He talks with such of the ladies as are accustomed to enjoy that honour. In short, they leave play at six; there is no trouble of counting, for there is no sort of counters; the pools consist of at least five, perhaps six or seven hundred louis; the bigger ones of a thousand or twelve hundred. At first each person pools twenty, which is a hundred; and the dealer afterwards pools ten. The person who holds the knave is entitled to four louis; they pass; and when they play before the pool is taken, they forfeit sixteen, which teaches them not to play out of turn. Talking is incessantly going on, and there is no end of *hearts*. How many hearts have you? I have two, I have three, I have one, I have four; he has only three then, he has only four;—and Dangeau is delighted with all this chatter: he sees through the game—he draws his conclusions—he discovers which is the person he wants; truly he is your only man for holding the cards. At six, the carriages are at the door. The King is in one of them with Madame de Montespan, Monsieur and Madame de Thianges, and honest d'Heudicourt in a fool's paradise on the stool. You know how these open carriages are made; they do not sit face to face, but all looking the same way. The Queen occupies another with the Princess; and the rest come flocking after as it may happen. There are then gondolas on the canal, and music; and at ten they come back, and then there is a play; and twelve strikes, and they go to supper; and thus rolls round the Saturday. If I were to tell you how often you were asked after—how many questions were put to me without waiting for answers—how often I neglected to answer—how little they cared, and how much less I did—you would

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see the *iniqua corte* (wicked court) before you in all its perfection. However, it never was so pleasant before, and every body wishes it may last.'

Not a word of the *morale* of the spectacle! Madame de Sévigné, who had one of the correctest reputations in France, wishes even it may last. *Iniqua corte* is a mere jesting phrase, applied to any court. Montespan was a friend of the family, though it knew Maintenon also, who was then preparing the downfall of the favourite. The latter, meantime, was a sort of vice-queen, reigning over the real one. When she journeyed, it was with a train of forty people; governors of provinces offered to meet her with addresses; and intendants presented her with boats like those of Cleopatra, painted and gilt, luxurious with crimson damask, and streaming with the colours of France and Navarre. Louis was such a god at that time—he shook his 'ambrosial curls' over so veritable an Olympus, where his praises were hymned by loving goddesses, consenting heroes, and incense-bearing priests—that if marriage had been a less consecrated institution in the Catholic Church, and the Jesuits with their accommodating philosophy would have stood by him, one is almost tempted to believe he might have crowned half-a-dozen queens at a time, and made the French pulpits hold forth with Milton on the merits of the patriarchal polygamies.

But, to say the truth, except when she chose to be in the humour for it, great part of Madame de Sévigné's enjoyment, wherever she was, looked as little to the *morale* of the thing as need be. It arose from her powers of discernment and description. No matter what kind of scene she beheld, whether exalted or humble, brilliant or gloomy, crowded or solitary, her sensibility turned all to account. She saw well for herself; and she knew, that what she saw she should enjoy over again, in telling it to her daughter. In the autumn of next year she is in the country, and pays a visit to an iron-foundery, where they made anchors. The scene is equally well felt with that at court. It is as good, in its way, as the blacksmith's in Spenser's 'House of 'Care,' where the sound was heard

> "Of many iron hammers, beating rank,
> And answering their weary turns around;"

and where the visiter is so glad to get away from the giant and his 'strong grooms,' all over smoke and horror.

Extract of a Letter to Madame de Grignan.

'*Friday, 1st October,* (1677.)

* * * 'Yesterday evening at Cone, we descended into a veritable hell, the true forges of Vulcan. Eight or ten cyclops were at work, forging,

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not arms for Æneas, but anchors for ships. You never saw strokes redoubled so justly, nor with so admirable a cadence. We stood in the middle of four furnaces, and the demons came passing about us, all melting in sweat, with pale faces, wild-staring eyes, savage mustaches, and hair long and black; a sight enough to frighten less well-bred folks than ourselves. As to me, I could not comprehend the possibility of refusing any thing which these gentlemen, in their hell, might have chosen to exact. We got out at last, by the help of a shower of silver, with which we took care to refresh their souls and facilitate our exit.'

This description is immediately followed by one as lively, of another sort.

'We had a taste, the evening before, at Nevers, of the most daring race you ever beheld. Four fair ladies, in a carriage, having seen us pass them in ours, had such a desire to behold our faces a second time, that they must needs get before us again, on a causeway made only for one coach. My dear, their coachman brushed our very whiskers; it is a mercy they were not pitched into the river; we all cried out 'for God's sake;' they, for their parts, were dying with laughter; and they kept galloping on *above* us and before us, in so tremendous and unaccountable a manner, that we have not got rid of the fright to this moment.'

There is a little repetition in the following, because truth required it; otherwise it is all as good as new, fresh from the same mint that throws forth every thing at a heat—whether anchors, or diamond ear-rings, or a coach in a gallop.

'*Paris, 29th November*, (1679.)

* * * 'I have been to this wedding of Madame de Louvois. How shall I describe it? Magnificence, illuminations, all France, dresses all gold and brocade, jewels, braziers full of fire, and stands full of flowers, confusions of carriages, cries out of doors, flambeaus, pushings back, people knocked up;—in short, a whirlwind, a distraction; questions without answers, compliments without knowing what is said, civilities without knowing who is spoken to, feet entangled in trains. From the middle of all this, issue enquiries after your health; which, not being answered as quick as lightning, the enquirers pass on, contented to remain in the state of ignorance and indifference in which they were made. *O vanity of vanities!* Pretty little De Mouchy has had the small-pox. *O vanity*, et cetera!'

In Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' is a reference by the great and gloomy moralist to a passage in Madame de Sévigné, in which she speaks of existence having been imposed upon her without her consent; but the conclusion he draws from it as to her opinion of life in general, is worthy of the critic who 'never read books 'through.' The momentary effusion of spleen is contradicted by the whole correspondence. She occasionally vents her dissatisfaction at a rainy day, or the perplexity produced in her

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mind by a sermon; and when her tears begin flowing for a pain in her daughter's little finger, it is certainly no easy matter to stop them; but there was a luxury at the heart of this woe. Her ordinary notions of life were no more like Johnson's, than rose-colour is like black, or health like disease. She repeatedly proclaims, and almost always shows, her delight in existence; and has disputes with her daughter, in which she laments that she does not possess the same turn of mind. There is a passage, we grant, on the subject of old age, which contains a reflection similar to the one alluded to by Johnson, and which has been deservedly admired for its force and honesty. But even in this passage, the germ of the thought was suggested by the melancholy of another person, not by her own. Madame de la Fayette had written her a letter urging her to retrieve her affairs, and secure her health, by accepting some money from her friends, and quitting the Rocks for Paris;—offers which, however handsomely meant, she declined with many thanks, and not a little secret indignation; for she was very jealous of her independence. In the course of this letter, Madame de la Fayette, who herself was irritable with disease, and who did not write it in a style much calculated to prevent the uneasiness it caused, made abrupt use of the words, 'You are old.' The little hard sentence came like a blow upon the lively, elderly lady. She did not like it at all; and thus wrote of it to her daughter:—

'So you were struck with the expression of Madame de la Fayette, blended with so much friendship. 'Twas a truth, I own, which I ought to have borne in mind; and yet I must confess it astonished me, for I do not yet perceive in myself any such decay. Nevertheless I cannot help making many reflections and calculations, and I find the conditions of life hard enough. It seems to me that I have been dragged, against my will, to the fatal period when old age must be endured; I see it; I have come to it; and I would fain, if I could help it, not go any further; not advance a step more in the road of infirmities, of pains, of losses of memory, of *disfigurements* ready to do me outrage; and I hear a voice which says, You must go on in spite of yourself; or, if you will not go on, you must die;—and this is another extremity, from which nature revolts. Such is the lot, however, of all who advance beyond middle life. What is their resource? To think of the will of God and of the universal law; and so restore reason to its place, and be patient. Be you then patient, accordingly, my dear child, and let not your affections often into such tears as reason must condemn.'

The whole heart and good sense of humanity seem to speak in passages like these, equally removed from the frights of the superstitious, and the flimsiness or falsehood of levity. The ordinary comfort and good prospects of Madame de Sévigné's existence, made her write with double force on these graver sub-

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jects, when they presented themselves to her mind. So, in her famous notice of the death of Louvois the minister—never, in a few words, were past ascendency and sudden nothingness more impressively contrasted.

'I am so astonished at the news of the sudden death of M. de Louvois, that I am at a loss how to speak of it. Dead, however, he is, this great minister, this potent being, who occupied so great a place; whose *me*, (*le moi*,) as M. Nicole says, had so wide a dominion; who was the centre of so many orbs. What affairs had he not to manage! what designs, what projects, what secrets! what interests to unravel, what wars to undertake, what intrigues, what noble games at chess to play and to direct! Ah! my God, give me a little time: I want to give check to the Duke of Savoy—checkmate to the Prince of Orange. No, no, you shall not have a moment—not a single moment. Are events like these to be talked of? Not they. We must reflect upon them in our closets.'

This is part of a letter to her cousin Coulanges, written in the year 1691. Five years afterwards she died.

The two English writers who have shown the greatest admiration of Madame de Sévigné, are Horace Walpole and Sir James Mackintosh. The enthusiasm of Walpole, who was himself a distinguished letter-writer and wit, is mixed up with a good deal of self-love. He bows to his own image in the mirror beside her. During one of his excursions to Paris, he visits the Hôtel de Carnavalet and the house at Livry; and has thus described his impressions, after his half-good half-affected fashion:—

'Madame de Chabot I called on last night. She was not at home, but the Hôtel de Carnavalet was; and I stopped on purpose to say an Ave-Maria before it.' (This pun is suggested by one in Bussy-Rabutin.) 'It is a very singular building, not at all in the French style, and looks like an *ex voto*, raised to her honour by some of her foreign votaries. I don't think her half-honoured enough in her own country.'*

His visit to Livry is recorded in a letter to his friend Montague:—

'One must be just to all the world. Madame Roland, I find, has been in the country, and at Versailles, and was so obliging as to call on me this morning; but I was so disobliging as not to be awake. I was dreaming dreams; in short, I had dined at Livry; yes, yes, at Livry, with a Langlade and De la Rochefoucauld. The abbey is now possessed by an Abbé de Malherbe, with whom I am acquainted, and who had given me a general invitation. I put it off to the last moment, that the *bois* and *allées* might set off the scene a little, and contribute to the vision; but it did not want it. Livry is situate in the Forêt de Bondi,

* *Letters, &c.* Vol. V., p. 74, Edit. 1840.

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very agreeably on a flat, but with hills near it, and in prospect. There is a great air of simplicity and *rural* about it, more regular than our taste, but with an old-fashioned tranquillity, and nothing of *colifichet*, (frippery.) Not a tree exists that remembers the charming woman, because in this country an old tree is a traitor, and forfeits his head to the crown; but the plantations are not young, and might very well be as they were in her time. The Abbé's house is decent and snug; a few paces from it is the sacred pavilion built for Madame de Sévigné by her uncle, and much as it was in her day; a small saloon below for dinner, then an arcade, but the niches now closed, and painted in fresco with medallions of her, the Grignan, the Fayette, and the Rochefoucauld. Above, a handsome large room, with a chimneypiece in the best taste of Louis the Fourteenth's time; a Holy Family in good relief over it, and the cipher of her uncle Coulanges; a neat little bedchamber within, and two or three clean little chambers over them. On one side of the garden, leading to the great road, is a little bridge of wood, on which the dear woman used to wait for the courier that brought her daughter's letters. Judge with what veneration and satisfaction I set my foot upon it! If you will come to France with me next year, we will go and sacrifice on that sacred spot together.'—(*Id. p.* 142.)

Sir James Mackintosh became intimate with the letters of Madame de Sévigné during his voyage from India, and has left some remarks upon them in the Diary published in his Life.

'The great charm,' he says, 'of her character seems to me a *natural* virtue. In what she does, as well as in what she says, she is unforced and unstudied; nobody, I think, had so much morality without constraint, and played so much with amiable feelings without falling into vice. Her ingenious, lively, social disposition, gave the direction to her mental power. She has so filled my heart with affectionate interest in her as a living friend, that I can scarcely bring myself to think of her as a writer, or as having a style; but she has become a celebrated, perhaps an immortal writer, without expecting it: she is the only classical writer who never conceived the possibility of acquiring fame. Without a great force of style, she could not have communicated those feelings. In what does that talent consist? It seems mainly to consist in the power of working bold metaphors, and unexpected turns of expression, out of the most familiar part of conversational language.'*

Sir James proceeds to give an interesting analysis of this kind of style, and the way in which it obtains ascendency in the most polished circles; and all that he says of it is very true. But it seems to us, that the main secret of the '*charm*' of Madame de Sévigné is to be found neither in her 'natural 'virtue,' nor in the style in which it expressed itself, but in something which interests us still more for our own sakes than the

* *Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh.* Sec. Edit., Vol. II., p. 217.

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writer's, and which instinctively compelled her to adopt that style as its natural language. We doubt extremely, in the first place, whether any great 'charm' is ever felt in her virtue, natural or otherwise, however it may be respected. Readers are glad, certainly, that the correctness of her reputation enabled her to write with so much gaiety and boldness; and perhaps (without at all taking for granted what Bussy-Rabutin intimates about secret lovers) it gives a zest to certain freedoms in her conversation, which are by no means rare; for she was any thing but a prude. We are not sure that her character for personal correctness does not sometimes produce even an awkward impression, in connexion with her relations to the court and the mistresses; though the manners of the day, and her superiority to sermonizing and hypocrisy, relieve it from one of a more painful nature. Certain we are, however, that we should have liked her still better, had she manifested a power to love somebody else besides her children; had she married again, for instance, instead of passing a long widowhood from her five-and-twentieth year, not, assuredly, out of devotion to her husband's memory. Such a marriage, we think, would have been quite as natural as any virtue she possessed. The only mention of her husband that we recollect in all her correspondence, with the exception of the allusion to Ninon, is in the following date of a letter:—

'Paris, Friday Feb. 5, 1672. This day thousand years I was married.'

We do not accuse her of heartlessness. We believe she had a very good heart. Probably, she liked to be her own mistress; but this does not quite explain the matter in so loving a person. There were people in her own time who doubted the love for her daughter—surely with great want of justice. But natural as that virtue was, and delightful as it is to see it, was the *excess* of it quite so natural? or does a thorough intimacy with the letters confirm our belief in that excess? It does not. The love was real and great; but the secret of what appears to be its extravagance is, perhaps, to be found in the love of power; or, not to speak harshly, in the inability of a fond mother to leave off her habits of guidance and dictation, and the sense of her importance to her child. Hence a fidgetiness on one side, which was too much allied to exaction and self-will, and a proportionate tendency to ill-concealed, and at last open impatience on the other. The demand for letters was not only incessant and avowed; it was to be met with as zealous a desire, on the daughter's part, to supply them. If little is written, pray write more: if much, don't write so much for fear of headaches. If the headaches are complained of, what misery! if not complained of, something worse and more cruel has taken place—it is a con-

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cealment. Friends must take care how they speak of the daughter as too well and happy. The mother then brings to our mind the Falkland of Sheridan, and expresses her disgust at these 'perfect-health folks.' Even lovers tire under such *surveillance;* and as affections between mother and child, however beautiful, are not, in the nature of things, of a like measure of reciprocity, a similar result would have been looked for by the discerning eyes of Madame de Sévigné, had the case been any other than her own. But the tears of self-love mingle with those of love, and blind the kindest natures to the difference. It is too certain, or rather it is a fact which reduces the love to a good honest natural size, and therefore ought not, so far, to be lamented, that this fond mother and daughter, fond though they were, jangled sometimes, like their inferiors, both when absent and present, leaving nevertheless a large measure of affection to diffuse itself in joy and comfort over the rest of their intercourse. It is a common case, and we like neither of them a jot the less for it. We may only be allowed to repeat our wish (as Madame de Grignan must often have done) that the 'dear Marie de Rabutin,' as Sir James Mackintosh calls her, had had a second husband, to divert some of the responsibilities of affection from her daughter's head. Let us recollect, after all, that we should not have heard of the distress but for the affection; that millions who might think fit to throw stones at it, would in reality have no right to throw a pebble; and that the wit which has rendered it immortal, is beautiful for every species of truth, but this single deficiency in self-knowledge.

That is the great charm of Madame de Sévigné—*truth.* Truth, wit, and animal spirits compose the secret of her delightfulness; but truth above all, for it is that which shows all the rest to be true. If she had not more natural virtues than most other good people, she had more natural *manners;* and the universality of her taste, and the vivacity of her spirits, giving her the widest range of enjoyment, she expressed herself naturally on all subjects, and did not disdain the simplest and most familiar phraseology, when the truth required it. Familiarities of style, taken by themselves, have been common more or less to all wits, from the days of Aristophanes to those of Byron; and, in general, so have animal spirits. Rabelais was full of both. The followers of Pulci and Berni, in Italy, abound in them. What distinguishes Madame de Sévigné is, first, that she was a woman so writing, which till her time had been a thing unknown, and has not been since witnessed in any such charming degree; and second, and above all, that she writes 'the truth, the whole 'truth, and nothing but the truth;' never giving us falsehood of any kind, not even a single false metaphor, or only half-

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true simile or description; nor writing for any purpose on earth, but to say what she felt, and please those who could feel with her. If we consider how few writers there are, even among the best, to whom this praise, in its integrity, can apply, we shall be struck, perhaps, with a little surprise and sorrow for the craft of authors in general; but certainly with double admiration for Madame de Sévigné. We do not mean to say that she is always right in opinion, or that she had no party or conventional feelings. She entertained, for many years, some strong prejudices. She was bred up in so exclusive an admiration for the poetry of Corneille, that she thought Racine would go out of fashion. Her loyalty made her astonished to find that Louis was not invincible; and her connexion with the Count de Grignan, who was employed in the *dragonades* against the Huguenots, led her but negatively to disapprove those inhuman absurdities. But these were accidents of friendship or education: her understanding outlived them; nor did they hinder her, meantime, from describing truthfully what she felt, and from being right as well as true in nine-tenths of it all. Her sincerity made even her errors a part of her truth. She never pretended to be above what she felt; never assumed a profound knowledge; never disguised an ignorance. Her mirth, and her descriptions, may sometimes appear exaggerated; but the spirit of truth, not of contradiction, is in them; and excess in such cases is not falsehood, but enjoyment—not the wine adulterated, but the cup running over. All her wit is healthy; all its images entire and applicable throughout—not palsy-stricken with irrelevance; not forced in, and then found wanting, like Walpole's conceit about the trees, in the passage above quoted. Madame de Sévigné never wrote such a passage in her life. All her lightest and most fanciful images, all her most daring expressions, have the strictest propriety, the most genuine feeling, a home in the heart of truth;—as when, for example, she says, amidst continual feasting, that she is 'famished for want of hunger;' that there were no 'interlineations' in the conversation of a lady who spoke from the heart; that she went to vespers one evening out of pure opposition, which taught her to comprehend the 'sacred obstinacy of martyrdom;' that she did not keep a 'philosopher's shop;' that it is difficult for people in trouble to 'bear thunder-claps of bliss in others.' It is the same from the first letter we have quoted to the last; from the proud and merry boasting of the young mother with a boy, to the candid shudder about the approach of old age, and the refusal of death to grant a moment to the dying statesman—'no, not a single moment.' She loved nature and truth without misgiving; and nature and truth loved her in return, and have crowned her with glory and honour.

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ART. VII.—*The Biographical Dictionary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.* 8vo. Vol. I. Part I. London: 1842.

ALTHOUGH it is not our habit to notice any part of a new publication until the undertaking, if it consist of successive volumes, is completed, we think it a duty not to pass unnoticed the first step which the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* has taken towards adequately supplying the want long felt in English literature, of a carefully prepared Universal Biography; because we consider this to be a work of paramount usefulness, and such as, in all probability, only an extensive Association could undertake. The design reflects the highest credit upon those who direct the concerns of the Body; and if it is honestly completed, and in a style corresponding to the sample before us, it will carry the name of the undertakers with merited honour to every quarter of the lettered world. That it will, at any rate, be *completed*, the fact of its being set on foot by such a Society, may be taken as a sufficient guarantee; and this is a circumstance of the utmost importance to the public, as it does away all the unpleasant apprehensions that must attend so extensive a publication, if commenced by one or a few individuals. It is on this account particularly that we now notice it, in order that it may have all the publicity, and, in as far as the design is concerned, all the recommendation that this Journal can afford it.

Down to the latter part of the seventeenth century, biographical works were confined to particular classes; the most elaborate of them relating to Ecclesiastics. Thus the *Acta Sanctorum Omnium*, written by Flemish Jesuits, and of which the first part appeared at Antwerp in 1643, extends to no less than fifty-three folio volumes; and Tillemont's *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire Ecclesiastique des six premiers Siècles de l'Eglise*, published at Paris in 1693, to sixteen quarto volumes.

Nor has English literature been altogether deficient in biographical works, limited to particular objects. Of these, the widest in its range is the *Biographia Britannica*, or the lives of 'the most eminent persons who have flourished in Great Britain 'and Ireland from the earliest ages to the present time.' The first edition was completed in five volumes folio, in 1766; and about twelve years afterwards, Dr Andrew Kippis, with the aid of Lord Hardwicke, (the author of the *Athenian Letters*,) Lord Hailes, Dr Percy, Bishop of Dromore, Dr Douglas, Bishop of

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Salisbury, Sir William Blackstone, and other eminent persons, undertook a new edition, which was carried down to the letter F, but no further. The loss to our historical literature, by the failure of this greatly improved and extended edition, was considerable.

It was in the year 1673 that Moréri's *Grand Dictionnaire, Historique et Critique*, a work mainly biographical, appeared; and it was extended in twenty subsequent editions during the succeeding eighty years to ten times its original bulk. Bayle's *Dictionnaire, Historique et Critique*, so justly celebrated, was at first intended only as a supplement to Moréri: it is almost entirely biographical, and the last edition of it extends to seventeen octavo volumes. Of both Moréri and Bayle, translations or abridgements had been published in England before the middle of the last century; and both were incorporated, with many additions, in the well-known 'General Historical Dictionary,' compiled by Dr Birch and others, and published in ten volumes folio.

At length there appeared in France, under the title of *Biographie Universelle*, a biographical dictionary aiming at universality, and aided by the literary contributions of the most distinguished writers in France, in fifty-two octavo volumes, completed in 1828. Since that time a supplement has been begun, of which twenty volumes have already appeared. Although unequal in the merit of its articles—an evil unavoidable in works of great extent by various authors—and although deficient in information concerning the obscurer persons whose lives one especially desires to find treated in a biographical dictionary, on account of the difficulty of finding elsewhere information concerning them, the *Biographie Universelle* is a work of which France has just reason to be proud—whether on account of the greatness of the undertaking, or the manner in which it has been executed.

We are reluctant to turn from this monument of the learning, talents, and assiduity of our neighbours, to the only corresponding publication which we can mention in our own language—namely, 'Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary,' completed in 1817, after a hurried publication of only five years, in thirty-two octavo volumes—a bulk into which it had grown from its original size in 1761-7, when, under the name of the 'English General Biographical Dictionary,' it was published in twelve volumes.

Chalmers's compilation contains many lives valuable for their accuracy and their learning; but these were chiefly transferred from other works, particularly that on which his own was built; for the new contributions, though not invariably bad, are not such

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as can satisfy either the learned or the general reader. They often evince a narrow and intolerant spirit, and have, in a word, no authority.

Far superior, in point of ability and execution, was a work which, though by a few years earlier, we mention after that of Chalmers, because not in its plan *universal.* We here refer to the work conducted by Dr John Aikin, and published under the title of 'General Biography, or Lives, critical and historical, of 'the most eminent persons of all ages, countries, conditions, and 'professions, arranged according to alphabetical order.' The Rev. Dr William Enfield, the learned and skilful abridger of Brucker's 'History of Philosophy,' had been originally associated in the editorship, but he died at an early period of the progress of the work; and most and the best of the lives were written by the surviving editor. But a great many, of very considerable ability, though perhaps of less elegance, were contributed by various other writers; particularly the Rev. Thomas Morgan, Mr Nicolson, and Mr William Johnston. This work, which is by some thought to be a little tinged by sectarian prejudices, extended to eight quarto volumes; but these unfortunately did not complete it, by exhausting the alphabet, as the volume last published closes with the life of Samuel, the Hebrew judge and prophet. The first of these volumes appeared in the year 1799, the eighth in 1813.

These meagre notices are not introduced certainly as a completed piece of literary history, but merely as helping to show the magnitude of that *desideratum* in our literature which the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* (never perhaps so well deserving the title) has undertaken to supply. It may now be expected that we should say a word or two in regard to that commencing portion of the undertaking here presented to us.

It is, notwithstanding, scarcely possible, and it would, in fact, be extremely unsatisfactory, to select, in this half volume, any particular lives calculated to serve as samples of the whole. The space occupied by any one memoir, in a Biographical Dictionary which aims at universality and completeness, ought to be so small as to admit little of that discursiveness and dissertation which often destroys all proportion among the articles of the *Biographie Universelle;* and if we here found long and elaborate lives, we should fear that they must extend the dictionary to an inconvenient bulk, or that to them must be sacrificed lives, without which it would have no claim to completeness. The lives, however, of Abelard, Pope Adrian, Sir Ralph Abercromby, the late Mr Abernethy, and President Adams, may be mentioned, among many others, as equally interesting by their fulness and

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instructive by their accuracy. Among other peculiar recommendations which the practised enquirer will discover, may be mentioned the introduction of many lives on which little or no information is to be obtained elsewhere—as the oriental, and particularly the Arabic articles, the Hebrew and the Scriptural articles. The freedom from all party and sectarian bias, is a merit of a far higher order, here easily to be discerned; thus furnishing a reasonable and strong presumption that the work will, throughout, possess this grand historical requisite.

One part of the Society's plan deserves peculiar commendation, on account both of its usefulness to the student, and of the security which it affords, that the authors have resorted to the best sources for their information—we mean the ample and exact list of authorities at the foot of each article. Although the name of the writer of a life is annexed to it, nothing can be less satisfactory to the reader than to find a number of facts related, without any means of ascertaining the truth within the author's reach; and without any indication of the sources to which an inquisitive reader may wish to resort for further knowledge. The want of this is a cardinal defect in the *Biographie Universelle*, as well as in Chalmers. Some of that extensive selection of lives contained in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, furnish highly commendable examples of this great recommendation; whilst others, particularly those contributed to that work by the late Dr Thomas Young—illustrious both as a man of Science and of Letters—may help to point out another most useful requisite, that of carefully indicating every acknowledged piece of an author, *however small*, and whether published separately, or in Transactions and Journals.

The greatest difficulty which the learned editor of this Dictionary (Professor Long) will have to encounter, is perhaps the acquiring of accurate and impartial information concerning persons who have lived in, or near our own times. In the lives of such persons, there will, too, be a perpetual tendency to give an undue extension, besides the greater danger of running into unfair censure or panegyric. On these tendencies, the eye of the Editor must be vigilantly fixed, and his authority to repress vigorously exercised. The lives of Lord Chief-Justice Abbot, of his namesake the Speaker, of the ingenious and accomplished architects Robert and James Adam, and of their amiable and venerable kinsman the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Scottish Jury Court, may be pointed out as laudably avoiding these faults.

The great importance of this undertaking we have already adverted to; and it is one which in a peculiar manner recom-

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mends it to this Society; as there can be no more effectual means devised of diffusing knowledge, in an agreeable form, in every department of human exertion.

The expediency of a numerous Association undertaking such a work has also been already stated. Not only must it occasion a heavy temporary loss, of which no individual can be expected to run the risk; but the powers of inspection, and of correction, possessed by fifty or sixty persons, of various habits of thinking and kinds of information, give the public the best chance of truth being pursued and error avoided. Having thus hailed, with a hearty welcome, the appearance of a work which we had long wished, rather than hoped to see commenced by competent undertakers, we shall not fail to keep an eye upon its progress; and to point out any failures or backslidings that may appear to be departures from its design and spirit, and likely to interfere with the objects of its enlightened promoters.

ART. VIII.—1. *Financial Statement of Sir Robert Peel, made 11th March* 1842. London, 1842.

2. *Speech of Charles Wood, Esq., M.P., on the Duty on Foreign Wool.* 1842.

3. *Speeches of Viscount Palmerston on Wednesday 10th May, and 21st July* 1842. Ridgways, 1842.

POLITICAL and party triumphs differ as much in principle as in degree. By some, the mere possession of office, and the personal advantages either enjoyed or expected, are considered a party triumph. This is but low selfishness, however it may assume the disguise of public spirit. To others, party success is understood to represent the overthrow of a political opponent, and the acquisition of power by a friend. This, although raised above selfishness, is yet below true patriotism. It is the glory of the strife, and the exultation of victory:—*la gloria maggior dopo il periglio.* It resembles rather the reward 'reaped in the iron harvests 'of the field,' than the nobler crown which bears the inscription *ob cives servatos.* A higher and a nobler triumph is that, of which the accession of Lord Grey to power, in November 1830, affords the most brilliant example. On that occasion the change of the government was secondary to the alteration of policy; and the success of the Whigs was forgotten in the success of that cause which adopted as its principles Reform, Peace, and Retrenchment;—principles carried into effect by Lord Grey in every act of his administration. In a case like this, party

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triumph is exalted, yet the feelings it excites are not unmixed. It is impossible to forget, that the power which is used for the benefit of others is yet possessed by ourselves. Pre-eminence, admitted superiority over the fallen enemy, are all claimed by the victorious party; and the success of a good measure is not the less felt, when it is announced amidst the exulting cheers following a triumphant division. In each of the cases we have described, selfish feeling and personal motives may, and at times must enter; and these, like the alloy spoken of by Lord Bacon, though making the metal of party work better, yet debase it.

To render party triumph pure, it should be separated from all these grosser substances. If reduced to a triumph of principle only—if the success attained is that of sound opinion, if the benefits we receive are gained by us as members of the community and not as members of a party, if they are shared with all our fellow-citizens, if their ultimate tendency is to benefit all our fellow-men, and if freed from all the biasses of gratified ambition—it appears to us, that in this case political success partakes of the nature of a moral triumph; and that it is of all triumphs the most exalted and the most enduring. Nor is it true that, in assigning this superiority to the success of party principles, as distinguished from the possession of political power, there is any over-refinement of doctrine. Our political affection is not a mere Platonism. In reality, we shall embrace the Juno, and not the cloud; for we confidently believe that a party giving those generous impulses to their country, which practically advance the cause of liberty, knowledge, civilization, and truth, will receive, as they deserve, from their contemporaries, and still more certainly from posterity, the reward of fame and gratitude; whilst those who become the passive and frequently the reluctant slaves of circumstances—men who change their course while they adhere to their opinions—may, by dexterous shiftings of the sail and trimming of the ballast, keep a crazy boat afloat, or preserve a discontented crew from open mutiny; but must lessen, if they do not forfeit, their claim on the respect and confidence of those fellow-men in whose sight they are acting, and for whose benefit they are bound to act.

The general observations we have made, apply in a most remarkable degree to the events of the Last Session. We know not whether the great victory of the Reform Bill, the success of the Municipal Act, the repeal of all laws imposing civil disqualifications for religious opinions, have been triumphs practically greater than those which may be claimed on behalf of Liberal opinions during the session of 1842. We are quite prepared for the scoffing reply of our political opponents. They will tell us, that it is to them, and to them only, that is justly due all

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that has been achieved. They will tell us, that as their leaders carried Catholic emancipation in 1829, so they have laid the foundation of commercial freedom in 1842. We thank them for their illustration, and we most fully admit its analogy. One which more entirely confirms our argument could not well be found. In that glorious procession which ushered in eight millions of our countrymen within the pale of the constitution, it is true that the Tory leaders were most prominent figures. But let the impartial historian decide in what character they appeared. On the car of triumph were raised the images of Fox and of Grattan, surrounded by those living statesmen who justly claimed an identity of principle, and who personified the victory which had been won. Their opponents seemed less the conquerors, than the slaves who had surrendered to force; or they could be considered but as mercenary troops at the best, who, deserting their ancient standards, had passed over to the enemy's ranks, at the dictation of their *Condottieri*. Nor was this change of position effected without the curses loud and deep, and the bitter scoff, and the contemptuous ridicule of their former and more consistent comrades. The disgrace and ignominy were somewhat mitigated by the generous forbearance of those to whom the triumph was in reality due. Those who had made every sacrifice but that of principle for the Catholic cause, might well afford to pass over in silence the conduct of those who in 1829 were willing to sacrifice their former principle and their friends, but who declined making any other sacrifice. If the Catholic question is the precedent relied on in justification of the events of 1842, on the grounds we have stated we fully admit its force and its applicability.

Do we then blame Sir Robert Peel's government in 1842, any more than the Duke of Wellington's cabinet of 1829? We do not blame; but neither can we commend. In both cases, the men have been compelled to yield to events. In the history of states, there are periods in which words when spoken cannot be recalled; there are measures which, however stigmatized, none but the most frantic partisans can dream of repealing. Further, these measures and declarations, if founded on just principles, become the abundant source of measures of the same character. The seed is cast into the earth—it must and will germinate—the harvest may be more or less delayed—it may be reaped by other, and by unfriendly hands; but the harvest-time will surely come, and in its abundance the labours of those who broke up what seemed, for the time, an ungrateful soil—the skill of the husbandman who first guided the plough, he who sowed the good seed, which God has blessed with the increase—will not

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be forgotten in acknowledgments offered to the better-paid labourer, who has gathered the sheaves into his barn, and who enjoys the produce. It is on these grounds that we thank Fox and Grattan for the Bill of 1829; and Lord J. Russell and Mr Baring for all that is good in Sir R. Peel's Budget.

So far from exaggerating, we have greatly under-rated the events of 1842 in comparing them with the act of 1829. The last case was infinitely stronger than the former. A truer analogy would have been found if Mr Percival, after the overthrow of the ministry of Lord Grenville, and a general election made triumphant by the cry of No Popery, had himself proposed and carried the repeal of the Catholic disqualifications. The opposing principles of party were never so distinctly marked as at the last election. Party symbols were never so ostentatiously displayed. Elections were never made the scenes of more unscrupulous tactics, or of more deadly struggles. The last session of the last parliament had proclaimed to the world the charges brought against the Whig government, as well as their measures; these charges, collected from the debates, furnished unfailing themes at every Conservative dinner, and at the hustings of every county and borough throughout the empire. At the close of every session Toryism was made easy, and was adapted to all capacities in speeches of great point, and signal disingenuousness. The astute orator, to whom the robes of the advocate are better adapted than the ermine of an impartial judge, whilst affecting to hold the balance even, never employed any other than false weights. His sarcastic and sententious accusations were repeated and multiplied by a thousand echoes. The agriculturists were taught to consider their interests to be endangered by the measures of the Whig government; they were taught to consider their existence as a class, to be identified with the corn-laws of 1828. The new poor-law was described as being equally contrary to humanity and to religion; and the union work-houses were designated Whig Bastiles. Foreign competition, and freedom of commercial intercourse, were held up to odium, as the antagonist principles to British prosperity, and as the dreams of that reviled class, the political economists. The animosity of the manufacturing labourers was excited against their employers, by the encouragement given to the idle cry for a ten hours' bill; and by the propagation of the delusion, that the same rate of wages could be paid for a reduced period of labour. Wherever any attempt was made to introduce a police force, better adapted for the repression and punishment of crime than the inefficient Constabulary of former times, this was denounced as an invasion of the liberty of the subjects. The democratic views of the Chartists

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were all forgotten, and pardoned, wherever the Chartists could be used as effective adversaries to the Whig party. The plan of the government for extending education among the poorer classes, was described as being an insult to the Church, and as leading to latitudinarianism and irreligion. Every measure of legal reform, whether it applied to the correction of that monster abuse the Court of Chancery, or to the grand plan of Local Courts, was held up to suspicion; and opposed on the ground that it was bottomed on a love of patronage, and a desire to promote political influence and political corruption. The Irish policy of the government was denounced as being cramped and restrained by the supposed coercion exercised over the Lord-Lieutenant by Mr O'Connell and his associates. A battery was fixed and pointed against the Irish Courts of Justice, and the guns were worked by the most violent partisans of the Orange party in parliament. The defects of the Irish acts for registering voters were exaggerated as well as exposed—the most vigorous and brilliant of the Tory debaters, taking the lead in the attack, proclaiming loudly the duty and the urgent necessity of an instant remedy, and committing himself, with characteristic impetuosity and indiscretion, to the special remedy which he and his party considered needful. Our foreign policy was made the topic of the most virulent, but, at the same time, the most contradictory attacks. The foreign secretary was alternately charged with having made this country the subservient and submissive agent of France; and with having rudely and mischievously abandoned the French alliance. At one moment was Mehemet Ali held up as the originator of all Eastern civilization; and at another the Porte was described as the most precious and valuable of our allies. The Shah of Persia, for some short time was made the idol of the Tory skirmishers, who, however, soon transferred their allegiance to the captive courier of Sir John M'Neill. Shah Sooja, Dost Mahomed, and the Emperor of China, found their appropriate champions, who united in condemning all things done, and all persons employed by the Whig government. No passion or prejudice was neglected that could be excited for the purpose of recruiting the Tory ranks. Some of the more violent of the anti-slavery committees were induced to raise their voices even against the party which, having first abolished the slave trade, had finally blotted out from our statute-book the name of slavery. Even the advocates of temperance were pressed into the service, and were taught to consider hostilities in China as a war intended to compel a moral and self-denying race to consume opium against their will. It is true that the too eager hounds were now and then checked at the cover side, or stopped when in full cry, by an authoritative

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voice which they did not presume to disobey. And from the authority of the Duke of Wellington, as well as from the discretion and good feeling of the nobleman now at the head of the foreign office, the violence and unfairness of party attack, in the House of Lords, was mitigated, where it could not be repressed. The attacks on Lord Palmerston's measures, in the House of Lords, were generally made and supported by men who certainly did not add much of weight, either moral or intellectual, to the vehemence of assault—as ineffective as they were daring and unscrupulous. The government were also charged with weakness in being occasionally constrained, by the press of public business or by the unfair opposition they encountered, to postpone measures which had been promised and announced. Amongst these cases, the postponement of the bill for reforming the ecclesiastical courts was frequently referred to as a proof of a good measure lost, or suspended, by the incapacity or carelessness of Lord Melbourne's government. The same charges of weakness and incompetence were made whenever any government measures were curtailed or modified in deference to the judgment of their political opponents. But the best simulated indignation was reserved for the alleged neglect of the financial interests of the country by the Whigs; for the reluctance shown by them to keep up a surplus income; for the desire practically manifested to repeal taxation; and for the augmentation, assumed to have been made, to the funded and unfunded debt. In the same category of complaint, was placed their delay in introducing measures for the regulation of banking, and of our currency. Such were a few of the grievous charges brought against Lord Melbourne's government, and its supporters; and the disunion of the liberal ranks, and the violence of many of the newspapers, were referred to as unanswerable evidence of the universal condemnation of the Whig party.

Results of the most opposite description were promised, as the immediate and inevitable consequences of a Tory advent to power. Under their Saturnian reign, all that was dark and unpropitious was to become bright and genial. Power was to be substituted for weakness; financial property for financial discredit; the influence of Britain with foreign powers was to be restored to its palmy state, as at the Congress of Vienna:—we were told that no sovereign would hereafter dare to hesitate in fulfilling his engagements; commerce was again to crowd our ports with her ships and valuable cargoes. The manufacturing population, protected from foreign competition, and from the supposed cruelty of their masters, were promised an increase in wealth, under the blessings of a ten-hours' bill.

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Chartism and Socialism were to be extinguished; and tranquillity was to be the result of obedience to laws administered under trustworthy Tory authorities. The new poor-law bill was to be repealed, or, at least, the despots of Somerset House were to be dethroned. Ireland was to be governed on what were called Protestant principles; the personal animosity and unmitigated railings heretofore directed against Mr O'Connell, were to assume the shape of practical measures of repression; and, above all, the general policy of the government was neither to be checked nor controlled by any fear of the ultra-popular party, nor interrupted or influenced from apprehensions of the Roman Catholics. The cry for repeal was to be met by unmeasured scorn and uncompromising defiance. The education of the people was to be placed in the hands of the clergy of the Established Church. The mutilated versions of the Scriptures were to be banished from the Irish national schools. Archbishop Whately and his excellent colleague, Archbishop Murray, were to be removed from their sphere of useful and honourable labour in Ireland; and in England, a lay and political committee of the Privy Council, usurping the functions of a minister of public instruction, was to be replaced by a syndicate of bishops, assisted by the learned members for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. But we need not proceed with this enumeration. It is sufficient to say, that in all points whatsoever, the conduct of the promised Tory ministers was described as likely to form a contrast to that pursued by their too long successful opponents; and on every one of the questions to which we have adverted, the strongest expectations of a practical change of policy were either held out directly, or were encouraged by silent but expressive acquiescence, as the immediate results of a change in the Councils of her Majesty.

It was under the influence of these expectations that the General Election of 1842 took place. An appeal was made to the strongest and the most widely-spread prejudices. But we doubt whether this appeal would have been successful, had it not been for other contemporaneous circumstances. Unreasonable alarms had induced many very respectable but timid friends of liberal opinions to withdraw, or at least to modify, the support which they gave to the Whig government. England is never without a numerous class who are prone to be influenced by apprehension and timidity; and in this instance the ranks of the Alarmists received many recruits. The political fallacies which have been exposed with so much humour by Bentham, were all brought into play. Those who did not, and could not, object to Lord Melbourne and his colleagues, expressed the

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most unbounded and unconquerable dislike to some of the members of Parliament by whom the Cabinet was supported. Where no valid argument could be urged against the measures which the government had actually proposed, it was suggested, without a shadow of evidence, that other measures, intended to be proposed thereafter, were dangerous and revolutionary. On the other hand, while the defection took place of men over-scrupulous and apprehensive, the demands of the more eager politicians increased in number and in degree. They considered the loss of the former class of adherents, to impose upon the Government a necessity of going much beyond all their previously declared opinions. They considered the Government bound to adopt the doctrines of the Radical School, and to surrender at discretion. Nor were the attempts to accomplish this object confined to that gentle violence, which has sometimes been resorted to, even in cases of the most sincere and respectful political attachment. Threats of hostility, expressions of mistrust, and of want of confidence, were unscrupulously used in debate. The Government were called upon to confess themselves as formed of 'squeezable materials,' and as devoid of fixed opinions, and of courage to maintain them; or they were held up to the hostility of the ultra-liberal party, as Tories in disguise. Perhaps these most unjust and impolitic attacks, which were not participated in by any great portion of the people of England, or of the liberal party in parliament, were somewhat too contumeliously repelled. But this, if it were an error, was generous and sincere; for undoubtedly any course is more noble in public life than that of obtaining support under false pretences, or by disguising opinions —thus lowering the moral character of a statesman, in the vain expectation of increasing his political strength. We believe that it is now demonstrated that the government of Lord Melbourne did not lag behind the expectation of the great bulk of the people of England, but was rather in advance of the spirit of the times. An additional cause of weakness may be traced to the long duration of the Whig Administration itself. It had existed since November 1830. During that period, though we are satisfied that more was done for the cause of good government, and for the liberties of mankind, than had been achieved in the whole of the preceding century, still there were men, and classes of men, whose hopes had been disappointed, and whose expectations had been frustrated. The period of ten years is a severe trial to the popularity of any party, and after so long a tenure of office, a change is sometimes sought, or submitted to, for the sake of change alone. The Roman historian, in allusion to the political claims of rival candidates for the Consulship, gives the following

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as a reason why one should be preferred to his competitors:—
'Accedebat quod alter decimum prope annum assiduus in oculis
'hominum fuerat; quæ res minus verendos magnos homines ipsa
'satietate facit.' (Liv. lib. 35, c. 10.)

These causes were all greatly increased in their influences at the general election, by the lavish corruption used to procure returns. Would that we could with truth and sincerity declare our conviction, that corruption, and the base acts by which low ambition purchases a degrading success, had been confined to the Tories. But though we believe that for the introduction of these vile practices that party was mainly responsible, and that corruption was much more lavishly resorted to by them, it cannot be denied that both parties entered deeply into this competition of venality; and neither can be held free from reproach, though guilty in a far different degree. The unfortunate preservation in the Reform Bill of franchises which have fostered the most undisguised corruption; the rapidity with which the moral contagion was allowed to spread when introduced among the new and purer constituencies; the defence of these unconstitutional practices by those who held the poorer classes in contempt; the example given by too many of the higher orders, showing their greedy readiness to work this iniquity, led to a wider and more intense corruption in 1842, than had ever before been exhibited to the indignation of honest men.

Such were the leading causes which, in our judgment, produced the Tory majority in 1842. That majority we believe to have greatly exceeded the expectation of the leaders of the party. Perhaps we might also surmise that it exceeded in some cases their wishes: we feel most certain that it is inconsistent with their permanent interests. When Parliament met, the majority seemed to be overwhelming. The first vote was decisive: Sir Robert Peel found himself restored to power amidst the acclamation of a very noisy, if not a well disciplined, corps of followers. This majority left him no excuse with respect to his parliamentary strength, and his ability to propound measures—unless, indeed, (as was then shrewdly suspected, and as has since been conclusively proved,) the politics of the first Minister and of his supporters were not quite consistent with each other; and thus, in proportion as his apprehensions of Whig attack were lessened, the certainty of Tory mutiny was increased. Time was demanded by the new government to prepare their measures. This, under ordinary circumstances, would not have been at all unreasonable. But when it was considered that the principles to which the new government stood pledged, had either been openly avowed, or fully admitted, the indulgence sought for and granted

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was somewhat more than the occasion justified. Besides, the 'coy, reluctant, amorous delay,' which would not have been inappropriate in a young and blushing virgin, yielding her heart for the first time, seemed misplaced, if not ridiculous, when the lady at the altar was an experienced widow of maturer years, well acquainted with the world and all the ways of men.

We know not when more of curiosity and of expectation were combined, than at the real opening of the political drama in 1842. The theatre was crowded in all its parts. The applause of the Tory galleries was all prepared, and only awaited the signal. The stage lamps shone brightly. The great performers were known to be behind the scenes; the scenery, machinery, dresses, and furnishings were all said to be new, and to be got up under the direction of the new manager. The *premier coup d'archet* was heard; but when the curtain rose, and the performance was begun, greater astonishment and surprise could not have been created on comparing the playbill with the representation, than if the tragedy of Cato had been substituted for the Agreeable Surprise, or the dead march in Saul for the bridal chorus of the Freyschutz. It is true that all the actors whose names were announced, made their appearance; but, alas for the lovers of the melodrama! the actors appeared in new characters, and their dresses and machinery were those which had been so long worn and used by their rivals and predecessors. It is true that this bold confidence in the indulgence of their audience succeeded to a certain extent; but perhaps the cause was a theatrical one. The good folks had paid their money at the door, they had secured their seats, and, if they had yielded to their discontent, they might have been left without any play at all, or have been condemned to call back her Majesty's former servants.

If this contrast between the policy professed, and the policy pursued by the government, were not of the highest importance to the public interests, as well as to the characters of public men, it would be difficult to treat the subject with any decent seriousness. But, in order to estimate fairly the conduct of our present rulers, it is necessary to scrutinize more closely their proceedings during the last session. The three great branches of policy on which they had differed with their opponents were the Corn-Bill, and all agricultural questions—the Commercial Propositions contained in Mr Baring's and Sir Robert Peel's Budget—and the State of the Finances. We shall advert to the proceedings of the present government in respect to each.

The Conservative party had, we may say without exception, claimed credit for being pre-eminently the friends of the Agricultural interest; and had represented the protection of that

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interest against foreign competition to be the public duty to which they stood especially pledged. It is quite true, that in all these proceedings the leader of the party adhered to certain words of caution, which enabled him to disclaim any specific engagement. But the spirit of all the acts, and all the declarations of the members of the Government—and still more, all the acts and declarations of their friends and supporters—tended to impress a conviction on the minds of reasonable men, of what was the fixed determination of the Tory party. When Sir R. Peel was pressed to state his opinions on this subject, he referred, in reply, to the steady and earnest support which he had given to the existing corn-law. But he gave further and *personal* securities to the farmers of England; he took into his Cabinet, in high office, a nobleman whose claim upon public consideration consisted in his uncompromising defence of the corn-laws; and the Paymaster of the Forces was also a man who had resisted even the most mitigated proposals for the modification of our system. These personages were his 'Johnny Nokes and Peter Styles' pledges to prosecute, on behalf of the agriculturists. If there had been any two men in the whole political world, whose names, indorsed on Sir R. Peel's political bills of exchange, would have insured their circulation amongst the country gentlemen and their dependents, he could not have offered more acceptable security than that of the Duke of Buckingham and Sir E. Knatchbull. We do not suppose that many of our readers will consider a pledge to be less binding, because it results from an honourable understanding rather than from a distinct engagement. The confidence which is accepted from a great party, becomes a consideration which ought to pledge the leader, accepting such confidence, to the most scrupulous performance of the conditions into which he has tacitly entered. It would be a new era in British politics, if the Statute of Frauds were allowed to be pleaded in politics, and if statesmen were permitted with impunity to set aside an engagement because it was not reduced to a written form. If any man thinks that we have put this argument too strongly, we are willing to bring it to a very simple but decisive test. We ask the members of the Cabinet, one and all, whether they believe that they could have obtained their parliamentary majority had their measures been announced *before* the General Election. If this question is answered in the negative, it follows that the constituencies of the country have been grossly deceived; and it is for them to decide whether the Government, or their representatives, have been the deceivers.

But not only has the protection held out to the farmer, by the former corn-laws, been considerably relaxed; new measures,

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viewed with still greater alarm by the agriculturists, have been introduced and carried. That these measures were inconsistent with the principles on which it was fully understood that Sir Robert Peel's government was founded, is sufficiently proved by the resignation of the Duke of Buckingham, and the defection of a large portion of the ministerial members on the vote for reducing the duties on foreign cattle and provisions. The latter measure was one, we admit, considerably in advance of the propositions of the Whig ministry, and the step was taken in the right direction. But the dismay it created was unparalleled. Had it been announced in the Court Circular, that huge bales of Hamburg beef blockaded the door of the Board of Trade, or that a hundred foreign oxen roared at the levee of the first minister, the astonishment would not have been greater.

If, indeed, the measure was as productive of good to the public and the consumer, as it has been of alarm to the friends of monopoly, we should have been well satisfied. But while Sir Robert Peel professed to reduce the amount of protection on British grain, and did so, to a very considerable degree, there was one principle to which he held with a 'desperate fidelity.' He might afford to disappoint the expectations of his friends—he might depart from what were considered to be his implied engagements—he might throw overboard his colleague the Duke of Buckingham, and substitute for the ties of political connexion the less irksome bond of a blue ribbon; but whilst making all these sacrifices, the Sliding-Scale was held to be a sacred principle, to be adhered to through good and evil fortune. The present will be handed down to posterity under the title of the 'Sliding-Scale Government.' A sliding-scale proper, with the motto, *hâc scalâ vinces*, may hereafter be assumed by the official chivalry of Whitehall and Downing Street as the badge of their new order. We pray these victors for one moment to suspend their triumph, and to consider the effect of their glorious success. We were told that, under this cunning device, a steady and equable supply of foreign corn would be furnished to the consumer. We were assured that foreign corn would be entered, in time of need, at a much lower duty than the eight shillings fixed-duty of the Whigs; which duty, it was added, never ought to be, and could never be, enforced and collected when a state of distress prevailed. Yet what has been the operation of Sir Robert Peel's new law? The suffering people of England have known but too well how much their wretchedness has been increased, during the last spring and summer, by the high price of bread. But the effect of the present sliding-scale, as of every other modification of the same principle, has been, to check the

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entry of any considerable supply of foreign corn, till the price had reached its *maximum*, and the duty its *minimum*. It is obvious that, if the price of grain is steadily increasing from fifty shillings to fifty-five, to sixty, to sixty-five, and to seventy, no corn, or but a very small quantity of foreign corn, will ever be released from bond. The tendency to hold produce back will be greatly increased, when the seller, by so doing, obtains a double advantage, in a reduced duty as well as in an advanced price. It is principally when there is a prospect of falling prices, and of rising duties, that foreign grain is largely brought into the market from the bonded warehouse. The consequence of this necessarily is, that a prospect of an abundant harvest has brought into consumption many hundred thousand quarters of wheat, which would have remained in bond had scarcity been apprehended. Thus, a prospect of scarcity excludes, and a prospect of abundance admits, foreign corn. By this double operation, prices are eventually raised and eventually depressed; and the fluctuations between the highest and lowest ranges, are greater than they could be under any other system. In other words, the sliding-scale insures the largest supply when that supply is least required by the consumer; and limits the supply, however high the prices, when that supply is most necessary. Nor is the injury confined to the consumer. The sliding-scale acts equally to the great injury of the farmer. His prospects are injured, and injured frequently for many successive years, by prices unnaturally and artificially depressed; and, to complete the blessings of the sliding-scale, the revenue is at the same time exposed to loss. All this has been exhibited in the last few months; and the demonstration is so complete, that we doubt whether there will be hereafter found any but the luckless members of the Government itself to utter one word in defence of the sliding-scale.

This result, which all reasoners on this subject, whether in or out of parliament, predicted, will be practically exemplified by the Customs-House returns of the last six months. These accounts have not been given to a late period; but from what has appeared in the public papers, as well as in parliamentary returns, it is certain that the foreign and colonial wheat imported between the close of April, and the middle of August, has exceeded 2,400,000 quarters. Of this amount, 200,000 quarters, less than one-twelfth, were imported during the nine weeks from the close of April till the middle of July, during which time the price had steadily risen, and the duty had fallen from 13s. to 8s.; whilst nearly 2,000,000 quarters were imported in the five weeks after the duty had reached its minimum—the prospects of the harvest being then known to be favourable,

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and there being a certainty that prices must fall. The admission of foreign corn, during four consecutive weeks in July and August, exemplifies this principle still further.

1st week, .	62,209	quarters.
2nd week, .	71,644	ditto.
3rd week, .	364,073	ditto.
4th week, .	1,354,797	ditto.

It was stated in the public papers, that on the 11th July prices fell 2s., on the 18th 2s., on the 25th 2s. and 3s., on August 1st 4s. and 6s., on the 25th August 2s.,—in all, a fall of 15s., which led to the introduction of 600,000 quarters in a single day.

Our readers will thus see, that in place of a steady supply of foreign wheat, as promised by Sir Robert Peel, the supply in five weeks has exceeded tenfold the supply of nine weeks preceding; that in place of duties lower than the fixed duty proposed by Lord John Russell, the duty has either been exactly the same, or it has been higher; that in place of a repeal of this duty under the pressure of distress, as was prophesied, the duty has been defended and maintained; and, to complete this contrast, in place of having this supply introduced at the time it was most required, it was at the moment when the home produce was most abundant, and the prospects of a good harvest were realized, and not till then, that any very considerable amount of foreign wheat was brought into market for the benefit of the consumer.

With these observations, we think we may dismiss the Corn-Bill of the last session; but in doing so, we must admit, and we do it freely, that the measure, though not in itself good, was an improvement upon the previous law; though a moderate fixed duty, as we have frequently shown, would have been infinitely preferable; and the abandonment of all protection whatever, is the ultimate object to which our future legislation should tend, not only for the benefit of the consumers, but of the agriculturists themselves. A population increased in Great Britain alone to the enormous extent of 8,000,000 during the last forty years—with this population steadily augmenting at the rate of about 1000 souls a day—with the formidable dangers which must exist, so long as discontent is enabled to attribute every scarcity to acts of the legislature—founded, as those acts are, on what are considered the selfish interests of the legislators; the sliding-scale and its advocates will be condemned, as well by common sense as by popular indignation; and Sir R. Peel is much too skilful a tactician to maintain a contest in a position which he finds to be indefensible.

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Indeed, it is obvious, that in the principles he laid down, and the admissions he made, he has prepared the way, with great adroitness but with much caution, for the final abandonment of all protection whatever. His two 'rests,' at a duty of 6s. and 17s., are his preparations for a fixed duty: a fixed duty on his part will lead him further still. For this, his friends and supporters *passi graviora* must prepare themselves. They must try, if they can, to fall with dignity; or, if this is impossible, they should forget the ridicule to which '*the farmers' friends*' will be exposed by the acts of the Conservative chief, in the great benefits which his ultimate reforms will confer upon the country.

We proceed to the next of Sir Robert Peel's great measures, his Commercial Tariff; and here our approval may be more freely expressed; for the principles laid down by him, and by his distinguished coadjutor Mr Gladstone, were, with few exceptions, all we could wish, and all that the Masters of Economical Science could have required from public men. It was admitted unequivocally, that the aim of the legislature should be, to procure the most abundant and the cheapest supplies, and to encourage the freest and most unfettered commercial intercourse between nation and nation. We were told, and most truly, that a reduction of duty, if confined to duties paid upon home produce, would be more frequently a benefit to the monopolist than to the consumer. Sir Robert Peel, most justly, showed that this was the reason why the repeal of the leather-tax had not been productive of very general good. He further told us, that on the same principles a reduction of the duty on colonial sugars, if unaccompanied by a corresponding reduction on foreign sugars, would prove a failure. In all this, he laid down principles the most enlightened, in a manner the most convincing; but in so doing, it is undeniable that he *forswore the Tory faith*, and abandoned almost all the ancient doctrines upon which home protection and our colonial system is founded. From these principles he will find that there is no retreat. When the time comes (and it approaches speedily) when Parliament will be required to reconsider the Brazilian commercial treaty, and the duties on foreign sugar, we entertain no doubt that Sir Robert Peel will be reminded of these declarations. Indeed, our hope and expectation is, that these declarations will be embodied in the new arrangements which must then be adopted; in spite of the opposition of our colonial interests, or the misapprehensions of a mistaken philanthropy;—uninstructed by experience, and relying upon remedies already shown to be inadequate either for

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the amelioration of the condition of the foreign slave, or for the suppression of the slave-trade.

In proportion as these measures, and more especially the reduction of the duty on foreign cattle and provisions, gratified the Political Economists, and the liberal party in parliament, in that very degree did the opposition and discontent of the Tory country gentlemen manifest themselves. 'Was it for this,' they exclaimed, 'that we fought our battles at the registration courts and on the 'hustings? Was it for this that we expelled the Whig govern-'ment, and vindicated for ourselves the title of the farmer's 'friends? Not only are we called upon to bear a reduction of 'the existing protections upon British corn, more dangerous to 'us than the fixed duty of the Whigs, but we are also called on 'to renounce our still more valued system of entire prohibition, 'and to sacrifice to free-trade our flocks and herds, our firstlings 'and our fatlings. And we have to bear all this from our pro-'fessed friends!

> "Quid meruêre boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
> Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores;
> Quid meruistis oves, placidum pecus?"'

Nor was this discontent shown in complaints only. Indeed, if the principles of the aggrieved class had been as correct as they were sincere, they, like their oxen, might have been considered *natum tolerare labores*, had they surrendered without a struggle. They gave signs of resistance. Colonel Sibthorp and Mr George Palmer undertook the cause. Others, more able, prepared for the field; and many a ploughshare was forged into a sword, preparatory to an onslaught by the revolted agriculturists. We pray our readers to remember well the state of Parliamentary parties. Sir Robert Peel had staked the existence of his government on the success of the Tariff. If the Liberal party had hesitated in the course they ought to follow—had they joined, with the discontented agriculturists, in opposing the reduction of the duties on foreign cattle—Sir Robert Peel would have been left in a minority; and, on his own declaration, he must have resigned. But, in acting more honourably and more justly, the Opposition acted also more wisely. As in 1835, when, under similar circumstances, they had once before saved Sir Robert Peel from defeat on the question of the Malt Duty, they now, for the second time, threw their weight into the scale of their political adversaries: the measure was carried, and the existence of the government was preserved, by the active support of their opponents. Most fully was Lord Palmerston justified in stating that 'the

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'country has the satisfaction of knowing, that if the government 'should be deserted by any powerful body of its own friends in 'its attempts to carry its great principles into practice, the Oppo- 'sition of the present day, unlike the Opposition of a former pe- 'riod, which prided itself on obstructing improvement, will cor- 'dially and honestly support the Government in its progressive 'course, and will assist the right honourable baronet, even when 'deserted by his own friends, in carrying his liberal measures into 'full and complete effect.'

Still, whilst we thus are disposed to do full justice to the Government for the principles they have laid down, we must guard ourselves from the inference that these principles have either been very wisely or very justly applied in all cases. It is not just to expose the labour of the artisan to a foreign competition, while a disproportionate protection is still maintained to benefit the property of the rich. It is in vain to expect the shoemaker of Northampton, or the glover of Worcester or Yeovil, to consider that he is treated fairly, if the principles of free-trade are applied when against him, and not applied when in his favour. It is not wise to have maintained, and in some cases to have created, colonial protections by differential duties, which disfigure our commercial code, and will impede its future reform. Above all, it is contrary to sound principle, more especially at a moment like the present, to have permitted the duties upon the raw materials of Wool and Cotton to continue—increasing the difficulties of competition in foreign markets, and the distress and discontent of our manufacturing population. This subject has been most ably and conclusively argued in the speech of Mr Charles Wood, who, having already acquired high reputation as an able servant of the Crown, has, in his argument on the Wool duties, proved his eminent qualifications as an enlightened representative of a great manufacturing community.

We proceed, next, to consider what have been the Financial Measures of the late session; and we must here be allowed to observe, that the first acts of the government were by no means fortunate. We allude to the complicated proposition for funding and borrowing L.5,000,000. Had this measure been carried, as originally proposed, it would have proved an utter failure; and the public service would have been but inadequately provided for. It was a wise and provident suggestion made to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by his immediate predecessor, Mr Baring, which averted this disaster. This gentleman—to whose enlightened propositions when in office may be distinctly traced all that is most useful in the budget of this year, but

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who was also desirous, by his measures, to have rendered the imposition of increased taxes unnecessary—perceived, with great forethought, that it would be impossible, or at least highly improbable, that Mr Goulburn's measure would yield the revenue which was anticipated. He therefore recommended that Parliament should entrust the government with a power of selling stock, within certain limits. By adopting this suggestion, the public was saved from the most serious embarrassments; and Sir Robert Peel's government was saved from the reproach of having totally failed in their first financial operation. For this they are indebted to the disinterested suggestions of a political opponent; and we allude to this the more freely, because it does not appear that the Opposition have condescended to claim this result as a merit for themselves; or that they have ever pointed out the defects in Mr Goulburn's bill as a reproach to their opponents.

This, however, was but a preliminary question, and the *novitas regni* might have been some reasonable excuse for an official mistake. It is by the merits of the Budget of the government, as deliberately brought forward by Sir Robert Peel, that the character of his policy is to be tried. Every indulgence had been shown that could have been demanded. Full time was granted to enable the minister to mature his measures. No impatient or harassing motions were made in either house. But many were the surmises of friends and foes in respect to the forthcoming budget. With these anticipations, were combined a repetition of the often-refuted attacks against the Whigs. The accumulated deficiency of four successive years were added together, and were represented as constituting one annual deficiency now to be provided for. As well might the whole national debt have been called a deficiency of the year. This inane absurdity was repeated till it found credence in a willing, because an ignorant or a malignant, audience. It was stated, with an equal want of truth, that the Duke of Wellington's government had left to Lord Grey a surplus revenue of L.3,000,000. It is true that such a surplus had existed the year before the Duke of Wellington's resignation. But Mr Goulburn's repeal of the beer and leather taxes converted that surplus into a deficiency, amounting to nearly L.700,000, in 1831. We were also told that at length we should see the public credit of England placed on a permanent and satisfactory basis. We were assured that the alarming and increasing deficiency would be amply provided for. We know not but, among the older financiers, there might have been some who contemplated the re-establishment of a permanent Sinking-Fund. But a very considerable surplus of income over expen-

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diture was considered by all to be indispensable. The loss of revenue by the much reprobated reduction of postage duties, was now to be supplied, if not by a direct repeal of Lord Monteagle's act, at least by making provision for the income sacrificed. What had been most erroneously, as well as most mischievously, termed 'a tampering with the Savings Banks,' but which was, in fact, no tampering at all, was to be condemned and abandoned for ever. Care was to be taken that no increase of the public debt should hereafter take place; the income being to be more than equalized with the expenditure. Much of this was promised; and all that was not distinctly promised, was most confidently expected from Sir Robert Peel and his associates.

At length he made his celebrated financial propositions, in a speech of great ability and moderation, going far to satisfy the expectations of those who demanded from the Minister the enunciation of sound general principles, and extremely plausible and skilful in the manner in which his arguments were marshalled.

It was on the 11th of March that he submitted to Parliament these memorable propositions. His abstract declarations were all that could have been required, however he might have failed in applying principles practically. There certainly was not much candour or fairness in his adroit and plausible statement. In order to show the necessity of extreme remedies, he, too, added together the deficiencies of six successive years, giving the Public and Parliament to understand, that a sum of L.10,720,000 was to be provided for. Had he condescended to state the whole case fairly, he would have informed the House, that in the ten years of Whig government, from 1831 to 1840 inclusive, the surplus of income amounted to L.7,488,000, and the deficiency to L.4,803,000—showing an excess of income over expenditure of no less than L.2,101,000. Again, in referring to the charge of the debt, no reference was made either to the loan of L.20,000,000 raised for the West Indian planters; nor yet to the conversion of perpetual into terminable annuities. If an allowance is made for these operations, so far from there having been any real increase to the debt, the capital will be found to have been reduced L.22,592,000, between the years 1831 and 1841; and the annual charge to have been reduced by a sum of L.652,000 annually. We could easily point out other disingenuities and fallacies of the same kind. His statement of the resources of the present year was as follows:—

Estimated expenditure, -	L.50,819,000
Estimated income, - -	48,350,000
Deficiency, - -	L.2,469,000

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In a subsequent part of the speech, he stated this deficiency to amount to L.2,570,000. At a later period of the session, it was estimated at L.3,000,000.

The Minister greatly exaggerated the difficulties, and underrated the resources of the country. No assumption could be more groundless than that on which his entire Budget was bottomed—namely, that the power of raising revenue by indirect taxation was exhausted. But we do not, on this account, deny that a case was made out, requiring energetic and decisive remedies. Sir Robert Peel did not show any want of courage. He took a course not only bold, but wholly unprecedented in British history. He proposed to impose an income-tax in time of peace, producing, at the rate of sevenpence in the pound, L.3,700,000. From this tax he exempted Ireland, as well as all incomes below L.150 per annum. He further asked Parliament to sanction increased duties on Irish spirits, estimated at L.250,000, and on Irish stamps, estimated at L.160,000. These sums, with L.200,000 received on the export of coal, were calculated to add L.4,310,000 to the public income —converting the deficiency of L.2,469,000 into a surplus of L.1,800,000. So far the object of Sir Robert Peel would seem to have been gained, and the promises made by his party to have been fulfilled; a real and efficient surplus of income being thus provided. But he did not stop here. We remember that on the return to England of a late diplomatist, it was observed that he had earned a great character abroad: "Wait a while," said a cynical observer, "for you will see that he will spend it at home like a gentleman." So it was with Sir Robert Peel; for having obtained his surplus of L.1,800,000, he proceeded to spend it with more recklessness than the worst enemy could have attributed to any of his Whig predecessors. He sacrificed L.600,000 by reduction of the timber duties; L.170,000 by his alterations of the tariff; L.103,000 by the repeal of the export duties, and L.70,000 in stage-coach duties. These measures reduced the surplus to L.520,000. But this nominal surplus Sir Robert Peel himself admitted to be a real deficiency; for he stated, (Speech, p. 30,) 'that this surplus was to meet 'the increased charge for the war in China,' estimated (p. 21) at L.800,000; and also to meet 'the increased expenses which 'the affairs in India might render necessary within the year.' It is therefore clear, that, on Sir Robert Peel's data, even after the imposition of an income-tax, he has left the country with a deficient revenue.

But this is not all. The Government was compelled to give way in their singularly absurd project of imposing a duty of

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four shillings on coal exported. This most unwise proposition, which would have imposed a duty of 60 per cent on large, and 120 per cent on small coal, would neither stand examination nor argument; and the intended duties were, on compulsion, reduced one-half. The supposition that L.250,000 could be raised by increasing the duties on Irish spirits, which, already too high, acted as a practical bounty on smuggling, was abundantly proved to be a delusion. In this case, the morals and peace of the country were risked for the sake of a paltry experiment. The commercial treaties with Portugal and France, which were stated to be in progress, would still more diminish the income;—the sacrifice which would be produced, in the first instance, by the French treaty, having been estimated by Mr Baring at L.300,000. From these facts, it was evident to any one who looked below the surface of things, that the deficiency would be found infinitely greater than had ever before been voluntarily exhibited in the Budget-speech of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. This result, too, was consequent upon that strongest of all financial measures, the imposition of an Income-Tax in time of peace. Sir Robert Peel had called on Hercules for aid, but the wheel of his treasury Van was still left deep in the slough. It is thus that the Tory pledge of restoring the public credit of the country has been redeemed! The case was made still worse by explanations given on a subsequent occasion. Sir Robert Peel then stated the actual deficiency to be L.3,000,000, in addition 'to L.800,000 per annum:' on this showing, the actual deficiency of the year could not be less than L.700,000.

But if these measures had ever appeared likely to be successful, we doubt whether they could have been viewed as expedient or justifiable. An income-tax in time of peace is a most formidable experiment. Its effect upon commercial profits, at a period when foreign competition is active in all cases, and successful in many, cannot fail to be pregnant with danger. But the *Quarterly Review*, in the Number just published, denies that the income-tax should be considered as exclusively a war-tax; and asks, somewhat imprudently and tauntingly—'Why it should be so, and 'in what code that dogma is written?'—(No. 140, p. 489.) To this we answer, that an income-tax is a *war-tax*, by that law of common sense which forbids, in time of peace, the imposition of a tax amounting in principle to a confiscation, and which cannot be levied without an inquisition wholly unbearable. In time of war, or when contending for national existence *toto corpore regni*, every sacrifice must be submitted to, and this impost, odious

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as it is, may become allowable. For written authority, we can refer our contemporary to every statute which has passed on this subject anterior to 1842. In these laws the property-tax has uniformly been dealt with, when imposed or when repealed, as a *war-tax*, and as a war-tax only. We also refer to the declarations of every public man of official experience, who has argued these questions, either in or out of parliament. One quotation will here be sufficient, and we select it from the speech of a minister unswayed either by Whiggism or Political Economy. When Mr Addington, on the 5th of April 1802, proposed the repeal of the property-tax, he stated, 'that the burden of this tax 'should not be allowed to rest on the shoulders of the people 'in *time of peace*. It should be reserved for those *important* 'occasions which he trusted would not soon recur. He thought 'it worthy of the credit and the character of this country to look 'forward to such a resource in the painful event of *being obliged* 'to struggle for our honour and independence.' The Reviewer having failed to show that the income-tax is justifiable in time of peace, takes new ground; he discovers that we are at war, because hostilities have not ceased in China and Affghanistan. But we submit, that these contests do not amount to the state of war contemplated by Mr Pitt, Mr Addington, or Lord Grenville, when they proposed or augmented the income-tax. Such a construction was once attempted, it is true, when the receipt of Mr Croker's war-salary, as Secretary to the Admiralty, was vainly attempted to be justified by reason of the expedition to Algiers. But we are sure that our contemporary cannot have forgotten the scorn with which this proposition was rejected; and yet, by a singular coincidence, we find the same argument urged in 1842.

The exemption of all incomes under L.150 a-year, whilst it operated as a bribe to secure the acquiescence of the middle and the poorer classes, introduced a principle more formidable than any in the wild dreams of the Chartists. The exemption of Ireland had been, a few years before, designated by Sir Robert Peel himself as a gross injustice to England and Scotland. This was a more important concession made to the popular party in Ireland, than had ever been made by Lord Melbourne. Within so very recent a period as on the 15th May 1841, Sir Robert Peel himself had declared, that 'there being about L.2,500,000 about to be 'raised, to attempt to raise that sum by a property-tax would 'not be advisable;' yet, on the 11th March 1842, to provide for a deficiency of L.2,570,000, the same Minister himself proposed

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the very measure against which he had advisedly protested; and accompanied it by that very exemption of Ireland which he had declared to be unjust towards Great Britain!

If our space permitted, these arguments might be carried still further; but unless we are entirely deceived, we think we have sufficiently proved the total inadequacy of Sir Robert Peel's measures to place the public credit on that stable footing which had been promised as the first blessing to be conferred by the Tory Government. But that we would not run the risk of wearying our readers with such dull discussions, we could show, quite as conclusively, that although a reduction of the timber duties was called for, there was no necessity sufficient to justify the *amount* of revenue sacrificed; more especially in the total repeal of the duties on colonial produce. The new coffee duties are also far from wisely distributed. The export duties were not complained of, nor felt as a practical grievance; and were therefore unnecessarily repealed. They amounted to no more than L.100,000 on a foreign trade exceeding L.50,000,000. The concession made to the proprietors of stage-coaches was not called for where a competition of railroads does not exist, and will be wholly ineffectual where it does. In fact—whether we consider the taxes imposed, the taxes repealed, or the balance left between the income and the expenditure—the Tory Budget will not contribute, as a revenue measure, to the reputation of Sir Robert Peel and his government.

We do not feel ourselves called upon again to argue the principles of education, as applicable either to England or to Ireland. It is sufficient for our purpose to remark that the present Government, after having opposed the system which had been so usefully carried on by their predecessors, under the able direction of Lord Lansdowne, have not only adopted it in its most minute details, but have proposed to carry it still further. The controul of a Lay Board of members holding political office, had been loudly and especially condemned. This is now, most wisely and most unhesitatingly, adopted. The inspection of schools by persons named by the Crown, and responsible to Parliament, had been stigmatized as an inquisitorial exercise of authority, to which the trustees and patrons of schools never ought to submit. This inspection is adhered to, and enforced. The duty of preserving a perfect equality among all classes, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, in the distribution of aid, and the public encouragement granted for schools, had been described as inconsistent with the principles of an establishment; this reasonable and just principle was never more unequivocally affirmed than it has been by Lord Wharncliffe, the President of the Council. From the original

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minutes of council down to the music of Mr Hullah, all is preserved unimpaired. For this Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues deserve thanks and praise, which should be the more liberally given, when it is considered how great are the sacrifices of former votes and declarations which have been made; how much of self-love and of the pride of party has been necessarily abandoned; and how much of effort must have been required to wring a reluctant assent from their colleagues and supporters, to a tribute thus offered to the merits of their Whig predecessors by the present administration. We have reason to believe, that in this, as in other questions, the measure originally intended to be adopted has not, yet, been fully carried out. We have reason to believe, that notwithstanding the choral meetings over which Cabinet Ministers presided, there has been some discord in the committee of council itself. What if it should be true, that the first Minister and Lord Wharncliffe were outvoted at their own council board; and that an exception was successfully taken to the lectures in music and drawing, unless they were accompanied by more orthodox doctrine? This attempt to unite theology to linear perspective, and to set the Thirty-nine Articles to music, has been made; but although it has led to the abandonment of the original scheme of the government, it has not produced the adoption of the absurdities suggested by their troublesome allies and supporters. These allies have been foiled, but not defeated; and we observe, with deep regret, the bitterness of their renewed attacks upon Mr Kay Shuttleworth, one of the most estimable and zealous public servants; but whose merits are, we trust, too well known to Lord Wharncliffe and Sir Robert Peel, to permit them to make the secretary of the committee of council a victim to the ignorant bigotry of his detractors.

So much for education in England. In Ireland, the measures of Lord Eliot have been those bequeathed to him by his excellent predecessor, which he has adopted to the signal overthrow of the expectations of his ultra-political supporters. These misguided and ill-judging men, though they did not venture to demand that, in the case of the Roman Catholics, the use of the alphabet and primer should be made penal—the multiplication table proscribed by act of Parliament, all samplers directed to be burnt by the ordinary, unless worked in orange and purple silks, and the birch applied as a punishment for learning and not for idleness—yet have called upon the legislature to establish separate schools, founded on church principles, and under the exclusive direction of the clergy. Let them pause, and consider what would be the immediate consequence if they were 'cursed with granted prayer.' The present 2300 national schools, with their 280,000 scholars,

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would be at once converted into schools exclusively Roman Catholic, of which the direction would naturally, and almost justly, fall into the hands of the priesthood; and the very party who are the most jealous of the Roman Catholic clergy, would find themselves the unconscious but active agents in the erection, extension, and perpetuation of their ecclesiastical authority and dominion. In this cause, the Primate of Ireland and Archbishop Machale are fellow-labourers, but not upon equal terms; as the former, in contending for an imaginary good for the Church, is practically surrendering at discretion to the most violent of his opponents. These follies were all advocated by the zealots of the Tory party; these changes, as well as the overthrow of Maynooth, were expected from their leaders: a more bitter disappointment could not have been inflicted, than by the declarations of the government. How deeply this disappointment is felt, appears, amongst other things, in an address moved by a party of Orangemen in Dublin, praying the Queen to remove Lord Eliot from her councils for ever. It also appears in the opposition of the University of Dublin to the Irish Solicitor-General, and the pledges required from the more successful candidate, to vote against the declared wishes of Government. When, in addition to other mortifications, we consider the exclusion from political office of all the prominent members of that section in Irish politics which has furnished the most eager partisans, and the most active skirmishers in the Tory cause, we cannot imagine any line of policy so well calculated to excite discontent, and a bitter hostility, which only waits an opportunity for manifesting itself. This hostility, and the causes which produce it, must bring to the government real strength, as more than an equivalent for party support. If they lose the applause of a faction, they are laying in their claims to the gratitude of a people, who require no more than justice at their hands.

We may here be allowed to observe, that in place of the vehement declarations against the Roman Catholic priesthood, an eloquent, and, in most cases, a well-deserved panegyric upon that order has been pronounced by Lord Eliot. In place of the violent and constant abuse of Mr O'Connell, there has been a total and prudent abstinence from attack. Repeal meetings are held; Repeal rent is collected; and yet those who were the most eager in condemning the inaction of the late Government, have discovered the prudence of a similar course. Even the rash energy of Lord Stanley has been curbed and restrained; and the insane attempt to abridge and limit the political franchises of the Irish people, under colour of a Registration Bill, has been post-

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poned, and we should hope, for the peace of Ireland, has been finally abandoned.

Let us next enquire how far the expectations of increased peace, good order, and obedience to the laws, have been realized since the change of Government. How lamentable is the contrast between those expectations and the event! It is indeed somewhat remarkable, that the closing months of Tory government in 1830, should have been made memorable by frightful agricultural riots, extending from Kent to Cornwall; and that the first year of the restoration to power of the same party, should be signalized by a still more formidable movement in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Thus, it would seem as if a Tory ministry were fated to leave us a legacy of incendiarism when they depart, and to make us a gift of insurrection when they return. We shall be asked if these acts can fairly be attributed to the measures either of the Legislature or of the Government. Without wishing to cast upon our opponents any exaggerated or undue responsibility, we cannot avoid entertaining the strongest conviction that the whole policy pursued by them, since 1835, has had a great share in producing the deplorable result which we have lately witnessed. The mode in which the new Poor-Law was opposed and discussed, diffused most widely a deep and settled, though a most unfounded conviction, that the oppression and degradation of the poorer classes was the effect, and almost the object, of the statute complained of. Those classes were taught to believe that their interests were disregarded, their feelings set at nought and outraged, and their liberties abridged. In this cry nine-tenths of the Tory party combined, and some of the demagogues disgracefully joined. At this their leaders connived, with some honourable exceptions; and of this cry the whole party took advantage. Nothing tended more than this to unsettle the minds of the people. The Poor-Law agitation prepared the way for the Chartist agitation which was sure to follow. Again, the question of the Factory Bill was used as a political instrument. The workmen were set against their employers by Tory agitators; they were taught to consider those employers as enemies and tyrants. The cry for a ten hours' bill was raised at many elections in the manufacturing districts; and riot and confusion were preached and practised in the name of religion and humanity. Further, on many occasions in which a sympathy for the cases of the felon and the convict could be turned against the government—as in the case of the Dorchester labourers—Tory sympathy was ready. The formation of a Tory democracy was proclaimed

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to be a necessary duty; and, under this plan, Socialists and Chartists were all cajoled and flattered, provided they but possessed the necessary qualification of hatred to the Whigs and opposition to the Government.

The effects of this alliance between Chartists and Tory-Radicals were strongly felt at the general election. We witnessed with astonishment the step into which, by some unhappy mistake, the leading members of the Government were betrayed, in granting long interviews, and holding confidential communications with the least creditable members of the least creditable political societies; bandying compliments and courtesies with the printer of the *Northern Star*, and with the ex-doorkeeper of the National Convention. How the zeal of the Bishop of Exeter, so quick and energetic on former occasions, has been allowed to continue inactive at present, we know not; but we are certain that, with one-tenth part of the provocation he has lately received, this prelate would, in 1840, have called for the impeachment of Lord Melbourne and the Marquis of Normanby. The manner in which the question of machinery was dealt with, even in the arguments of the Government—the countenance publicly given to that most dangerous of all sophisms which represents machinery as prejudicial to the artizan—added to the general irritation. The whole was brought to a head by the misfeasance and the nonfeasance of the last session. Speeches like those of Mr Ferrand were cheered, applauded, printed, and circulated, whilst the principles of monopoly were defended as far as it was practicable; all enquiry was refused into the frightful distress so universally prevalent; the interests of the industrious classes were overlooked and undervalued in the new budget; the necessity of keeping up an artificial high price for bread was avowed, and, as far as might be, was justified; and no reduction was made in the duties levied on the raw materials of wool and cotton, by which reductions the employment of the labouring classes would have been encouraged. All these causes combined to add to the general discontent; and they were more closely connected with the late lamentable outrages than any of the absurd manifestoes of the Anti-Corn-Law League, to which they have been ascribed. Nor have these imputations been exclusively directed against the Anti-Corn-Law League; they have been extended to the whole class of mill-owners, or, in other words, to the capitalists who employ the greatest amount of labour. It is not only false, but ridiculous, to suppose that the leading manufacturers would conspire in order to arrest the progress of their own industry, to expose their own capital to certain loss, and their persons to violence and imminent danger.

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It is impossible to touch upon this subject without expressing the deep sorrow and sympathy which we have felt for the sufferings of the working classes during the last twelve or eighteen months. These sufferings cannot any longer be treated as the exaggeration of interested men; they are described in the official reports made by agents employed by the Government. In all cases—whether the condition of a single town like Stockport is considered, or the interests of a whole class, like the hand-loom weavers—it is to our wretched Corn-Laws that we trace the aggravation of these calamities. Whole families are shown to have been left without fuel, furniture, with scarcely any raiment or bed-covering, and with a pittance of food inadequate to human support. In these miseries, old and young, the industrious as well as the idle, have been alike involved. The consequences have been wretchedness the most deplorable, the exhaustion of the charitable subscriptions collected, the depreciation of the property liable to assessment, the spread of contagion, and mortality frightfully increased. Under such circumstances, how strong is the appeal made to our hearts in a noble sonnet, in which Wordsworth has shown how truly the sympathies, as well as the genius, of man may be preserved and exalted in advancing years?—

> 'Feel for the wrongs to universal ken
> Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;
> And seek the sufferer in his darkest den,
> Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
> And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
> Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes
> In silence and the awful modesties
> Of sorrow.'

That our Government and our Legislature felt deeply for these sorrows and sufferings, we are far from doubting; but let us ask, whether they have practically marked this sympathy in their acts. Perhaps it will be said, that nothing could be done in the way of relief. We are always slow in admitting this plea, the threadbare apology of indolence or ignorance. Parliament might have derived sounder instruction from a sublime exhortation which closes the poem we have quoted:

> 'Learn to be just; just through impartial law,
> Far as ye may erect and equalize,
> And what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
> Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice.'

Would that this precept had, in the last session, been practically adopted! But looking through the tedious statute-book, and the debates more tedious still, we confess that we see but little evidence to prove that the condition of the suffering workmen of

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England has occupied a due share of the attention of our rulers.

We must, however, guard ourselves against what would be a most false inference, if it were to be deduced from these observations. Though we may admit many of the causes of complaint of the working classes to be just, we do not more strongly deplore than we condemn the late wicked outbreak. The grievances were not of a character to justify the illegal violence which has prevailed; and even if the grievances had been such, the illegal conduct of the rioters could not but aggravate them, and greatly increase the obstacles which impede the success of all remedial measures, whether political, economical, or social. Falstaff declined to give his reasons upon compulsion, and John Bull is apt to refuse to do justice as long as he can, if justice is demanded in a tone of menace. All violence, by creating alarm, throws back the cause of popular reform, and increases that power of resistance on which Tory ascendancy depends. But the whole movement was as absurd as it was iniquitous. Except in the ever-memorable blunder of the Irish insurgents who burned the notes of an unpopular banker, no example can be found of such signal folly as the violence which prompted men to interfere with active industry, and consequently with the remuneration of labour, at a time when the immediate cause of suffering was a want of employment. But in many cases the suffering, was not the criminal class; and even when the sufferers were led into criminal acts, they appear to have been the dupes and instruments of more guilty men. The sympathy which we feel for calamities, however deplorable, ought not to render us unwilling to repress or to condemn atrocities and violence which strike at the root of all prosperity, and whose severest and most immediate pressure falls on the poorest class of the community. Tranquillity, important as it is to all, is essential in a pre-eminent degree to those whose existence depends on their daily labour. The wages of the artizan are the first sacrifice made in times of civil confusion. The landed proprietor, and even the capitalist, may wait for better times, but the working classes perish. What to others is pain, to them is death.

We have hitherto adverted to the larger measures of policy, in which we have shown that the conduct of the present Government has been diametrically opposed to the anticipations of their friends, and to all their principles and their professions. Similar examples are to be found in almost every other act of the session, however secondary. The postponement of the Ecclesiastical Courts' Bill in former years, had been held up to reprobation as a proof of the indolence or the incapacity of

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the Whig Government; yet that bill has been again postponed, as also the bill for the registration of voters. The curtailment of colonial measures in former sessions, had been relied on as conclusive evidence of the weakness of Lord Melbourne's Cabinet; yet we have seen Lord Stanley's Newfoundland Bill limited in its duration, and shorn of its fair proportions, when pertinaciously opposed by Mr O'Connell. The alteration of financial measures had been described as an unpardonable offence in Lord Spencer and Lord Monteagle; Sir Robert Peel not only reduced his proposed coal-duties one half, but he claimed credit for the concession. A bill authorizing the importation of foreign flour into Ireland, had been rejected in 1840 by the Tories; the Tories, in 1842, have carried the same measure. A proposal to allow the grinding of foreign wheat in bond, had formerly been opposed by Sir Edward Knatchbull, as being an insult and an injury to the agriculturists; in the last session the very same proposal was made by Mr Gladstone, and met with less opposition from the Paymaster of the Forces than he would have raised to the payment of a turnpike toll in Kent. So far from reducing the funded debt, the present Board of Treasury has increased it; and the redemption of Exchequer bills by the trustees of Savings Banks, (a measure so much misrepresented and objected to,) has received a new legislative sanction under the auspices of Sir Robert Peel. In short, the fixed and definite principle on which it would appear that the Government acted throughout, has been to oppose all that they had previously supported, and to support much that they had most strenuously opposed.

We might here be taxed with disingenuousness, if we were to pass over unnoticed a remarkable defence which has been somewhat ostentatiously put forward in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. If that defence were admitted, we confess that much of our argument would be inapplicable, and many of our inferences most uncandid and unjust. It is contended that no want of truth and candour can be attributed to the leading Conservatives, no *suppressio veri*, and no *suggestio falsi*; because in June 1841, before the late General Election, an article had been published in that Journal, recommending some alterations in the scale of corn and customs duties. Now, we confess that a very great bribe is held out to induce us to agree with our contemporary. We should thereby assume for ourselves, as well as grant to him, new and most extraordinary rights and functions. We should claim, for our political essays, privileges and authorities hitherto confined to speeches from the Throne, state papers, and the official declarations of responsible ministers. The

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present Government would rule not only by the force of a parliamentary majority, but by the grace and favour of the *Quarterly Review*. Till a diplomatist produces his letters of credence, and his full powers, he cannot be recognized by a foreign court. We doubt whether Sir Robert Peel will sign the unlimited power of attorney under which the *Quarterly* Reviewer demands to act. Indeed, it passes all credibility, that at a moment when the secret of the minister was so very carefully kept that the Duke of Buckingham remained his colleague, that Sir James Graham and Lord Stanley made their memorable speeches at Dorchester and in Lancashire, when all explanations were refused to Parliament, the whole future policy of the new administration should have been confided to the generous, faithful, and friendly Reviewer. The dilemma in which the over-zealous advocate has involved himself and his friends, is one of no common difficulty. If, in June 1841, Sir Robert Peel had determined on his line of policy, concealing it from his own cabinet, his friends, and the public, at a time when he confided it to any single literary and political associate, however strong his attachment and approved his fidelity, no greater deception was ever practised in the annals of our history. If, on the contrary, he only determined on his course upon subsequent deliberation, after profiting by those official counsels of which he stated himself to stand in need, the predictions of Mr Murphy's *Weather Almanac* are entitled to as much of authority as the mere surmises of the Reviewer. As well might the glory and responsibility of the victory of Waterloo be claimed by one whose only connexion with that event had been the command of a very awkward squad at Wormwood Scrubs. It also behoves us to reject this supposition, however gratifying to our own self-love as belonging to the class proposed to be exalted; because, if the supposition be founded on fact, many fatal inferences might follow. On the same principle, we might anticipate the reconstruction of the national Church of England according to Tractarian doctrines; the enactment of a new penal code in Ireland; and the excitement of hatred and all uncharitableness between the Anglo-Saxon races on each side of the Atlantic. How very indefensible must this chivalrous advocate have felt the position of his friends to be, when he thus throws himself into the breach, leads forward *les enfans perdus*, and exclaims, '*Me, me, adsum qui feci—in me convertite ferrum!*'

There is another subject which it is impossible to overlook, and yet it is one very difficult to discuss in a sketch so rapid as the present. The anticipated foreign influence of Sir Robert Peel's government has received a most signal contradiction, in the refusal of the French cabinet to ratify the treaty not only

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agreed to by their minister, but in some degree negotiated at their own instance. The disgrace of this event, most fatal as it is to the character of the French government, but not very flattering to our national pride, rests, it is true, mainly with the King of the French and with M. Guizot, not with Lord Aberdeen; but had such an event occurred to Lord Palmerston, no epithets would have been too vituperative to have been applied to his conduct. We shall not imitate this injustice. Let the disgrace rest on the foreign statesmen who are really responsible. We not only hope, but we believe, that for this event the Foreign Secretary is in no respect to blame; we have, however, some curiosity to know in what language the complaints and protests of the British Minister have been expressed.

We feel some difficulty in referring to the inexplicable policy of Lord Ellenborough in the East, and yet it cannot be entirely overlooked. In an Empire like ours in British India, which depends so peculiarly upon opinion, and upon a conviction of our moral superiority, a degrading retreat seems to have been meditated, which has only been averted or postponed in consequence of opportune orders from home, or some other happy contingency, which has saved England from unexampled ignominy. Well, indeed, was Lord Palmerston justified in saying that 'he could 'not conceive a fouler dishonour, or any thing that would have 'dyed the cheek of every Englishman with a deeper blush, or 'that would have struck a more fatal blow at our Indian power, 'than a flight from Affghanistan in the circumstances in which 'Lord Ellenborough's order was issued.' But if this measure was disgraceful on political grounds, where shall we find words to condemn it, if English soldiers, English subjects, and English women, wives and daughters of our countrymen, were proposed to have been deserted, and left in the hands of barbarians? Our diplomatic minister had been treacherously murdered; the sacred compacts of treaty had been violated; our brave troops had been betrayed and cut to pieces; the heroic Lady Sale and her fellow-sufferers left in captivity; and yet no effort seems to have been made to avenge their wrongs, or to set them free. Scarcely less disgraceful will it be, if the safety of these unhappy persons has been made matter of low and unworthy compromise. At no former period of our history, in our most disastrous campaigns, has any event occurred which seems to us comparable to the ignominy of Lord Ellenborough's proposed retreat.

Whilst this article has been in the press, accounts have been received of the close of our diplomatic controversy with the United States, by the signature of Lord Ashburton's treaty. Considering peace between England and the United States to be impor-

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tant, not only to the wellbeing and happiness of both countries, but essential to the cause of liberty and good government throughout the world, we should not feel disposed to enquire curiously whether too much may not have been granted, or too little obtained, as the price of so immeasurable a benefit. Still, if the rights of British subjects, born under British allegiance, and holding their property under British grants, have been abandoned, and if new causes of dispute respecting navigation have been substituted for those which we hope are now terminated, many explanations will be required before Lord Ashburton's treaty can be admitted to be a just claim on the public for gratitude and respect. That his explanations may be satisfactory, we hope, and indeed expect; and if they are so shown, no party difference will prevent us from rendering our most sincere acknowledgments to Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues, as well as to Lord Ashburton, for having happily effected a pacification between two states of common origin, between whom no serious differences can ever arise, without consequences the most fatal to both.

We have now taken a retrospect of the measures of the last session; omitting, however, the subject of Law Reform, including Lord Brougham's *Cessio Bonorum* Bill—one of the most benevolent results of his unwearied exertions in that great cause—for after discussion, in a separate article. We have shown, if our arguments are correct, that the corn-law of Sir R. Peel is founded upon a false principle, and that since its enactment it has worked badly for the Producer and the Consumer. We have shown that in his Tariff he has not carried out his own principles with courage and with effect. We have proved, that while the country is subjected to all the pressure and inquisitorial vexation of an Income-Tax, the Financial difficulties of the times have not been adequately met, nor has any certain surplus of revenue been secured. We have shown, that in place of domestic tranquillity, we have had to deplore riot and insurrection; and that this has been traceable, in a considerable degree, to the exciting and exaggerated doctrines of a section of the Tories, when in opposition. We have shown that all the leading badges and symbols of party, which produced success at the late election, have been thrown aside, as being now no longer necessary. We have shown that, in as far as the measures of the Government are right, they are the very measures of their Opponents; adopted and defended with a disregard of all consistency, and in violation of all the engagements of party connexion. Yet in the adoption of these principles, *we* have our reward, and *our* justification.

Sir Robert Peel may cast his party aside at his pleasure, and

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they must submit; for, difficult as they find it to live with him, without him they cannot live. But Sir Robert Peel cannot arrest the great commercial movement to which, on principle, he has now given his authority. His tariff is all-important by what it promises, if not by what it has effected. It may be described in the lines which an accomplished French poet has applied to Spring—

> 'Il plait plus aux humains
> Par les plaisirs qu'il promêt, que par ceux qu'il procure.'

His measures must and will be followed up—his principles must and will be applied further: and if, in so doing, he condemns every measure adopted by his party during the last ten years; if he thus pays an unwilling, but most respectful homage to the conduct of his opponents; if he incurs the bitter hostility of his earliest friends; if he leaves himself without one single newspaper to defend his administration generally; if the keen blade of Sir Richard Vyvyan is bared against him in Cornwall; if he is called upon to plead 'Guilty or Not Guilty' at Plymouth; if in Leicestershire a cry is raised to dethrone him, in order that Lord Stanley may reign in his stead; if he makes it a punishment to any of his political supporters to meet their constituents at public meetings, there to defend the votes they have given; if a Conservative dinner would now be a grievous martyrdom, and a General Election would be all but fatal—he should be reconciled to these mortifications by the thought, that in acting on the impulses produced by the propositions of Mr Baring, he is averting from his country dangers the most imminent, and is promoting the best interests of his fellow-subjects, and of mankind.

Number CLIV. will be published in January.

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Edinburgh: Printed by Ballantyne and Hughes, Paul's Work.

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JANUARY, 1843.

No. CLIV.

ART. I.—1. *History and Practice of Photogenic Drawing, or the true Principles of the Daguerreotype.* By the Inventor, L. J. M. DAGUERRE, translated by J. S. MEMES, LL.D. 8vo. Lond. 1839.

2. *Some Account of the Art of Photogenic Drawing, or the Process by which Natural Objects may be made to Delineate themselves without the aid of the Artist's Pencil.* By HENRY FOX TALBOT, Esq., F.R.S. 8vo. Lond. 1839.

3. *Die Calotypische Portraitirkunst.* Von Dr F. A. W. NETTO. Quedlingburg und Leipzig, 1842.

4. *Ueber der Process des Sehens und die Wirkung des Lichts auf Alle Korper.* Von LUDWIG MOSER, Poggendorff Annalen der Physik und Chemie, Band LVI. 1842. No. 6.

IN following the steps of social improvement, and tracing the rise of those great inventions which add to the happiness of our species, we can scarcely fail to recognise the law of progressive development under which the efforts of individual minds are regulated and combined, and by which reason is destined to attain its maximum of power, and knowledge to reach its limits of extension. Under the influence of a similar law, our moral and religious condition is gradually ascending to its climax; and when

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these grand purposes have been fulfilled—when the high commission of the Saint and the Sage has been executed—man, thus elevated to the perfection of his nature, will enter upon a new scene of activity and enjoyment.

The supreme authority which has ordained this grand movement in the living world—this double current of our moral and intellectual sympathies—has prepared the material universe as the arena of its development; and all our civil and religious institutions have been organized as instruments by which that development is to be effected. The confusion of tongues—the physical disunion of empires—the rivalries of industrious nations—are among the auxiliaries by which this triumph is to be consummated. The outbursts of the moral and the physical world form a powerful alliance in the same cause; and in the vigorous reactions which they invoke, the highest qualities of our moral and intellectual being are called into play. The war which desolates, and the fire and flood which destroy, undermine the strongholds of prejudice and corruption, and sweep away the bulwarks in which vice and error have been intrenched. Amid convulsions like these, indeed, civilization often seems to pause, or to recede; but her pauses are only breathing stations, at which she draws a fuller inspiration, and her retrograde steps are but surer footings, from which she is to receive a fresh and onward impulse.

The powers and positions of individuals, too, are all nicely adjusted to the functions they have to discharge. Corporeal frames of every variety of strength—moral courage of every shade of intensity—and intellects of every degree of vigour—are among the cardinal elements which are to be set in action. The Sovereign who wields the sceptre, and the Serf who crouches under it, differ only in the place which they occupy in the mysterious mechanism. While one class of agents is stationed amid the heats of friction and pressure, others occupy the quiet points of stable equilibrium; and a larger class forms the inertial mass, or acts as a drag against the stupendous momentum which has been generated. But while busy man is thus labouring at the wheel, the impelling, the maintaining, and the regulating power, is not in him: by an agency unseen are all the heterogeneous elements of force harmonized, and the whole moral and intellectual dynamics of our species brought to bear upon that single point of resistance, where vice and ignorance are to be crushed for ever.

From these general views it is a corollary not to be questioned, that when great inventions and discoveries in the arts and sciences either abridge or supersede labour—when they create new products, or interfere with old ones—they are not on these accounts

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to be abandoned. The advance which is thus made involves not only a grand and irrevocable fact in the progress of truth, but it is a step in the social march which can never be retraced. The wants, or the cupidity of a minister, for his ignorance it cannot be, may tax inventions and knowledge—the fanaticism of a priesthood may proscribe education, and even the Scriptures of truth—and the blind fury of a mob may stop or destroy machinery—but cupidity, fanaticism, and rage, have counter checks within themselves which re-act on the springs of truth and justice, and finally crush the conspiracy which they had themselves hatched. If, in the conflict of rival principles, the species gains, and the individual loses, redress can only be looked for in those compensatory adjustments which so often and so strangely reconcile general and individual interests. The same law which closes one channel of labour, necessarily opens up another, and that often through a richer domain, and with a wider outlet; and in every substitution of mechanical for muscular action, man rises into a higher sphere of exertion, in which the ingenuity of his mind is combined with the exercise of his body. He is no longer on a professional level with the brutes that perish, when he ceases to exercise functions which are measured only by so many horse power, and which can be better extracted from so many pounds of coal, and so many ounces of water.

Nor is it a less questionable corollary that when one of the arts is left behind in the race of improvement, and has been lingering amid the sloth and avarice of its cultivators, it can have no claim on the sympathy and protection of the community.* Were it the art of building ships, of forging anchors, or of welding cables, to form the defensive bulwarks of the nation, or were it the most trivial manipulation which administers to the personal vanity of the most frivolous, the principle would have the same foundation in truth and justice. But when it is the art of manufacturing food—when the poor and the rich are the antagonists in the combat—and when it involves the life and death of starving multitudes, the crime of protection will, in future ages, be ranked in the same category with that of burning for heresy, or drowning for witchcraft.

Although these observations apply in an especial manner to those great mechanical inventions which have in this country altered the very form and pressure of society, yet they are not less applicable to those remarkable improvements in the Fine

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* We would refer the reader to an admirable letter on this subject by Professor Johnston of Durham to the Marquis of Northampton.

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Arts which the progress of science has so rapidly developed. The arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, exhibit in their progress a series of anomalies which occur in the history of almost no other pursuit. Without any very adequate cause, they have alternately advanced and receded; and we can discover no leading epoch—no cardinal principle—no striking invention immortalizing the name of any of their cultivators. It would be hazardous to assert that Apelles and Zeuxis were surpassed by Reynolds and Lawrence, and still more so that Praxiteles and Phidias must have yielded the palm to Canova and Chantrey. In our own day, however, very extraordinary inventions and discoveries have already given an impulse, and will soon give a new form to the imitative arts.

The art of multiplying statues by machinery, which we owe to the celebrated James Watt, and which has since been brought to greater perfection, might have been regarded as a vast step in the fine arts; had it not been eclipsed by the splendid process of copying all sorts of sculpture, by the voltaic deposition of metals from their solutions.* But even this has been surpassed by the art of Photography, by which we obtain perfect representations of all objects, whether animate or inanimate, through the agency of the light which they emit or reflect. From being at first a simple, and not very interesting process of taking profiles of the human face, it has called to its aid the highest resources of chemistry and physics; and while it cannot fail to give a vigorous impulse to the fine arts, it has already become a powerful auxiliary in the prosecution of physical science; and holds out no slight hope of extending our knowledge of the philosophy of the senses. The art of *Photography*, or *Photogeny* as it has been called, is indeed as great a step in the fine arts, as the steam-engine was in the mechanical arts; and we have no doubt that when its materials have become more sensitive, and its processes more certain, it will take the highest rank among the inventions of the present age.†

* The *Electrotype*, or *Galvano-plastic* art, which was discovered by Mr Spencer and M. Jacobi, and which is daily finding new applications to the useful arts.

† We have not here referred to the new and beautiful art of *Anaglyptography*, by which all works in relief, and even statues, may be copied on a plane surface (and even engraved) by means of parallel lines, which deviate from their parallelism in proportion as different points, in all parallel sections of the original, rise above the general plane. This art was, we believe, first invented by an American, then tried in France, but finally brought to perfection by Mr R. Bate, the son of the well-known optician, Mr B. Bate of London.

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But before we proceed to exhibit its powers, and discuss its merits, we must put our readers in possession of its history and methods. The action of light and heat upon coloured bodies has been long known, and the changes they produce have been recorded in various countries. The commonest observer, indeed, had long ago noticed that the solar rays not only weakened, but almost destroyed the colours of curtains and other articles of furniture; but it was reserved for the chemist and the natural philosopher to determine, what rays were the efficacious ones, and what were the substances most sensitive to this action of light. Scheele had long ago discovered that muriate of silver was speedily blackened by the *blue* rays of the solar spectrum, while the red rays produced an effect scarcely appreciable; and Sennebier found that the *violet* rays darkened the muriate of silver in fifteen seconds, while the *red* rays required twenty minutes, and the other colours intermediate times.* The celebrated Ritter, in repeating these experiments, found that the muriate of silver was most powerfully blackened by invisible rays beyond the violet; and Dr Wollaston afterwards proved that the rays at the two extremities of the spectrum, produced opposite effects upon Gum Guiacum, the violet rays giving it a deep green colour, and the red rays reconverting the green into the original yellow colour of the gum.

These interesting facts, though well known throughout Europe, had never been applied to the arts till 1802, † when *a method of copying paintings upon glass, and of making profiles by the agency of light upon nitrate of silver*, was first given to the world. This method was the unquestionable invention of our celebrated countryman Mr Thomas Wedgewood, who published it in the *Journals of the Royal Institution*, ‡ where it was accompanied with a few observations in a note by Sir H. Davy.

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* *Sur La Lumière*, Tom. iii. p. 199.

† M. Arago informs us that M. Charles had in the first year of the 19th century used prepared paper to produce black profiles by the action of light; but he never described the preparation; and he did not claim any priority, although he lived for a long time after the publication of Mr Wedgewood's process.

‡ Vol i. p. 170, June 1802. See also Nicholson's Journal, 8vo series, vol. iii. p. 167, Nov. 1802. An Account of a Method of Copying Paintings upon Glass, and of Making Profiles by the Agency of Light upon Nitrate of Silver. Invented by T. Wedgewood, Esq., with Observations by H. Davy. Journals of the Royal Institution, vol. i. p. 170. 1802.

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Having found that white paper or white leather, moistened with a solution of nitrate of silver, passes through different shades of grey and brown, and at length becomes nearly black by exposure to daylight, Mr Wedgewood exposed papers thus moistened to light of different intensities and colours. In the direct beams of the sun, the full effect upon the paper was produced in two or three minutes. In the shade, several hours were required. The most decided and powerful effects were produced by *blue* and *violet* glasses, while very little action took place when the sun's rays passed through *red* glasses. Hence, says Mr Wedgewood, 'when a white surface, covered with a solution 'of *nitrate* of silver, (one part of the nitrate to ten of water,) is 'placed behind a painting on glass exposed to the solar light, 'the rays transmitted through the differently painted surfaces 'produce distinct tints of brown and black, sensibly differing 'in intensity according to the shades of the picture; and where 'the light is unaltered, the colour of the light becomes deepest. 'For copying paintings on glass the solution should be applied 'on *leather*, and in this case, it is more readily acted upon than 'when *paper* is used.'

Mr Wedgewood made various attempts to *fix* these copies, that is, to prevent the uncoloured parts of the copy from being acted upon by light. He tried repeated washings, and thin coatings of fine varnish; but all his trials were unsuccessful; and hence he was obliged to preserve his copies in an obscure place—to take a glimpse of them only in the shade, or to view them by candle light. He applied this method to take profiles or shadows of figures by throwing the shadows on the nitrated surface, the part concealed by the shadows remaining *white*, and the other parts speedily becoming black. He applied it also to make delineations of the woody fibres of leaves, and the wings of insects, and likewise to the copying of prints; but in this last case the results were very unsatisfactory. But the primary object of all Mr Wedgewood's experiments was to copy the images formed by means of a *camera obscura*. 'His numerous experiments, how-'ever, proved unsuccessful,' and the images were 'found to be 'too faint to produce, in any moderate time, an effect upon the 'nitrate of silver.' 'In following these processes,' he adds, 'I have found that the images of small objects, produced by 'means of the solar microscope, may be copied without difficulty 'on prepared paper;' but in this case, 'it is necessary that the 'paper be placed at but a small distance from the lens.'

Mr Wedgewood proved that the muriate of silver was much more sensitive than the nitrate, and that the sensitiveness of both

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was increased when the paper was moist. In order to obtain the muriate, he immerses the paper moistened with the nitrate solution in very dilute muriatic acid. He promised to publish any additional results which he might obtain, and concluded his paper thus,—'Nothing but a method of preventing the unshaded parts 'of the delineation from being coloured by exposure to the day, 'is wanting to render the process as useful as it is elegant.

So long ago as 1803, a Notice of Mr Wedgewood's interesting process was published in an Edinburgh Journal, but the subject does not seem to have excited any attention either in Britain or on the continent. A friend of Mr Talbot's, indeed, who had entertained the idea of fixing the images of the camera obscura, was discouraged from the attempt by the recorded failure of Mr Wedgewood. Mr Talbot himself, however, without any knowledge of Mr Wedgewood's previous invention, had, some time previous to 1834, been led to the same process, of taking pictures by the agency of light upon nitrate of silver; and, in the spring of that year, he had actually applied it to several useful purposes, and had even overcome the difficulty of fixing the images of the camera obscura, before he knew that that difficulty had stopped the progress of Mr Wedgewood and his own friend. Mr Talbot continued to improve his new art, to which he gave the name of *Calotype*, for it had now become entirely his; and, by the aid of his intimate knowledge of chemistry and physics, he has succeeded in bringing it to a very high degree of perfection.

But before we proceed to give an account of his labours, we must return to a period prior to their commencement, when a similar art—the splendid art of the *Daguerreotype*—took its rise in France. So early as 1814, M. Niepce, a private gentleman, who resided on his estate near Chalons, on the Saone, had turned his attention to the subject of Photography. His object was to fix the images of the camera, but more especially to perfect his methods of copying engravings when laid upon substances sensible to the action of light. In 1824, M. Daguerre had begun a series of experiments for the purpose of fixing the images in the camera. He had made some progress in 1826; and in that year a Parisian optician had indiscreetly disclosed to M. Niepce some of the results at which Daguerre had arrived. In 1827, M. Niepce made a journey to England, and, in December of that year, he communicated an account of his photographic experiments to the Royal Society of London, accompanying his memoirs with several sketches on metal, in the state of advanced etchings, which proved that he had a method of

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making the shadows correspond to shadows, and of preventing his copies from being injured by the light of the sun. The Royal Society appears to have attached no value to the discovery of Niepce, though they had ocular demonstration of its reality. His Paper does not even seem to have been read, and the plates which accompanied it appear to have passed into the repositories of some of its members. One would have expected that a picture, painted or copied by the agency of light, would have fixed the attention of any body of men to which it was submitted; and we should have experienced some difficulty in giving credit to the statement, did we not know that the same body has refused to publish the photographic discoveries of Mr Talbot!

Having become acquainted with each other's labours, MM. Niepce and Daguerre entered into a copartnery in 1829; the object of which was to pursue for their mutual benefit the photographic researches which they had respectively begun. The process of Niepce differed entirely from that of Daguerre. The principle on which it rests is, that light renders some substances more or less insoluble, in proportion to the duration or intensity of its action. The substance in which he found this property, was a solution of asphaltum in essential oil of lavender. A thin film of this substance spread over the clean surface of a plate of silvered copper was exposed, so as to receive the image of a landscape in the camera obscura: The parts on which no light fell were thus made more soluble than the rest; and when a solvent, consisting of one part of essential oil of lavender, and ten parts of oil of white petroleum, was made to cover the plate, the image gradually unfolded itself; and, after being washed with water, the picture was completely developed. The plate was then dried, and kept from humidity and the action of light.

Into this process, which was doubtless both troublesome in its details, and uncertain in its results, M. Daguerre introduced essential improvements; but in the course of his researches, he was led into an entirely new field of discovery, and soon abandoned the process of his colleague. M. Niepce died in July 1833, and a new agreement was entered into between Daguerre and his son, M. Isidore Niepce; in which it was admitted that the former had discovered an entirely new process, and it was at the same time provided, that it should bear the name of Daguerre as its sole inventor.

The following is a general description of the art of the *Daguerreotype*, as practised by its distinguished inventor: A plate of silvered copper, after having been well cleaned, and freed from any greasy substance, by polishing it with dilute nitric

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acid, fine Tripoli, or colcothar of vitriol, is placed in a box containing iodine, till its surface is covered with a golden yellow film of that evaporable substance. The plate being carefully kept from light, is placed in the camera obscura, so as to receive upon its surface a distinct image of the landscape, or of the single figure, or group of figures, to be painted. After remaining a number of minutes, depending on the intensity of the light, the plate is taken out of the camera, and placed in what is called a mercury box. There it is exposed to the vapour of mercury, raised by a spirit lamp; and, after a certain time, the operator, looking through a little window in front of the box, observes the landscape, or figures, gradually developing themselves on the surface of the plate, by the adhesion of the white mercurial vapour to those parts of the picture which had been acted upon by the light. When the development appears complete, the plate is placed in a vessel containing either a saturated solution of common salt, or a weak solution of the hypo-sulphite of pure soda. By the action of either of these fluids, the coat of iodine is dissolved, and the picture is permanently fixed. It is then simply washed in distilled water, dried, and placed in a square of strong pasteboard, covered with glass. If we now carefully examine the picture thus produced, we shall find that its shadows are nothing more than the original polished surface of the silver, reflecting a dark ground, and that the lights are the parts of the silvered surface, which have been more or less whitened by the vapour of mercury. If the plate is made to reflect a luminous surface, such as a white dress, or the sky, the shadows will appear luminous and white, and the lights dark, so as to give what may be called a *negative* picture. In this remarkable representation of nature, there is depicted, with the minutest accuracy, all her finest forms; but her gay colours are wanting; and the blue sky and the green turf are exhibited in the same monotony of light and shadow, as when we view a highly-coloured landscape, in water-colours or in oil, by the light of a monochromatic lamp.

But notwithstanding this defect, which, sanguine as we are, we can scarcely hope will ever be supplied, there is a power and truth in the delineation which almost compensates its want of colour. Self-painted by the rectilineal pencils of light, every fixed object transfers its mimic image to the silver tablet; and the only deviation from absolute truth which can intervene, is the imperfection of the lenses by which the image is formed. By an ordinary observer this defect, if it can be called one, is so inappreciable, that the perfection of the picture exceeds as it were the accuracy of the eye as its judge; and by means of a magnifying glass we can make discoveries of minute features, in the same manner as we can do

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in the real landscape by the application of a telescope.* But it is not merely the minuteness of its delineations that surprise us in the Daguerreotype. Every object is seen in true geometrical perspective; and even the aerial perspective is displayed in the diminution of sharpness which marks the outlines of all objects that recede from the eye. The combination of these two effects, the last of which is often beyond the reach of art, gives a depth—a third dimension—to the picture, which it is scarcely possible to conceive without actually seeing it. In the representation, for example, of a Grecian portico with two or three columns deep, the actual depth of the recess is more distinctly seen with a magnifying glass than by the naked eye.

If any object in the picture either moves or changes its place, that object, of course, must be imperfectly delineated in the Daguerreotype. The agitated foliage, the running stream, the flying clouds, and the motions of living animals, all destroy the picture in which they occur. This great imperfection is capable of only one remedy. We must increase the sensitiveness of the ground upon which the lights act, so as to diminish the time that the plate remains in the camera. M. Daguerre saw very early the consequences of this defect in his process; and in the course of a series of experiments on the subject, he made the important discovery, that by electrifying the plate, the action of light upon the film of iodine was so instantaneous, that the part of the plate first exposed was overdone before the action had begun on the other part of the plate.†

Two other methods have been invented for accelerating the action of light upon the plate. The first of these is founded on a beautiful optical discovery by M. Edmund Becquerel. If we conceive the solar spectrum to be divided into two halves, the *first* half containing the *violet* and *blue* rays, and the *second* the *green*, *yellow*, and *red*, M. Becquerel found that the first half, containing the *violet* and the *blue* rays, were those which formed the picture on the plate; and hence he called them the *exciting* rays, (*rayons excitateurs;*) while the other half, the *green*, *yellow*, and *red* rays, had no power of excitation, but *continued* the excitement when passed

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* Every picture formed by a camera obscura, in which the focal lengths of the lens exceeds the distance at which we see objects distinctly, is magnified, and on this account objects are recognized in the perfect image which the eye cannot see in the original landscape.

† The particulars of this process have not been published; but we have no doubt that M. Daguerre, with his usual success, will find some way of reducing the speed of this new method.

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over the surface of the plate after it was taken out of the camera, and when the *exciting* rays no longer acted upon it. Hence he called them the *continuing* rays, (*rayons continuateurs.*) The power of *exciting* was a *maximum* at the violet extremity of the spectrum, and gradually diminished towards the middle or green space; while the power of *continuing* the action was a *maximum* at the *red* extremity, and gradually diminished towards the *green* space, where a sort of neutral state existed. Hence, as the solar spectrum consists of three equal spectra, viz. violet, yellow, and red superposed, with their *maximum* illumination at different points, we may conceive the *exciting* power to be diffused along with the *violet* rays throughout the whole spectrum; the continuing rays to be diffused throughout the same along with the *red;* while the neutral *yellow* possess only the powers of heat and illumination. In this way only we can account for the diminution of the exciting and continuing powers towards the middle of the spectrum; and the entire disappearance of both these actions will take place, at the point where the ordinates of *excitation* and *continuation* are equal.

In applying this principle to the Daguerreotype, the plate is exposed only a short time to the action of the lights in the original picture—so short a time, indeed, that the vapour of mercury would not form a picture upon the plate. The plate being taken out of the camera, the sun's rays, passing through a red glass, are made to shine upon it for a few minutes. The action already excited is thus continued; and the plate, when exposed to the mercurial vapour, yields a picture as perfect as it would have done had it remained the proper time in the camera.

Beautiful, however, as this process is in its scientific relations, it is obviously one which is not fitted for the professional artist: for if the sun does not shine, the picture cannot be formed, and may be lost before the luminary reappears. This defect, however, we need not regret; for a practical and simple process of hastening the production of the picture has been discovered by M. Claudet, the ingenious artist who superintends the photographical department in the Adelaide Gallery. He discovered that the sensitiveness of the iodine film was singularly increased by passing it over the mouth of a bottle, containing the *chloride of iodine* or of *bromine*. As soon as the vapour of either of these bodies has spread itself over the film of iodine, the plate is placed in the camera, and in a very few seconds the action of light is completed.

In consequence of these improvements, the Photographic art has assumed a new character. When the patient (for so the sitter must be described) sat for five or ten minutes in a constrained

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attitude, with his face exposed to a strong light, the portrait thus taken could neither be correct nor agreeable. A look of distress pervaded almost every feature; the eye, exposed to the strongest light, was half closed; the cheek was drawn up, and wrinkles, never seen in society, planted themselves upon the smooth and expanded forehead of youth and beauty. These evils are now entirely removed from the Daguerreotype. Even the momentary expression of passion or feeling may be seized, and the graceful form, which never fails to accompany it, simultaneously arrested. Motion of course it is impossible to represent; but the expressions of the face, and the positions of the muscles and limbs, which precede and follow motion, and therefore necessarily indicate it, are given as they existed at the moment when the exposure of the plate took place.

Such is the invention, in its improved state, which, after fifteen years of laborious research, M. Daguerre has given to the world—an invention with which his name will be indissolubly associated. It is, more than any other art we know, peculiarly his own; for the previous labours of Wedgewood and Niepce have with it nothing in common. It belongs, therefore, to France alone; and the liberality with which she has purchased it for the benefit of universal science, will secure to her the gratitude of all nations. This wise and generous step was, we believe, the suggestion of her most eminent philosopher, M. Arago, to whom M. Daguerre had unhesitatingly confided the secrets of his art. Struck with the splendour of the discovery, and foreseeing the advantages which science and art would receive from its application, he induced the government to offer M. Daguerre an annual pension of 6000 francs, and M. Niepce a pension of 4000 francs,* for surrendering to the public the use of their inventions; and, on the 3d July 1839, he presented to the Chamber of Deputies the report of a Commission, of which he was the chief, explaining the nature and estimating the value of the invention. Baron Gay Lussac submitted a similar report to the Chamber of Peers, breathing the same sentiments, and recommending the same national reward. The following passages from these reports, which were unanimously adopted by the Chambers, may be usefully perused in England, and show the entire unanimity of feeling which animated all parties in completing this interesting transaction :—

'The members of this Chamber, (M. Arago,) to whom the Ministry gave full powers, never bargained with M. Daguerre. Their communications had no other object than to determine whether the recompense,

* One-half of each is settled in reversion on their widows.

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so justly due to the accomplished artist, should be a pension or a sum of money. From the first M. Daguerre perceived, that the payment of a stipulated sum might give to the transaction the base character of a sale. The case was different with a pension. By a pension you recompense the warrior who has been wounded in the field, and the magistrate who has grown grey on the bench. It is thus that you honour the families of Cuvier—of Jussieu, and of Champollion. Reflections like these could not fail to present themselves to a man of his exalted character, and M. Daguerre decided on a pension. He fixed the amount at 8000 francs, to be divided equally between himself and his partner, M. Niepce, junior. The proportion payable to M. Daguerre has been since raised to 6000 francs, making 10,000 in all; both on account of the condition specially imposed upon that artist of publishing *the secret of painting and illuminating the dioramic views*, and making known all future improvements with which he may enrich his photographic methods.'

'From these considerations,' says Baron Gay Lussac, 'it was thought desirable that this process should become public property. From a different motive it merited the attention of government, and ought to procure for its author a conspicuous reward. To those who are not insensible to national glory—who know that a people shine with greater splendour among the nations of the earth, only as they have realized a higher advancement in civilization—to those, we say, the process of M. Daguerre is a noble discovery. It is the origin of a new art in the middle of an old civilization;—an art which will constitute an era, and be preserved as a title of glory. And shall it descend to posterity companioned with ingratitude? Let it rather stand forth a splendid evidence of the protection which the Chambers—the Government of July—the whole country—offered to great inventions.

'It is, in reality, an act of national munificence which consecrates the bill in favour of M. Daguerre. We have given it our unanimous assent, yet not without marking how elevated and honourable is a reward voted by the country. And this we have done on purpose to remind the nation—not without some sad remembrances—that France has not always shown herself so grateful; and that too many useful labours—too many works of genius—have often procured for their authors only a barren glory. These are not accusations which we urge—they are errors which we deplore, in order now to avoid a new one.'

From the homage which we have cheerfully paid to the liberality of French philosophers and legislators, we could have desired to make no deduction; but there has been an *omission* in the transaction with M. Daguerre, which affects all nations, and which we would almost venture to request M. Arago still to supply. It is evident, from the whole tenor of the two Reports to the Chambers, that France purchased Daguerre's invention *for the benefit of all nations*, and not exclusively for the French people. It would be an insult to the two distinguished Reporters, and, indeed, to all parties concerned, to suppose that they had any other object in view. M. Arago emphatically says, 'This

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'discovery France has adopted; from the first moment she has 'cherished a pride in liberally bestowing it—A GIFT TO THE 'WHOLE WORLD!' And M. Duchatel, the Minister of the Interior, on presenting the bill to the Chambers, distinctly declares, as an argument for a public reward, '*that Daguerre's* '*invention does not admit of being secured by patent.* So soon as 'it becomes known, every one may avail himself of its advantages. 'The most unskilful will produce designs with the same exactness 'as the most accomplished artist. Of necessity, then, this pro- 'cess must belong to all, or remain unknown.'

The Daguerrian Bill had scarcely passed the legislature, when 'on or about the 15th July 1839, *a certain foreigner residing* '*in France*, instructed Mr Miles Berry, patent agent in London, "immediately to petition her Majesty to grant her Royal Letters 'Patent for the exclusive use of the same within these kingdoms;"' and in consequence of these instructions, Mr Miles Berry 'did 'apply for such letters patent; and her Majesty's solicitor-general, '(Sir Thomas Wilde,) after hearing *all parties who opposed the* '*same*, was pleased on or about the 2d of August, now last past, 'to issue his report to the Crown *in favour of the patent being* '*granted;* and it consequently passed the great seal in the usual 'course, being sealed on the day above named, *which is* SOME 'DAYS PRIOR to the date of the exposition of the said invention or 'discovery to the French Government at Paris, by MM. Da- 'guerre and Niepce, according to the terms of their agreement.'

This remarkable statement, the object of which is very palpable, is thrust into the specification of the patent, after the usual preamble to all such deeds; and the patentee states with great *naiveté*, that *he believes* it to be the invention or discovery of Messrs Louis Jacques Maude Daguerre, and Joseph Isidore Niepce, junior, both of the kingdom of France; from whom the French Government have purchased the invention, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THAT COUNTRY!

The purpose of the preceding statement is obviously to create a belief, that M. Daguerre was not the foreigner who instructed the patent agent to petition her Majesty, and that he had transferred the benefit of his invention only to his own country. It is not our desire to investigate this part of the transaction any further: but we are bound to say, that the Solicitor-General of England would have done better, to advise her Majesty not to withhold from *her subjects*, that very invention which the King of the French had purchased for the benefit, not only of *his own people*, but of *all nations*. The patent cannot stand a moment's examination, and we would exhort the interested parties to apply for a writ of *scire facias*, for its immediate repeal.

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It is a singular fact, though not without its parallel in the history of science, that when Daguerre in France was engaged in his beautiful experiments, another philosopher in England should have been occupied in analogous researches. Mr Henry Fox Talbot, of Lacock Abbey, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and well known as a mathematician and natural philosopher, had, as we have seen, previous to 1834, been attempting to fix the images of the camera obscura, and to copy objects and pictures by the action of light upon nitrate of silver. The first account which he gave of his labours, was in a Paper entitled *Some Account of the art of Photogenic Drawing, or the process by which natural objects may be made to delineate themselves without the aid of the artist's pencil.* This Paper was read to the Royal Society, on the 31st January 1839, several months before the disclosure of Daguerre's invention and methods.* We mention this fact, not for the purpose of claiming for our countryman any priority in reference to Daguerre; but merely to show that his labours, whatever analogy there may be between them, were wholly independent of those of the French philosophers. In this Paper, Mr Talbot did not give any account of his processes; but in a subsequent letter addressed to the Secretary of the Royal Society, and read to that body on the 21st February 1839,† he described his method of preparing the paper, and the process by which he fixed the design.

A sheet of superfine paper, after being dipped in a weak solution of common salt, is wiped dry; a solution of nitrate of silver, not saturated, but six or eight times diluted with water, is then spread on one surface only, and when dry the paper is fit for use. Leaves of flowers, and lace, laid upon the nitrated surface of this paper will be self-delineated by exposure to the sun, the lights and shades being reversed. In fixing these images, Mr Talbot at first tried ammonia and other re-agents with very imperfect success. His first good result was obtained by using a weak aqueous solution of iodide of potassium. He afterwards obtained better fixation by immersing the picture in a strong solution of common salt, and then wiping off the superfluous moisture and drying it. In order to make the prepared paper sufficiently sensitive to receive the images of the camera obscura, he washed it several times, alternately, with the solutions of salt, and nitrate of silver.

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* It was printed in the *Lond. and Edin. Phil. Mag.* for March 1839. Vol. xiv. p. 196.

† Id. Id. vol. xiv. p. 209.

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Beautiful as some of the photographic drawings were, which Mr Talbot thus produced and exhibited to the Royal Society, he felt that the art had not yet attained great perfection; and he set himself diligently to improve his processes, but particularly to obtain a paper which should be in a high degree sensitive to light. Without such a paper, landscapes might be taken, and pictures of fixed natural objects copied with great accuracy; but portraits of living persons, who could not keep the same position for more than two or three minutes, at this time defied the photographic art, as practised both by Daguerre and Talbot.

In this new field of enquiry Mr Talbot met with perfect success. He discovered a method of making the paper so sensitive, that with a camera, whose lens is one inch in diameter, and focal length fifteen inches, a picture eight or nine inches square may be taken in general in *ten seconds*. In the darkest day of winter, a sheet of this paper becomes entirely dark *in a small fraction of a second*. In five or six seconds, it will darken when held close to a wax candle; and it is even so distinctly acted upon by the light reflected from the moon, that Mr Talbot has taken impressions of leaves on it by moonlight!

To this invention, Mr Talbot, as already mentioned, has given the name of *Calotype*, and has secured the exclusive privilege of it for England, by a patent sealed on the 8th February 1841.* We shall now endeavour to give our readers a popular account of the beautiful methods contained in the specification.

In order to obtain a *negative* picture, (the first and by far the most important part of the process,) or one in which the lights are dark and the shades light, take paper with a smooth surface and close texture; mark one side of it with a pencil cross, and by a camel's hair brush wash the marked side with a solution of 100 grains of *nitrate of silver* in six ounces of distilled water. After having been cautiously dried, it is immersed for a few minutes in a solution of *iodide of potassium*, consisting of 500 grains in one pint of distilled water. The paper when taken out is dipped in water, and dried by blotting-paper and heat gently applied, or it may be dried spontaneously after it comes from the blotting-paper. This operation is carried on in candle light, and the paper thus prepared is called *iodized* paper. It is insensible to light, and will keep for any length of time without spoiling.

When this paper is required for use, a sheet is washed with a camel's hair brush on the one side, with the following solution:

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* See Newton's *London Journal and Repertory of Patent Inventions*. Vol. xix. p. 169.

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To a solution of 100 grains of *nitrate of silver*, in *two* ounces of distilled water, add *one third* of its volume of strong *acetic acid;* then dissolve a small quantity of crystallized *gallic acid* in distilled water, and mix the two solutions together in equal proportions; but in no greater quantity than is required for immediate use, for it will not keep long. This mixture is called *gallo-nitrate of silver*, and is to be applied with the light of a candle; and after allowing the paper to remain half a minute to absorb the gallo-nitrate of silver, it should be dipped in distilled water and dried lightly; first with blotting-paper, and then by means of a fire—holding the paper at a considerable distance from it. The paper is fit for use when thus dried, and should be used within a few hours.

Mr Talbot calls this paper *calotype* paper, and it is now placed in the camera obscura, to receive upon its surface a distinct image of the landscape or person to be drawn; no light being allowed to fall upon the paper till its surface is exposed to the image which it is to receive. The time of impressing the paper with an *invisible* image, varies from *ten seconds* to several minutes, according to the intensity of the light. In the light of a summer sun from *ten* to *fifty* seconds will be sufficient; but when the sun is not strong, *two* or *three* minutes in summer is necessary.

When the paper is removed from the camera, in candle light of course, there is generally *nothing visible upon its surface;* but by washing it all over by a camel's-hair brush, with the *gallo-nitrate of silver*, and holding it before a gentle fire, the picture will soon begin to appear, and the most luminous parts of the real object will, in its picture, be brown or black, while the other parts remain white. When the picture is sufficiently distinct, it must then be *fixed*, so that it will not be further acted upon by the strongest light. For this purpose it must be first dipped in water, then partly dried by blotting-paper, and afterwards washed with a solution of *bromide of potassium*, consisting of 100 grains of this salt, dissolved in eight or ten ounces of water; or in place of this it may be dipped in a strong solution of common salt. The picture is now fixed, and must be finally washed with water, and dried as before by blotting-paper.

When a *negative* picture has been thus obtained, many *positive* ones may be taken from it in the following manner: Take a sheet of good paper, and having dipped it for a minute or so in a solution of common salt, consisting of one part of a saturated solution to eight parts of water, dry it first in blotting-paper, and then spontaneously. Wash one of its sides (having previously marked that side) with a solution of nitrate of silver,

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consisting of eighty grains of that salt dissolved in one ounce of distilled water. Allow this to dry, and then place the paper with its marked side upwards upon a flat surface. Above it, place the negative picture, and having put a plate of glass above, then press them together by screws or otherwise, and expose them to the light of the sun. In ten or fifteen minutes of bright sunshine, or in several hours of common daylight, a *positive* and beautiful picture will be found on the paper beneath the *negative* picture, in which the lights and shadows are now corrected. This picture, after being washed in water and then dried, is fixed by brushing it over with the solution of *bromide of potassium*, above mentioned, or by dipping it in a strong solution of *common salt*.

Mr Talbot next proceeds to describe an entirely new method of obtaining, directly, positive pictures by a single process.* As this process is one less certain, we believe, or rather one which requires more delicate and careful manipulation than the other, we shall describe it in Mr Talbot's own words:—

'A sheet of sensitive calotype paper is exposed to the daylight for a few seconds, or until a visible discoloration or browning of its surface takes place; then it is to be dipped into a solution of iodide of potassium, consisting of 500 grains to one pint of water. The visible discoloration is apparently removed by this immersion; such, however, is not really the case, for if the paper were dipped into a solution of gallo-nitrate of silver it would speedily blacken all over. When the paper is removed from the iodide of potassium, it is washed with water, and then dried with blotting-paper. It is then placed in the camera obscura, and after five or ten minutes it is removed therefrom, and washed with gallo-nitrate of silver, and warmed as before directed. An image of a positive kind is thereby produced, and represents the lights of objects by lights, and the shades by shades, as required.'

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* Positive photographic pictures were first obtained by a *single* process by Dr Andrew Fyfe of Edinburgh, and M. Lassaigne of Paris, nearly about the same time; but we have not heard that their methods have given satisfactory results. By the *double* process great advantages are obtained—the realization of the reverted pictures, and the power of multiplying copies. Mr Talbot, Sir John Herschel, and Mr Hunt, seem to have independently discovered the property of hydriodate of potash to whiten paper darkened by exposure to light. See a 'Popular Treatise on the Art of Photography, including Daguerreotype, and all the new Methods of producing Pictures by the Chemical Agency of Light. By Robert Hunt, Secretary to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. Glasgow, 1841;' forming *Griffin's Scientific Miscellany*, No. VII. A work which we warmly recommend to the attention of photographers.

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We have had an opportunity of seeing one of the pictures taken in this way, which is very good; but the only advantage of this direct process, is, that it necessarily gives a picture with sharper lines—lines as much sharper as those in the *ordinary negative* are sharper than those in the *ordinary positive*, which must always be copied through a certain thickness of paper. This process, however, is quite inferior to the other in two essential points. It requires such a length of time that portraits could not be taken by it, and, when we do obtain good pictures, we cannot multiply them as we do in the other process. The landscape must be appealed to for every picture of it, and the sitter must sit for every portrait.*

The patent right, and the important discovery which it secures, have now been brought into actual operation and use as a branch of the fine arts. Mr Henry Collen, a distinguished miniature-painter, has quitted his own beautiful art, and devoted his whole time to the calotype process. The portraits which he has produced, one of which is now before us, are infinitely superior to the finest miniatures that have ever been painted. Devoting his chief attention to the correct and agreeable delineation of the face by the action of light alone, he corrects any imperfection in the drapery, or supplies any defects in the figure, by his professional skill; so that his works have an entirely different aspect from those of the amateur, who must, generally speaking, be content with the result which the process gives him. In making this comparison we do not intend to convey the idea, that *perfect pictures*, both landscapes and portraits, cannot be produced without additional touches from the pencil of an artist. Without referring to the fine calotype delineations by Mr Talbot himself, who could not be otherwise than master of his own art, we have now before us a collection of admirable photographs executed at St Andrew's, by Dr and Mr Robert Adamson,† Major Playfair, and Captain Brewster. Several of these have all the force and beauty of the sketches of Rembrandt, and some of them have been pro-

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* Mr Talbot's patent includes also methods of obtaining photographic images upon copper—and of obtaining coloured or otherwise diversified photogenic images upon metallic surfaces covered with a thin layer of silver, and that by means of coloured films produced from a solution of acetate of lead by a galvanic current.

† All these calotypes were taken by means of excellent camera-obscuras constructed by Mr Thomas Davidson, optician, Edinburgh.

Mr Robert Adamson, whose skill and experience in photography is very great, is about to practise the art professionally in our northern metropolis.

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nounced by Mr Talbot himself to be among the best he has seen.

Although the calotype art has attained, by Mr Talbot's labours alone, a singular degree of perfection in its ordinary results, there is yet a good deal to be done in simplifying its processes;* in obtaining a more perfect material than common writing-paper for the negative pictures; in giving it additional sensitiveness to enable it to succeed with the light of gas; and in rendering the result of the whole process more certain than it now is. The extension of the art, which is at this moment exciting great attention throughout the continent of Europe and also in America, will, doubtless, add to its methods and its resources; and bring it to a degree of perfection which Mr Talbot himself had never contemplated. In the mean time, it gives us great pleasure to learn, that though none of his photographical discoveries adorn the transactions of the Royal Society, yet the president and council have adjudged to him the Rumford Medals for the last biennial period.

Having thus given our readers a pretty ample account of the history of the Daguerreotype and Calotype, we shall now attempt to point out the advantages which these two arts, considered as the science of Photography, have conferred upon society; and shall afterwards endeavour to form an estimate of their respective merits and applications.

It would be an idle task to eulogize the arts of painting and sculpture, whether we view their productions as works of fancy, or as correct representations of what is beautiful and grand in nature. The splendid galleries of art throughout Europe, private as well as public, form their most appropriate eulogy. Any art, therefore, which should supersede that of the painter, and deprive of employment any of its distinguished cultivators, would scarcely be hailed as a boon conferred upon society. An invention which supersedes animal, or even professional labour, must be viewed in a very different light from an invention which supersedes the efforts of genius. That the art of painting will derive incalculable advantages from Photography it is impossible to doubt. M. Delaroche, a distinguished French painter, quoted by M. Arago, considers it as 'carrying to such perfection cer-

* Mr William F. Channing of Boston gives a simpler process than Mr Talbot's; but it is only by omitting some of the steps of it. The calotype paper is therefore less sensitive. We have tried this simplified process, but without any desire to repeat it; for a good negative picture is worth all the trouble of Mr Talbot's process.—See the *American Journal of Science and the Arts*, July 1842, vol. xliii. p. 73,

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'tain of the essential principles of art, that they must become 'subjects of study and observation even to the most accomplished 'artist. * * * The finish of inconceivable minuteness disturbs in 'no respect the repose of the masses, nor impairs in any manner 'the general effect.' 'The correctness of the lines,' he continues, 'the precision of the forms in the designs of M. Daguerre, are as 'perfect as it is possible they can be, and yet at the same time 'we discover in them a broad and energetic manner, and a whole 'equally rich in tone as in effect. The painter will obtain, by 'this process, a quick method of making collections of studies 'which he could not otherwise procure without much time and 'labour, and in a style very far inferior, whatever might be his 'talents in other respects.' * The same remarks are equally applicable to the arts of sculpture and architecture.

But if the artist is thus favoured by the photographer, what must be the benefit which he confers on the public—the addition which he makes to our knowledge—the direct enjoyment which he affords to our senses. How limited is our present knowledge of the architectural ornaments of other nations—of the ruined grandeur of former ages—of the gigantic ranges of the Himalaya and the Andes—and of the enchanting scenery of lakes, and rivers, and valleys, and cataracts, and volcanoes, which occur throughout the world! Excepting by the labours of some travelling artists, we know them only through the sketches of hurried visitors, tricked up with false and ridiculous illustrations, which are equal mockeries of nature and of art. But when the photographer has prepared his truthful tablet, and 'held his mirror up to na-'ture,' she is taken captive in all her sublimity and beauty; and faithful images of her grandest, her loveliest, and her minutest features, are transferred to her most distant worshippers, and become the objects of a new and pleasing idolatry. The hallowed remains which faith has consecrated in the land of Palestine, the scene of our Saviour's pilgrimage and miracles—the endeared spots where he drew his first and his latest breath—the hills and temples of the Holy City—the giant flanks of Horeb, and the awe-inspiring summits of Mount Sinai, will be displayed to the Christian's eye in the deep lines of truth, and appeal to his heart with all the powerful associations of an immortal interest. With feelings more subdued, will the antiquary and the architect study the fragments of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman grandeur—the pyramids, the temples, the obelisks of other ages. Every inscription, every stone, will exhibit to them its outline; the gray moss will lift its hoary frond, and the fading inscription unveil

* *History and Practice of Photogenic Drawing*, pp. 16, 17.

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its mysterious hieroglyphics. The fields of ancient and modern warfare will unfold themselves to the soldier's eye in faithful perspective and unerring outline; and reanimated squadrons will again form on the plains of Marathon, and occupy the gorge of Thermopylæ.

But it is not only the rigid forms of art and of external nature —the mere outlines and subdivisions of space—that are thus fixed and recorded. The self-delineated landscape is seized at one epoch of time, and is embalmed amid all the co-existing events of the social and physical world. If the sun shines, his rays throw their gilding upon the picture. If rain falls, the earth and the trees glisten with its reflections. If the wind blows, we see in the partially obliterated foliage the extent of its agitation. The objects of still life, too, give animation to the scene. The streets display their stationary chariots, the esplanade its military array, and the market-place its colloquial groups;—while the fields are studded with the various forms and attitudes of animal life. Thus are the incidents of time, and the forms of space simultaneously recorded; and every picture becomes an authentic chapter in the history of the world.

In considering the relations of Photography to the art of portrait painting, we are disposed to give it a still higher rank. Could we now see in photogenic light and shadow Demosthenes launching his thunder against Macedon—or Brutus at Pompey's statue bending over the bleeding Cæsar—or Paul preaching at Athens—or Him whom we must not name, in godlike attitude and celestial beauty, proclaiming good-will to man, with what rapture would we gaze upon impersonations so exciting and divine! The heroes and sages of ancient times, mortal though they be, would thus have been embalmed with more than Egyptian skill; and the forms of life and beauty, and the lineaments of noble affections and intellectual power, the real incarnations of living man, would have replaced the hideous fragments of princely mortality scarcely saved from corruption.

But even in the narrower, though not less hallowed, sphere of the affections, where the magic names of kindred and home are inscribed, what a deep interest do the realities of photography excite! In the transition forms of his offspring, which link infancy with manhood, the parent will discover the traces of his own mortality; and in the successive phases which mark the sunset of life, the child, in its turn, will read the lesson that his pilgrimage too has a period which must close.

Nor are these delineations interesting only for their minute accuracy as works of art, or for their moral influence as incentive to virtue. They are instinct with associations equally vivid and

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endearing. The picture is connected with its prototype by sensibilities peculiarly touching. It was the very light which radiated from his brow—the identical gleam which lighted up his eye—the pallid hue which hung upon his cheek—that penciled the cherished image, and fixed themselves for ever there.

But the useful arts, too, and even the sciences themselves, have become the willing eulogists of the photographer. As the picture in the Daguerreotype is delineated by vapours of mercury, which are effaced by a touch of the finger, it became desirable to fix them upon the silvered copper by a more permanent tracery. Dr Berres of Vienna is said to have discovered a method of doing this, in such an effective manner, that copies can be taken from the plate as from ordinary copperplates; and it has been asserted by Dr Donné, that the Daguerreotype plates may be directly etched by very dilute nitric acid, which acts most powerfully upon the parts of the picture that have the least quantity of mercurial vapour. As we have not seen any of these results, and are not able to adduce the testimony of others who have seen them, we cannot form an idea of the accuracy with which they may represent the original Daugerreotype picture. We have now, however, before us *four* engravings, obtained from Daguerreotype plates by the process of Mr Boscawen Ibbetson. *One* of these is from a Daguerreotype portrait, in which the original picture on the silvered plate is stippled by an engraver, and an impression thrown off in the usual way; and *three* of them represent objects of natural history obtained in the following manner. The exact outline of all the parts of the picture was traced by the engraver in the Daguerreotype plate by stippling; a print was next taken from the plate and transferred to stone; and the lithographer then filled in the necessary shading. One of these specimens is a thin section of a madrepore, taken by the oxy-hydrogen microscope, and magnified 12½ times. The other specimens represent a silicified Pentagonaster, and a Scaphite, accompanied with other fossils; and we venture to say, that these specimens possess every requisite that the naturalist could desire. Had the drawings been taken by the Calotype, that is, upon paper, they could have been transposed at once to stone with all their minute details, and without the intermediate step of an imperfect etching, depending on the engraver for its accuracy.

But there is still a simpler process by which the fine arts are aided by the Daguerreotype, and the results of this process are now before the world. Foreseeing the advantages of photographic pictures of the most interesting scenery in Europe, M.

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optics, as we must devote a separate part of this article to their discussion.

In thus stating the peculiar advantages of Photography, we have supposed the Daguerreotype and Calotype to be the same art. Our readers have already seen in what the difference really consists; but it is still necessary that we should attempt to draw a comparison between them, as sister arts, with advantages peculiar to each.

In doing this, our friends in Paris must not suppose that we have any intention of making the least deduction from the merits of M. Daguerre, or the beauty of his invention; which cannot be affected by the subsequent discovery of the Calotype by Mr Talbot. While a Daguerreotype picture is much more sharp and accurate in its details than a Calotype, the latter possesses the advantage of giving a greater breadth and massiveness to its landscapes and portraits. In the one, we can detect hidden details by the application of the microscope; in the other, every attempt to magnify its details is injurious to the general effect. In point of expense, a Daguerreotype picture vastly exceeds a Calotype one of the same size. With its silver plate and glass covering, a quarto plate must cost five or six shillings, while a Calotype one will not cost as many pence. In point of portability, permanence, and facility of examination, the Calotype picture possesses a peculiar advantage. It has been stated, but we know not the authority, that Daguerreotype pictures have been effaced before they reached the East Indies; but if this be true, we have no doubt that a remedy will soon be found for the defect. The great and unquestionable superiority of the Calotype pictures, however, is their power of multiplication. One Daguerreotype cannot be copied from another; and the person whose portrait is desired, must sit for every copy that he wishes. When a pleasing picture is obtained, another of the same character cannot be produced. In the Calotype, on the contrary, we can take any number of pictures, within reasonable limits, from a negative; and a whole circle of friends can procure, for a mere trifle, a copy of a successful and pleasing portrait. In the Daguerreotype the landscapes are all reverted, whereas in the Calotype the drawing is exactly conformable to nature. This objection can of course be removed, either by admitting the rays into the camera after reflection from a mirror, or by total reflection from a prism; but in both these cases, the additional reflections and refractions are accompanied with a loss of light, and also with a diminution, to a certain extent, of distinctness in the image. The Daguerreotype may be considered as having nearly attained perfection, both in the

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quickness of its operations and in the minute perfection of its pictures; whereas the Calotype is yet in its infancy—ready to make a new advance when a proper paper, or other ground, has been discovered, and when such a change has been made in its chemical processes as shall yield a better colour, and a softer distribution of the colouring material.

In the preceding pages we have treated of the history, the processes, the advantages, and the relative merits of the Daguerreotype and the Calotype, considered as two existing arts which we owe to M. Daguerre and Mr Talbot; and, under this restriction, we have not felt ourselves called upon to give any particular account of the experiments and improvements of Dr Fyfe, M. Claudet, Mr Hunt, Mr Ponton, M. Lassaigne, M. Netto, and many other writers. The necessary restriction of our limits, indeed, renders it impossible to enter into those minute details and discussions, which, though they might be less acceptable to a general reader, could not fail to be extremely interesting to those who may be engaged in the practice of these fascinating arts. The same cause has prevented us from describing the construction and use of the different camera-obscuras, with lenses and mirrors, which have been, or which may be, successfully employed in Photography.

Extensive, however, as the subject is, and restricted as we are, there are three philosophers, Sir John Herschel, Dr Draper of New York, and Professor Moser of Konigsberg, who have applied the photographic processes with such distinguished success to the advancement of optical science, that it would be unpardonable to withhold from our scientific readers an account of their discoveries; even had they been less important and of a less popular character than they are.

The researches of Sir John Herschel were both practical and theoretical.* In the first portion of the paper which contains them, he treats of the various parts of the photographic processes; and in the second, he treats of the chemical and calorific action of the solar rays. In the very important process of fixing photographs, whether negative or positive, Sir John gives the preference to the *hyposulphite of soda*.† The photograph is first

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* 'On the Chemical Action of the Rays of the Solar Spectrum on 'Preparations of Silver and other Substances, both Metallic and Non-'Metallic, and on some Photographic Processes. By Sir John F. W. 'Herschel, Bart., K.H. V.P.R.S.,' *Phil. Trans.* 1840; pp. 1–60.

† The use of *ammonia* for fixing *positive* photographs was tried, but

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well washed by soaking in water. When thoroughly dried, it is then brushed over very quickly with a flat camel-hair brush, dipped in a saturated solution of the hyposulphite, first on the face, then on the back. When the picture has been thus completely penetrated by the fluid, it must be washed repeatedly and copiously with water, until the water comes off without the slightest sweetness. Sir John recommends the repetition of this process, especially if the paper be thick. The use of common salt he has never found satisfactory; and though he regards the hydriodate of potash as good for fixation, if the right strength be hit, yet in the case of negative photographs its use would be injurious, from the yellow tint which it gives to the ground of the picture. In using a weak solution of corrosive sublimate, Sir John discovered a very singular effect of it. When the picture was washed over with this solution, and then laid for a few minutes in water, the picture was *completely obliterated.* But though invisible, it was only *dormant*, for it could easily be revived, in all its force, by merely brushing it over with a solution of a neutral hyposulphite. In this way it may be successively obliterated and revived as often as we please.

The 'numberless combinations' of chemical substances which were tried by Sir John Herschel, with the view of increasing the sensitiveness and facility of preparation of photographic paper, did not lead him to any very satisfactory results; and with the candour which distinguishes him, he 'most 'readily admits that the specimens (of photographic paper) recent-'ly placed in his hands by Mr Talbot, far surpass, in point of sen-'sitiveness, any that he had yet produced of a manageable kind.' Following Mr Talbot's principle of successive alternate washes with salt and nitrate of silver, Sir John adopted the following series of washes, viz.:—

1. Nitrate of silver. Spec. grav. 1.096, (say 1.1).
2. Muriate of soda. 1 salt, 19 water.
3. Nitrate of silver. Spec. grav. 1.132, (say 1.15).

saturating the muriatic solution with chloride of silver, and occasionally dividing the last, or third, application into two conse-

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abandoned by Mr Talbot. Mr Constable of Jesus College, Cambridge, afterwards found it to be efficacious; and we have ourselves found it to be preferable to any other fixing liquid. When applied copiously and repeatedly, the photographs will resist the direct and continued light of the sun. As the ammonia always weakens the picture, the positive photographs should be strongly brought out by the sun. When they are weak, the bromide of potassium is preferable as the fixing material.

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cutive washes of nitrate of silver, of equal strength, by dilution. As an ordinary working paper easily prepared, Sir John considers it as having sensibility enough for most purposes. It gives, he says, good camera pictures, and when smooth demy paper is used, it retains its whiteness even in the dark. As all other papers suffered discoloration under the preceding process, and as the smooth demy might not always be obtained of the same quality, Sir John was induced to adopt, for camera pictures, a process which proved both convenient and effectual; and which he found to apply equally well to both descriptions of paper—that is, the *blue wove post* and *smooth demy*. He simply 'delays the last or 'efficient wash of nitrate of silver, on which the sensitive quality 'depends, till the moment of using it; and, in fact, using the 'paper actually wet with the nitrate, and applied with its sensi-'tive face against a glass plate, whose hinder surface is in the 'focus of the camera. This affords other collateral advantages: '1st, That all crumpling or undulation of the paper is avoided; '2d, That being rendered in some degree transparent, the light 'is enabled to act deeper within its substance.'

In the practice of Photography, the artist is often disturbed with imperfections in his paper, even when it has been prepared with the utmost attention. Both Mr Talbot and Sir John Herschel have paid particular attention to this imperfection; and have, we have no doubt, ascertained the general cause of these spots, as well as a probable means of preventing them.

'I will now add,' says Mr Talbot, 'a few remarks concerning the very singular circumstance which I have before briefly mentioned—viz., that the paper sometimes, although intended to be prepared of the most sensitive quality, turns out on trial to be wholly insensible to light, and incapable of change. The most singular part of this is the very small difference in the mode of preparation, which causes so wide a discrepancy in the result. For instance, a sheet of paper is all prepared at the same time, and with the intention of giving it as much uniformity as possible; and yet, when exposed to sunshine, this paper will exhibit large white spots of very definite outline, where the preparing process has failed; the rest of the paper, where it has succeeded, turning black as rapidly as possible. Sometimes the spots are of a pale tint of cerulean blue, and are surrounded by exceedingly definite outlines of perfect whiteness, contrasting very much with the blackness of the part immediately succeeding. With regard to the theory of this, I am only prepared to state as my opinion at present, that it is a case of what is called "unstable equilibrium." The process followed is such as to produce one of two definite chemical compounds; and when we happen to come near the limit which separates the two cases, it depends upon exceedingly small and often imperceptible circumstances, which of the two compounds shall be formed. That they

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are both definite compounds, is of course at present merely my conjecture; that they are signally different, is evident from their dissimilar properties.' *

Both Sir John Herschel and Mr Hunt concur in the theory given of these spots by Mr Talbot; and the former has suggested the following method of preventing their occurrence.

'It frequently happens that, however carefully the successive washes are applied, so as apparently to drench completely every part of the paper, irregular patches in the resulting sheet will be of a comparatively much lower degree of sensibility; which degree is nevertheless uniform over their whole area. These patches are always sharply defined and terminated by *rounded* outlines, indicating, as their proximate cause, the spreading of the wash last applied within the pores of the paper. They have been noticed and well described by Mr Talbot, and ascribed by him, I think justly, to the assumption of definite and different chemical states of the silver within and without their area, which it would be highly interesting to follow out. They are very troublesome in practice, but may be materially diminished in frequency, if not avoided altogether, by saturating the saline washes used, previous to their application, with chloride of silver. By attending to this precaution, and by dividing the last wash of the nitrate into two of half the strength, applied one after the other, drying the paper between them, their occurrence may be almost entirely obviated.

The occurrence of these white spots on the paper used for *positive* photographs, is particularly distressing. When a favourable sun and a fine *negative* drawing should have produced a powerful picture, the figures often appear without heads or hands, or with such numbers of white spots as to destroy the picture. In order to be secure against this disappointment, Sir David Brewster exposes the nitrated paper to such a degree of light as to produce a sort of neutral brownish tint over the whole.† The uniformity of this tint indicates the absence of white spots; and when the white spots do appear, we may either reject the paper or place the *negative* upon that part of it which is uniformly tinged. This tinge has another advantage. It prevents that disagreeable change of colour, which, in the course of time, comes over all photographs that have been fixed with the bromide of potassium; and it greatly adds to the effect of a picture with very deep shadows produced by an excess of light, and which has been fixed by ammonia.

Within our present limits, we cannot stop to give our reader

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* 'Some account of the Art of Photogenic Drawing, &c.' p. 13.

† Instead of using for positives the strong nitrate of 80 grains to 1 oz. of water, he uses the aceto-nitrate, with only 50 grains to 1½ oz. of fluid, that is, of water and acetic acid. The acetic acid may be replaced by common vinegar in taking positives.

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nobly earned the reputation of having perfected this branch of the art.

It had been long known, that if we write upon a piece of glass with a pencil of Soapstone or Agalmatolite, the written letters, though wholly invisible, may be read by simply breathing upon the glass; and this even though the surface has been well cleaned after the letters had been written. Dr Draper observed, that if a piece of metal, a shilling for example, or even a wafer, is laid upon a cool surface of glass or polished metal, and the glass or metal breathed upon, then, if the shilling is tossed from the surface, and the vapour dried up spontaneously, a spectral image of the shilling will be seen by breathing again upon the surface; the vapour depositing itself in a different manner upon the part previously protected by the shilling.* More recently, Professor Draper has shown, that this spectral image could be revived during a period of several months of the cold weather in the winter of 1840-1; but he has stated that he cannot find the reason of this result, though he regards it as analogous to the deposition of mercurial vapour in the Daguerreotype.† We have often repeated this interesting experiment, by keeping the protecting body, the shilling or wafer, *at a distance* from the glass or metallic surface, or by putting it under a watch-glass; and we found that the result was always the same, (even after cleaning the surface with soft leather,) so that change of temperature, or any pressure upon the glass surface, were excluded as causes of the phenomenon.

Professor Draper was led also to the interesting conclusion, 'that the chemical action produced by the rays of light, depends 'upon the rays being rendered latent or absorbed by sensitive bo-'dies;' that 'by some unknown process, photographic effects on 'sensitive surfaces gradually disappear, and that it depends on 'the chemical nature of the sensitive material, which rays shall 'be rendered latent or absorbed.'‡

During a long journey, undertaken during the last summer for the purpose of trying the photographical power of the sun's rays in lower latitudes, Professor Draper has been conducted to a very remarkable discovery. No similar result could be obtained at New York, and therefore we can have no expectation of witnessing it in England. From photographic impressions of the solar spectrum, obtained in the South of Virginia, when the thermometer was 96° of Fahrenheit in the shade, Professor Draper found, that 'under a brilliant sun, there is a class of rays com-

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* *Lond. and Edin. Phil. Magazine*, vol. xviii. p. 218, Sept. 1840-41.
† *Id. Id.* v. xix. 198. ‡ *Id. Id.* 195-6.

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'mencing precisely at the termination of the *blue*, and extending 'beyond the extreme *red*, which totally and perfectly arrest the 'light of the sky. The *negative* rays seemed almost as effective 'in *protecting*, as the *blue* rays are in *decomposing* iodide of 'silver.'

'The most remarkable part of the phenomenon,' says Professor Draper, 'is, that the same class of rays makes its appearance again beyond the extreme lavender rays. Sir J. Herschel has already stated, in the case of bromide of silver, that these negative rays exist low down in the spectrum. This specimen, however, proves that they exist at both ends, and do not at all depend on the refrangibility. It was obtained with yellow iodide of silver, Daguerre's preparation, the time of exposure to the sun fifteen minutes.

'In this impression, six different kinds of action may be distinctly traced, by the different effects produced on the mercurial amalgam. Those, commencing with the most refrangible rays, may be enumerated as follows:—1st, protecting rays; 2d, rays that whiten; 3d, rays that blacken; 4th, rays that whiten intensely; 5th, rays that whiten very feebly; 6th, protecting rays.

'It is obvious we could obtain negative photographs by the Daguerreotype process, by absorbing all the rays coming from natural objects, except the red, orange, yellow, and green, allowing at the same time diffused daylight to act on the plate.

'This constitutes a great improvement in the art of Photography, because it permits its application in a negative way to landscapes. In the original French plan, the most luminous rays are those that have least effect, whilst the sombre blue and violet rays produce all the action. Pictures produced in that way never can imitate the order of light and shadow in a coloured landscape." *

From these observations, Professor Draper considers that 'there are strong reasons for believing that the sun's light, in 'tropical seasons, differs intrinsically from ours.' With a French achromatic lens, which performed admirably in a camera at New York, the Chevalier Fredrichstal, who travelled in Central America for the Prussian government, found very long exposures in the camera necessary, to produce impressions of the ruined monuments of the deserted cities. Professor Draper says that these Daguerreotypes 'are of a very remarkable aspect; and he 'assures us that other competent travellers experienced similar 'difficulties, and even *failed to get any impressions whatever.*' These difficulties must certainly be due, as Professor Draper conjectures, to the antagonist action of the negative and positive rays.

We shall now give our readers a very condensed account of the extraordinary discoveries recently made by M. Ludwig Moser,

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* *Lond. and Edin. Phil. Magazine*, vol. xxi. p. 349.

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of the University of Königsberg; and we are fortunately able to do this with accuracy, from a detailed abstract of them communicated in manuscript by Professor Moser himself to Sir David Brewster. According to his views, light produces the same general effect upon all substances, and this effect consists in its modifying their surfaces, so as to make them condense vapours differently. The quantity of vapours thus condensed, depends on the intensity of the light and the duration of its action; and also on the elasticity of the vapour and the duration of its action. The iodide of silver is *at first* blackened by the action of light; and this effect is produced most rapidly by the *blue* and *violet* rays, and more slowly by the other rays in the ratio of their lesser refrangibility. But when the action of light upon the iodide is prolonged, the *blackened iodide* is brought back to a *coloured iodide;* and this restoration is produced most rapidly by the *red* and *yellow* rays, and less rapidly by the *blue* and *violet*, in the ratio of their greater refrangibility.

All bodies, according to Professor Moser, emit light even in absolute darkness, and this light differs entirely from that which is emitted by phosphorescent bodies. It is called by Professor Moser the *proper* light of bodies. It acts upon all substances in the same manner as ordinary light—that is, it modifies their surfaces, so as to enable them to condense vapours differently. The leading experiment from which this doctrine is deduced, consists in placing a polished surface of silver within the twentieth of an inch of a cameo of horn or agate, with white figures upon a dark ground. After remaining at that distance ten minutes, the figures engraved on the cameo have impressed themselves on the silver surface, and may be rendered visible by throwing upon that surface the vapours of mercury, water, oil, &c. If the image in a camera obscura is received upon a surface of silver, glass, wood, leather, &c., the image may, in like manner, be rendered visible. The proper light of bodies, which has a great refrangibility, is the most suitable for commencing the action upon bodies. From these results, Professor Moser has drawn the important conclusion, that there exists *latent light*, analogous to *latent heat;* and that a portion of light becomes latent when any liquid evaporates, and is again disengaged when the same vapour is condensed. The condensation of vapours, therefore, acts like light upon the condensing bodies; particular vapours acting like particular coloured rays of the spectrum. The latent light of *mercurial* vapours is *yellow*, and their condensation produces all the effects of *yellow* light. The latent light of the vapours of *iodine* is *blue* or *violet*. The latent light of *chlorine*, *bromine*, and their combinations, differs a little in refrangibility from those of iodine. The latent light of the vapour of *water* is neither *green*, *yellow*,

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orange, nor *red*. The latent light of the hydro-fluoric vapours, surpasses in refrangibility that of the visible rays. Hence Professor Moser concludes, that the *iodide of silver* derives its great sensibility to ordinary light, from the circumstance that the latent light of the vapour of iodine is disengaged, and acts on the substance of the metal; and that the iodide of silver has not a greater sensibility to the invisible rays than pure silver.*

These general results are deduced from various experiments detailed in three memoirs; only one of which is yet published in Poggendorff's *Annalen der Physik*. This *first* memoir is *On Vision, and the Action of Light upon all Bodies;* the *second*, *On the Latent State of Light;* and the third, *On Invisible Rays*. The published Memoir indicated at the head of this article, contains many interesting experiments connected with the Daguerreotype; but the most important part of it is that in which its author assimilates the phenomena of vision to those of Photography. In developing his particular views on this subject, he founds them on the following experiment made by Sir David Brewster, which he regards as a complete proof of his theory:—

'If, when two candles are placed at the distance of eight or ten feet from the eye, and about a foot from each other, we view the one directly, and the other indirectly; the indirect image will swell, as we have already mentioned, and will be succeeded with a bright ring of *yellow* light, while the bright light within the ring will have a *pale-blue* colour. If the candles are viewed through a prism, the *red* and *green* light of the *indirect* image will vanish; and there will be left only a large mass of *yellow*, terminated with a portion of *blue* light. In making this experiment, and looking steadily and directly at one of the prismatic images of the candles, I was surprised to find that the *red* and *green* rings began to disappear, leaving only *yellow* and a small portion of *blue;* and when the eye was kept immovably fixed on the same point of the image, the *yellow light became almost pure white;* so that the prismatic image was converted into an *elongated image of white light*.'—(*Treatise on Optics*, p. 296, 297.)

Professor Moser regards this experiment as inexplicable by the ordinary theory of accidental colours; and ascribes the phenomena to a peculiar vital action not yet understood.

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* We have found that many of the phenomena ascribed to *latent light*, or to *heat*, are owing to the absorption of matter in the state of vapour or minute particles, passing from the object to the surface of the glass or metal upon which the image of that object is impressed; and by this means we have obtained very fine pictures upon glass, which are *positive* when seen by reflection, and *negative* when seen by transmitted light. These pictures are rendered visible by the vapour of water, &c.

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In the middle of this physiological difficulty, our exhausted limits compel us to stop. But we cannot allow ourselves to conclude this article without some reflections, which the preceding details must have excited in the minds of our readers, as well as in ours. Two great inventions, the produce of two of the greatest and most intellectual nations in the world, have illustrated the age in which we live. With a generous heart and open hand, France has purchased the secret of the Daguerreotype; and while she has liberally rewarded the genius which created it, she has freely offered it as a gift to all nations—a boon to universal science—a donation to the arts—a source of amusement and instruction to every class of society. All the nations of Europe—save one—and the whole hemisphere of the New World, have welcomed the generous gift. They have received the free use of it for all their subjects; they have improved its processes; they have applied it to the arts; they have sent forth travellers to distant climes to employ it in delineating their beauties and their wonders. In England alone, the land of free-trade—the enemy of monopoly—has the gift of her neighbour been received with contumely and dishonour. It has been treated as contraband—not at the Custom-house, but at the Patent-office. Much as we admire the principle of our Patent laws, as the only reward of mechanical genius under governments without feeling and without wisdom, we would rather see them utterly abrogated, than made, as they have in this case been made, an instrument of injustice. While every nation in the world has a staff of pilgrim philosophers, gathering on foreign shores the fragments of science and practical knowledge for the benefit of their country, England marshals only a coast-guard of patent agents, not to levy duties, but to extinguish lights; not to seize smugglers, but to search philosophers; not to transmit their captures to the national treasury, but to retain them as fees and profits to interested individuals.

Nor does the fate of the Calotype redeem the treatment of her sister art. The Royal Society—the philosophical organ of the nation—has refused to publish its processes in their Transactions. No Arago—no Gay Lussac, drew to it the notice of the Premier or his Government. No representatives of the People or the Peers unanimously recommended a national reward. No enterprizing artists started for our colonies to portray their scenery, or repaired to our insular rocks and glens to delineate their beauty and their grandeur. The inventor was left to find the reward of his labours in the doubtful privileges of a patent;—and thus have these two beautiful and prolific arts been arrested on English ground, and doomed to fourteen years' imprisonment in the labyrinths of Chancery Lane!

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ART. II.—*Speeches of* LORD CAMPBELL, *at the Bar, and in the House of Commons; with an Address to the Irish Bar as Lord Chancellor of Ireland.* 8vo. Edinburgh: 1842.

WE regard the publication of this volume with interest, not derived merely from the intrinsic merit of some of the speeches which it contains, and the importance of the events with which they are associated; but from the memorials it presents of a career which it is pleasant to contemplate, and wise to hold out as an encouraging example. The professional life of its author is not illustrated by those sparkling qualities which sometimes attain a sudden triumph, and which few can emulate; nor diversified by those happy accidents which occasionally decide the fate of a bold aspirant, when trembling between obscurity and greatness; but consists of an uninterrupted course of strenuous labours, sustained with unflinching courage and unwearied patience, and, by constant and regular progress, achieving high and merited honours. From the political party to which he attached himself in youth, notwithstanding its attainment of power then beyond all expectation, he has derived no other pecuniary benefits than the office of Attorney-General conferred —the painful and ill-paid duties of which he discharged for a longer period than any of his predecessors, and with industry and care which none of his successors can ever surpass; so that of the numerous lawyers who have attained high rank, and founded noble families, he has, as much as any one within our recollection, directly worked for and earned his fortune, by that persevering toil which inferior minds may imitate with proportionate success, and which none can imitate in vain. His course has also the merit and the beauty—too often wanting, or imperfect in the history of eminent lawyers—of entire political consistency. Early in life he chose his party for better and for worse; clove to it with constancy; and now advocates in the House of Lords those principles which he embraced when their success seemed a distant hope, and which, notwithstanding the present exclusion from office of those by whom they have been supported, are, and will continue triumphant. And without imputing dishonourable motives to those successful lawyers whose career has wanted, or seemed to want, this grace—believing that the changes imputed to them have rarely been attended by feelings consciously base—we may be permitted to regard it as a ground of congratulation, when a long public career wears all the outward symbols of the integrity which has influenced its

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secret springs of action; when the objects of youthful and enthusiastic affection are the same with those of matured attachment; and when the whole course of active and contemplative existence is in keeping and harmony.

We should have liked this volume better if it had comprised a greater variety of speeches at the Bar, illustrating the stages of its author's progress—many of which, if we recollect rightly, were inspired by occasions of great forensic interest, and which, eminently successful with courts and juries, would have been of much value to the student of common law; and for these we could have spared the ponderous argument on the question of Parliamentary Privilege, though it is a remarkable instance of industry in searching for all possible materials, and of perfect mastery obtained over them. But perhaps the means of reviving those efforts, which were attended with the most signal success, did not remain; or the difficulty of rendering them intelligible, without a full detail of all *the surrounding incidents*, may have presented insuperable obstacles in the way of such a selection. This last difficulty considerably detracts from the effect of the first speech of this volume—the defence of the action of 'Norton v. Lord Melbourne'—which, heard in connexion with the evidence which it dissects and exposes, produced entire conviction of the utter baselessness of the case which the plaintiff had been induced—we believe against his own better judgment—to bring into court, and well entitled the advocate to the cheers with which he was greeted on entering the House of Commons, after the verdict was given. Other objections have been urged to the publication of this speech, which we do not think equally valid. If, indeed, it were possible to obliterate all remembrance of an attempt—made not *by*, but *through* the ostensible plaintiff—to crush the First Minister of the Crown, by sacrificing the reputation and the peace of a beautiful and richly-gifted woman—we grant that such oblivion of the endeavour would be wisely purchased by the suppression of the effort which destroyed it. But this is surely impossible—not only because the position held by the defendant in the councils of his sovereign, from which an adverse verdict must have driven him, renders the attack part of the history of the times, but because the celebrity of the lady, exposed to double envy by the dangerous gifts of genius and beauty, imparts to her sorrows that undying interest which always attends suffering when associated with high endowments. If the splendour of hereditary association, and her own just claims to fame, deny to her the refuges of mediocrity, and preserve the memory of her trials, it is surely better that the record of the exposure of the attempt in which her character was in-

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volved should attend the recollection of the wrong, than that posterity should be left to guess at the materials of the charge, and the force of the answer. If regarded apart from the fortunes of the distinguished persons which it involved, this cause affords an egregious instance of that peculiar action which, to the disgrace of the English Law, it not only permits, but absolutely requires, before a husband, however wronged, can obtain the severance of the violated marriage-tie. It is assuredly a reproach to civilization itself that such a remedy should be allotted to such a wrong;—that a man should be compelled to seek '*compensation in damages*' for the loss of a life of affection, and the blighting of hopes which extend through human life and overstep the grave, by pouring on the greedy ears of 'his friends and the 'public,' all the shameful details of his wife's crime and his own dishonour. In vain does his advocate represent his loss and his misery as beyond the power of money to compensate—it is still money that he asks; and those in whose presence that degrading appeal is made, ought to feel, not that money is inadequate in degree to the purpose for which it is sought, but wholly inapplicable in kind—that to require a jury to determine on their oaths how much in pounds, shillings, and pence the adulterer ought to pay to the friend whose wife he has seduced, is as absurd as to propound to them the child's question, *How many miles is it to Christmas-day?* Among the many varieties of injustice which the prosecution of such a complaint involves, perhaps the worst is that which denies to the party whose interests are most fearfully affected by its conduct and its issue—the lady whose imputed frailty is directly in question—any representative or protector; for, if she is innocent, he who should defend her is her accuser, and she has no claim on the defendant, whose relation to her is erroneously charged. In this case the injustice would have been bitterly felt, if the tissue of misapprehension and falsehood which constituted the evidence for the plaintiff had been more artfully woven; for the duty of the Counsel for the defendant to their client might still have compelled them to abstain from assailing it by proof; and thus, although successful in the result, might have left the vindication of the lady imperfect. The practice of *nisi prius*, which enables a plaintiff's advisers to select fragments of the truth, and to arrange them, so as to compel or provoke their opponents to supply the deficiencies in the picture, at the peril of all those casualties which often occur in the course of evidence, and which a defendant can neither anticipate nor explain, produced on this occasion appearances essentially deceptive; which, though inadequate at the worst to influence the verdict, might have been sufficient to leave a taint on the repu-

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tation of the lady, if happy accident, wisely employed by Sir John Campbell, had not dispelled them. As the case for the plaintiff appeared in proof almost until its close, it must have been inferred that, on some discovery, a separation took place between the husband and wife, of which the action was the direct consequence; and such would have remained the conviction of the judge, jury, and spectators, if the accidental appearance in the witness-box of a female servant, to prove the handwriting of the lady to a few most innocent letters to her husband, had not enabled the counsel to elicit the important and hitherto unsuspected fact, that the unhappy difference between them arose on matter *wholly unconnected with a suspicion of her honour*—that they had, in truth, separated because he would not permit their children to accompany her on a visit to her brother, which he was not invited to share; and that weeks had elapsed before he thought of regarding the intimacy, of which he had been naturally and honourably proud, as tainted with the guilt subsequently imputed by the action. Another instance of false appearance, produced by a partial disclosure of truths, passed, in this cause, without detection. The servants of the exemplary daughter of a gallant officer were examined, to prove that they had, on two or three occasions, attended the carriage of their mistress when it conveyed Mrs Norton to the house of the defendant; that mistress sat in a room adjoining the court, expecting to be herself called to explain the objects of those visits to be perfectly innocent, and approved by the plaintiff; but she waited in vain;—the plantiff left the explanation to be given by the defendant; the defendant's counsel thought the weakness of the case on other points rendered it unnecessary to answer it on this; and thus, although the witnesses on this point spoke only truth, the result of their evidence was falsehood. No one will impute to the eminent advocate who conducted the plantiff's case, any desire to suppress or distort truth; probably the entire facts were not known to him, or some urgent reason existed for declining to present particular witnesses *as his own witnesses*, of which a stranger cannot judge: both the circumstances suggest a defect in our judicial system, which deserves serious consideration. Surely when we expose —as we had recently occasion to expose*—the meretricious license of French advocacy, by which much may be asserted and insinuated which cannot be proved, we ought to allow that there is an opposite imperfection in our own practice; which,

* See the Article in Vol. 151, on the 'Trial of Madame Lafarge.'

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confining the enquiry within narrower limits and stricter rules, and leaving to either party the option of disclosing just so many of the facts as he may think prudent, often leaves a cause to be decided while much important truth remains untold. At all events, it must be admitted that, however fair this game of *nisi prius* may be to the contending parties, its operation is most unjust when its highest stake is really the character of a woman, who has no share in its management—no power to make her own conduct clear—no organ even to express a wish on her behalf as to the production of evidence—on which her rights as a wife and a mother, and her social existence may depend. Fortunately, in this case, the truths were sufficiently developed to render a belief in the charge impossible; and the unhesitating verdict of the jury—pronounced without the production of the proofs which might have shattered the case, if it had not fallen to pieces in its progress, and been trampled into dust by the speech for the defence—left the lady whose peace it involved, to receive all the consolation which public sympathy can minister to such trials and such sorrows.

The merits of this speech, consisting, for the most part, in masterly analysis of the evidence, and indignant exposure of the falsehood of some portions of it, and of the inferences drawn from others—does not admit of exemplification by extract; nor, indeed, does the general style of Lord Campbell's pleading, which consists in the exact adaptation of subtle reasoning to the aim which it rarely fails to reach, afford frequent opportunities for the exhibition of passages which look remarkable even when torn asunder from the framework of the argument they illustrate. Yet the next speech—the defence of Mr Medhurst—delivered on an occasion of deep individual interest, and applicable to a very simple state of facts, contains passages of pure diction and manly pathos, which a short statement of the circumstances attendant on its delivery will enable every reader to appreciate. The client of Sir John Campbell, a young gentleman of nineteen years of age, had the misfortune to kill a fellow-pupil of about the same age named Alsop, who, with himself, had been pursuing his studies in the interval unwisely interposed between school and the university, under the direction of a clergyman with whom they both boarded. Some alienation had occurred between the youths, which gave a fiercer character to a casual encounter, in the course of which Medhurst, under the influence of rage, and perhaps of apprehension, inflicted a wound on his adversary with a knife which he unfortunately had on his person, which shortly after terminated in death. A coroner's jury—always the worst selected, and sometimes the worst directed of all English tribunals—returned a verdict

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of *wilful murder* against the poor lad, who was abundantly punished by the wretchedness which the issue of his sudden act entailed on him, and he was committed to take his trial for that crime. When the indictment was preferred, however, the grand jury returned a *true bill* for manslaughter; for which offence Sir John Campbell was retained to defend him at the Central Criminal Court; but the presiding Judges thought themselves bound to direct the trial to proceed on the inquisition, and the young prisoner stood on his deliverance for life or death—an issue which strong prejudices rendered doubtful. After describing the melancholy contest according to the truth, as forcibly elicited from the witnesses, Sir John Campbell thus alluded to the subsequent conduct of the sufferers:—

'If a desire of vengeance and not self-defence had been the motive of the prisoner, what then would have been his demeanour? His passion would have been gratified. He would have enjoyed at least that momentary satisfaction, though to be followed by remorse, which is felt in accomplishing any object, however wicked. But he was instantly horror-struck—"O God!" he exclaimed—no other utterance could he find for grief and anguish. From that moment he could not have shown more sympathy and tenderness for his recovery, had he been a beloved brother, who, by some mischance, had met a similar fate from the hand of a stranger. Nor was this from any sordid regard to his own safety. I believe, though unconscious of ever having entertained any bad feeling towards Alsop, and certain that the offence with which he now stands charged never could be truly imputed to him, he would willingly have sacrificed his own existence to rescue his friend from the consequence of the wound of which he was the unfortunate cause. Need I remind you how kindly he conducted him to his chamber, how affectionately he hung over him in bed, trying to assuage his pain, and the earnestness he displayed that the sufferer might be surrounded by his relations? If my client had felt any consciousness of guilt, or alarm for his own safety, he might at any time have fled to await the event. But he continued by the sick-bed to the last; he still remained in the house when the scene had closed—and being informed of the finding of the coroner's jury accusing him of murder, he voluntarily went to a magistrate, and surrendered himself that he might be tried by God and his country.

'Is this the conduct of a murderer?—of one who thirsted for blood?—who planned assassination?—who had such a wicked and depraved heart, that, without provocation or excuse, he would take the life of him who, with the exception of a boyish dispute which might have been easily appeased, had never done any thing to offend him, and whom he had always loved and cherished?

'But, gentlemen, there is a witness whose evidence you must believe, and whose evidence conclusively proves the innocence of my client. That witness is the unfortunate Alsop—whose voice is heard by you from the grave. I am afraid, gentlemen, to approach the touching scenes of the reconciliation and mutual forgiveness of these two young men—whose fate, though different, is perhaps equally to be deplored—

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lest I should be overpowered by my feelings, and entirely disqualified for the further discharge of my duty before you. When it was announced to Alsop that his recovery was hopeless, he pressed the hand of Medhurst—embraced him—exclaimed, "We were both to blame, and I forgive you"—asked and received forgiveness. The last words he ever spoke amounted to a verdict of Not Guilty in favour of my client. When his eye was becoming dim, his hand cold, and his voice tremulous, and it was evident to himself and those around him that his earthly career was rapidly drawing to a close, the surgeon asked him if Medhurst had been actuated by malice. He answered, "Certainly not!"—and expired. That declaration of innocence was not accompanied by the form of a judicial oath to speak the truth. But is it entitled to less credit? He knew that he had nothing to hope or to fear on this side the grave; that he was speedily to appear in the immediate presence of his Maker, and that his eternal doom was to be sealed, according to the purity of his heart, and the sincerity of his parting words. Are you to suppose then, that from a false generosity, from a spurious chivalry, he wished to screen guilt from punishment; and that with this view he perverted the truth, and went out of the world pronouncing a falsehood? As a true Christian, he knew that forgiveness is the condition on which we hope to be forgiven; and, imitating the example of the Divine Founder of our religion, he would have been ready, in his last moments, to pray for mercy from above upon his murderer, if he had come to his end by the blow of premeditation and malice. But he knew that he spoke before the Searcher of all hearts—that he was forthwith to render an account of his words and of his actions to the God of truth—and that, when the commandment of God against murder has been violated, the safety of God's creatures requires that the penalty affixed to this crime should be enforced by human laws.

'He now calls upon you to acquit the prisoner. Perhaps we may, without irreverence, suppose that he is conscious of this solemn proceeding; and his gentle spirit, if it can by any mysterious means influence your minds, must inspire you with the conviction that the accused was free from malice, and that his act was unaccompanied by that criminal intention which alone constitutes guilt.

'His surviving relatives—although the prosecutors—must rejoice in his acquittal. They have done their duty to his memory, by instituting the prosecution, and laying the case fairly before you. The candour and humanity of my learned friend truly represent the spirit by which they are actuated, and show that none would more deeply regret that, from any excess of good feeling in the jury—from any preconceived opinion—from any unfounded rumour—from any desire to discountenance the practice of carrying secret weapons, my client should be in undue peril. It is impossible not to sympathize with them for the heavy loss they have sustained in the untimely death of a young man of such promise—so likely to be a credit and a blessing to his family. It must be some consolation to them to reflect that he did not die unprepared; that repentance, there is every reason to hope, atoned for any youthful errors he might have committed; and that, for his own sake, the change is not to be deplored—as he is taken from the evil to come—withdrawn to

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peace and happiness—from a world beset by temptation—where the most prosperous meet with many privations, disappointments, and sorrows.

'But what must be the feelings of the relations of Medhurst—his widowed mother—his little brothers and sisters—old enough to know the nature of the charge brought against him, and its awful consequences? He, gentlemen, as you may perceive, behaves with firmness and resolution, in the consciousness of innocence—ready, with God's assistance, to meet his fate, whatever it may be. What a group would *they* now present to you! Till they suddenly heard the astounding intelligence that he was committed to prison on a charge of murder, they had ever found him quiet, mild, gentle, dutiful, and affectionate. They looked forward to an early visit from him—when, as usual, he would fly into his mother's arms—and his brothers and sisters clinging round him to kiss him, he would remark how they had increased in stature and beauty since the family was last assembled. These innocents are unacquainted with legal distinctions—they are incapable of appreciating the degree of danger to which, by law, he may be exposed; in an agony of tears they await your verdict. But, gentlemen, their suspense and their suffering will be recompensed by the joy of that moment when you restore him to their embrace—all danger over, and his character unsullied.'—(Pp. 41–44.)

We cannot afford space to follow the advocate over the delicate ground on which he next touches—the possibility that the jury might entirely exonerate his client from guilt, by finding the wounding to have been the immediate result of mere accident; but it is glanced over with consummate skill. To have dwelt on ground so untenable might possibly have offended the jury, and would certainly have called down expressions of strong dissent from the presiding Judge; to have passed it entirely by, would have been not only to throw away a slender chance of acquittal, but to deprive the prisoner of the benefit of that sort of compromise which so often prevails in the jury-box between extremes; it was therefore suggested, and left 'with as much 'modesty as cunning.' The result was just—a conviction of manslaughter, with a sentence of three years' imprisonment—leaving the fate of the two unfortunate fellow-students to answer the description given of a similar calamity by a Scottish tragedian:—

> 'And happy, in my mind, was he that died;
> For many deaths hath the survivor suffer'd."

The speeches in Parliament are, we think, of less interest than those at the Bar; and, though distinguished for moderation and practical sense, afford little occasion for commentary. We must pass them over; and also the speeches for the 'Times,' on the trial of the criminal information obtained by Sir John Conway against the publisher of that Journal—though the suggestions of the injustice and absurdity of our libel law which the defence contains, are particularly edifying from the lips of an Attorney-Gene-

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ral—to notice the opening speech on the prosecution of Frost for high-treason, before the Special Commission at Monmouth. This address was in happy accordance with the tone and spirit and forms of that august proceeding—which in all but forms presented a signal contrast to certain trials for treason and sedition still within the recollection of some of us—and which tended to make the administration of justice loved, even more than it caused it to be feared. The charge of the Lord Chief-Justice Tindal, whose gentle wisdom presided over the Commission, had been delivered some time before the assembling of the parties necessary to the trial; and the effect of this grave and mild exposition of the law was felt in the profound tranquillity which reigned through the scene of the enquiry, and the confidence which the most violent partisans of the accused expressed in the impartiality of the tribunal—and never was confidence better justified and repaid! Although the little town of Monmouth lies only at the distance of about twenty miles from the wild country which had, a few weeks before, bristled with armed thousands in sanguinary revolt; and although knots of those deluded men, who rallied under the name of *Charter*, without any more knowledge of its *five points* than of those of Calvin, were sometimes seen in its streets; no tumult, no noises, not a shout or a hiss, broke the silence which prevailed during the three weeks' sitting of the court. The few Lancers who, from proper but needless precaution, had been quartered in the town, only relieved the monotony of its winter aspect by the intermixture of their dark-green uniforms with the coarse dresses of the peasantry, who silently clustered in the market-place; and when a few of them were seen following the prison Van, as it carried the leader of the insurrection between the Court and the Jail on the successive days of his trial, a spectator—who saw the little procession gleaming along the terraced road, which corresponds in beautiful curvature with the softly-swelling hills which closed and surrounded the picture—might have regarded it as some holiday pageant; instead of the guard of an alleged traitor on trial, in the midst of the multitudes whom he recently led to bloody strife. Within the court all was as calm and still as if an action for a builder's bill had been languishing after vain attempts to refer it; and yet the proceedings did not want the excitement which the most ingenious defence could create; for never were the noblest qualities of the English bar more perfectly developed than in the conduct of the prisoner's counsel. Mr Frost, the avowed leader of the Monmouthshire Chartists, with a wise reliance on these qualities, entrusted his defence to two of the most eminent Conservatives in the profession—Sir Frederick Pollock, the present Attorney-General of Sir Robert

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in this volume, from which we will transfer it to our pages. It consists of unexaggerated truth gracefully expressed.

'Mr Justice Littledale—It having been intimated to the Bar that we are not to have the satisfaction of again seeing you on the Bench, I am deputed by their unanimous voice to express to your Lordship the deep sorrow they feel at this separation. Notwithstanding their entire confidence in the residue of the Court, they most sincerely regret that they should be deprived of a judge of such profound learning, distinguished acuteness, and spotless integrity,—who during the many years he has occupied the judgment seat in this Court and the Circuits,—while he has ever displayed the utmost impartiality and independence,—yet, from the kindness of his nature, has never given offence to a human being. Though still in the full enjoyment of the high faculties which it has pleased God to bestow upon you, they are sensible that from your eminent services to your country, you are well entitled to that dignified leisure to which you now gracefully retire. In that retirement we earnestly hope that you will long enjoy health and happiness. We rejoice to think that you will find occupation and delight in the renewed pursuit of those abstruse as well as elegant studies in which you early gained distinction, and which have been interrupted by your devotion to your professional and judicial duties. We beg leave to assure your Lordship that you carry along with you the gratitude and good wishes of every member of the profession of which you have so long been a distinguished ornament, and that we shall ever think and speak of you with feelings of respect and affection.'

Mr Justice Littledale did not long enjoy that dignified repose which the gratitude and affection of the Bar desired for him; he has gone to his rest, full of years and honours; leaving behind him the memory of childlike simplicity of character, which has rarely indeed been preserved to old age amidst the anxieties and the labours of the profession which he adorned.

We now take leave of Lord Campbell—renewing our congratulations on the prosperity and honours which his industry has won, and our expression of regret that he has not, by the introduction of earlier speeches, enabled us to trace him through the first stages of his progress. Although his most perfect efforts—those arguments on abstruse questions of law, which for exactness of reasoning and fertility of analogical illustration have never been excelled—are too technical for general appreciation, there have been many of his speeches to Juries which, if not, in the ordinary sense of the term, eloquent, exhibit ingenuity, tact, and sense in so high a degree, as to deserve other records than the verdicts they obtained. One recollection alone is sufficient to enrich his retirement—his share in the abolition of imprisonment for debt on mesne process—with all the wretchedness which it inflicted, and all the iniquity which it fostered. If he had achieved nothing but this, he would not have lived or laboured in vain.

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ART. III.—*Introductory Lectures on Modern History.* By THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Head Master of Rugby School. 8vo. Oxford: 1842.

IMPERFECTLY as this volume of lectures, interrupted by the death of its lamented author, answers the promise, to the fulfilment of which we looked so eagerly, little more than a year ago, when he was appointed to the Chair of Modern History at Oxford, we should feel ourselves guilty of no common degree of neglect if we omitted to notice it; for we may perhaps find no other occasion for paying our tribute of respect to one of the noblest minds and highest characters of these days, prematurely taken from us in the middle of a career of usefulness, which we believe we are guilty of no exaggeration in terming unparalleled in that line of life which Dr Arnold had adopted.

As far as they throw light on the literary and intellectual attainments of their author, these lectures are undoubtedly incomplete enough; and, regarded in that point of view, they possess the positive fault of attempting too many things at once. They are impressed with the peculiarly eager temperament, the *perfervidum ingenium*, the active, but somewhat desultory range of thought which display themselves, more or less, in every production of the writer. Who that has read much, and felt strongly, on any subject, and who has not yet acquired that last and somewhat melancholy gift of experience, the art of arranging and chastening the thoughts as they arise, when favoured with some opportunity of giving vent to his accumulated ideas, has not experienced the mixture of pleasurable excitement and embarrassment produced by the throng of multitudinous topics pressing forward for utterance? This argument to be confuted, that to be urged, this long-cherished theory to be advanced, that well-remembered illustration to be furbished up for use—and all to be compressed within the narrow compass prescribed by overruling circumstances! Just so we can conceive of Dr Arnold—from his youth an insatiable reader of history, and at the same time an active controversialist, in whose head every series of phenomena naturally crystallized into a theory—when he suddenly found himself invested with the office of an historical teacher. We perceive at once, in the odd mixture of matters huddled together in these few pages, the variety of subjects which filled his mind, and the necessity under which he lay of disburdening himself of his feelings on each, as if the retention

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of any part of his stores oppressed him. The province of history —the provinces of church and state—the characteristics of historical style—military ethics—military geography—national prejudices—religious and political parties in England—these are only some of the prominent topics rather glanced at than discussed in the pages before us; and put forward apparently as if for more extended consideration at some future time—topics on which he longed to speak his mind to the world, and could not abstain from a partial disclosure of it—topics, many of them, on which we shall have long to wait for an instructor as rich at once in zeal and knowledge.

But if this volume is to a certain extent disappointing, rather from the over-richness than meagreness of its contents, it will, if possible, add to the veneration with which its author's character is already regarded as a moral philosopher, and an instructor of the youth of England. It adds one more claim to those which the late head master of Rugby already possessed on public gratitude and veneration.

Every one accustomed to English society has observed the strength of that generous tie which, in after life, connects the pupil, especially when bred in our great public schools, with his former master. Even in ordinary cases, we by no means admit the truth of the ill-natured saying, that there is little of this affectionate remembrance, except where the scholar feels himself superior to his teacher. We believe it, on the contrary, to be the general rule, and that the exceptions arise only from causes discreditable either to the one party or the other. But, common as this feeling is, and derived as it is from many sources—from the instinctive attachment to old places and times—from sensibility to kindness shown and interest manifested—from real gratitude for substantial services—we are bound to add that, as far as our own observation has gone, it rarely, very rarely, has the higher tincture of reverence. The quondam schoolboy may have a host of pleasant recollections associated with the memory of his old tutor: he may regard him as the friend who directed his unformed taste—who introduced his youthful spirit into the magnificent domain of earthly knowledge—to whose counsels he may possibly be indebted for a few valuable hints in the conduct of life—more than this, who has imbued him with much of the spirit of a gentleman, and a love of fairness and honourable dealing; but in very few instances, indeed, does he remember him as his guide towards the accomplishment of the real ends of his being. We do not pause to examine into the cause of this deficiency: much may be owing to old peculiarities in the management of great schools, something to the character of many of our

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most successful men in this line of life; but we think the fact will hardly be disputed. By far the most distinguished exception to the rule, with whom we are acquainted, was Dr Arnold. He possessed the art, which is perhaps not very uncommon, of winning in a peculiar manner the affections of boys, and directing their energies to whatever object he might himself hold out; but, what is much more rare, he made it the one great business of his life to give those affections and energies a religious direction. Distinguished as a schoolmaster in many respects, it was in this one that he was unrivalled. The mainspring of his success was his own deep affection for those placed under his care, which makes itself evident in every page of his sermons, chiefly addressed to the young. His was no entraining or engrossing religious eloquence, addressed as it were to minds in the mass, and carrying them away by movements of enthusiasm; but a gentle, watchful influence, directed steadily to individual temperaments; and above all, (which was partly the consequence of the thorough reality of his own religious impressions,) not leaving religion to stand alone, as something to be learnt and studied apart from all things else, but connecting it with all that is most naturally attractive to the honest heart of youth;—with uncompromising love of truth, with manliness and independence, with love and with gratitude.

We dare not venture further on considerations of such deep and sacred importance. It is more to our purpose, and more connected with the subject of these lectures, to trace the steps by which he was wont to lead the mind from feeling to thinking; from the formation of a religious character, his first and main object, to the formation of opinion on religious as well as other subjects. The first rule with him was, to follow the truth at all hazards—regardless in what apparent difficulties it may involve us—regardless into what bad company it may lead us. The absolute right and duty of the mind *to judge for itself*, the total negation of any human authority binding in matters of faith—these are points on which he insisted, in season and out of season, if we may so express ourselves, with an ardour which not only rendered him very unpopular, as well it might, with persons of different opinions, but frequently exposed him to charges of imprudence and rashness from those who in the main agreed with him. This ardour proceeded, no doubt, in part from natural impetuosity of disposition; but it also arose from a deep conviction, that the one great thing wanted, and in these times especially, is, to infuse into the mind the power and the will to rest self-balanced;—to incite it to implant in itself the seeds of principles, which neither the recklessness of business nor pleasure, nor

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the thousand influences of party, might afterwards eradicate. The lines of Goethe—

> 'Denn der Mensch, der su schwankenden Zeiten auch Schwankend gesinnt ist,
> Der vermehret das Uebel, und breitet es weiter und weiter;
> Aber wer fest auf dem Sinne beharrt, der bildet die Welt sich,'—

might almost be inscribed as the motto to the whole collection of his ethical and historical works. And his great endeavour—no one could set the example better than himself—was so to discipline the mind, as to reconcile freedom of belief with real humility of spirit; to reconcile the unqualified rejection of authority, when imposed as binding, with docility and submissiveness towards it when propounded as an object of respect;—a reconcilement by no means difficult in itself, and possibly more common in practice than is generally imagined. Clear of his own way between the conflicting claims of authority and individual responsibility, he regarded with utter contempt the charges of presumption, so indiscriminately brought against all those who venture to differ from received opinions. Will-worship, as he well knew, is quite as fatally manifested in wilful and passionate adherence to such opinions, as in wilful and passionate rejection of them. The rule of humility does not mark out the line to be taken by the man of conscience, when authority and argument are in opposition; but the manner and spirit in which his choice must be made. Nor is it difficult to apply, as he would have bidden us, to the controversies of the present day, the lesson intended to be conveyed in the following noble vindication of the Puritan character:—

> 'To say that the Puritans were wanting in humility, because they did not acquiesce in the state of things which they found around them, is a mere extravagance, arising out of a total misapprehension of the nature of humility, and of the merits of the feeling of veneration. All earnestness and depth of character is incompatible with such a notion of humility. A man deeply penetrated with some great truth, and compelled, as it were, to obey it, cannot listen to every one who may be indifferent to it, or opposed to it. There is a voice to which he already owes obedience—which he serves with the humblest devotion, which he worships with the most intense veneration. It is not that such feelings are dead in him, but that he has bestowed them on one object and they are claimed for another. To which they are most due is a question of justice: he may be wrong in his decision, and his worship may be idolatrous; but so also may be the worship which his opponents call upon him to render. If, indeed, it can be shown, that a man admires and reverences nothing, he may justly be taxed with want of humility; but this is at variance with the very notion of an earnest character, for its earnestness consists in its devotion to some one object, as opposed to a proud or contemptuous indifference. But if it be meant that reverence in itself is good, so

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that the more objects of veneration we have the better is our character, this is to confound the essential difference between veneration and love. The excellence of love is its universality; we are told that even the Highest Object of all cannot be loved if inferior objects are hated. And with some exaggeration in the expression, we may admit the truth of Coleridge's lines—

> "He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man, and bird, and beast:"

Insomuch that, if we were to hear of a man sacrificing even his life to save that of an animal, we could not help admiring him. But the excellence of veneration consists purely in its being fixed upon a worthy object; when felt indiscriminately, it is idolatry or insanity. To tax any one, therefore, with want of reverence, because he pays no respect to what we venerate, is either irrelevant or is a mere confusion. The fact, so far as it is true, is no reproach, but an honour; because to reverence all persons and all things is absolutely wrong: reverence shown to that which does not deserve it, is no virtue—no, nor even an amiable weakness, but a plain folly and sin. But if it be meant that he is wanting in proper reverence, not respecting what is to be really respected, that is assuming the whole question at issue, because what we call divine he calls an idol; and as, supposing that we are in the right, we are bound to fall down and worship; so, supposing him to be in the right, he is no less bound to pull it to the ground and destroy it.'—(P. 268.)

Those who have thus learnt the real characteristics of veneration and humility, will understand the lesson which the history of the world so abundantly teaches—that self-will and pride play their vagaries quite as wantonly under the banner of authority as under that of private judgment;—a lesson renewed to us by the experience of every day, to the great astonishment of that part of the world which is taken in by fine professions.

It will be readily perceived, from this as well as a hundred other passages in his works, that Dr Arnold made it a great part of his business to carry on war against prejudices; and certainly a more determined, we might almost say a more indiscriminating warfare, was never waged. Those among our prejudices to which we are apt to give the tenderest names, and treat as peculiarly creditable to ourselves, met from him with no more quarter than the rest. Perhaps it may be thought, even by those who most admire the singleness of his devotion to truth, that in some instances his zeal was so unscrupulous that he ran the risk of rooting out good feelings along with mere weaknesses; but such was the character of the man. Take, for instance, the following attack on the virtue of patriotism, as vulgarly understood:—

'But here that feeling of pride and selfishness interposes, which, under the name of patriotism, has so long tried to pass itself off for a virtue.

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As men, in proportion to their moral advancement, learn to enlarge the circle of their regards; as an exclusive affection for our relations, our clan, or our country, is a sure mark of an unimproved mind; so is that narrow and unchristian feeling to be condemned, which regards with jealousy the progress of foreign nations, and cares for no portion of the human race but that to which itself belongs. The detestable encouragement so long given to national enmities—the low gratification felt by every people in extolling themselves above their neighbours—should not be forgotten amongst the causes which have mainly obstructed the improvement of mankind.

'Exclusive patriotism should be cast off, together with the exclusive ascendency of birth, as belonging to the follies and selfishness of our uncultivated nature. Yet, strange to say, the former at least is upheld by men who not only call themselves Christians, but are apt to use the charge of irreligion as the readiest weapon against those who differ from them. So little have they learned of the spirit of that revelation, which taught emphatically the abolition of an exclusively national religion and a local worship, that so men, being all born of the same blood, might make their sympathies co-extensive with their bond of universal brotherhood.'—(*Appendix to Thucydides*, Vol. i.)

This scrupulousness of conscience is carried by him into the minutest details: and we have been rather amused to observe how he labours to disabuse his class, in these lectures, of the delusive notion that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen; assuring us that we were quite as satisfactorily beaten by them, under William the Third and the Duke of Cumberland, as they by us under Marlborough and Wellington.

It is in a similar spirit that he warns readers of history against the ordinary seduction of favourite party names and watchwords, outliving the immediate occasion which gave birth to them.

'This inattention to altered circumstances, which would make us be Guelfs in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, because the Guelf cause had been right in the eleventh or twelfth, is a fault of most universal application in all political questions, and is often most seriously mischievous. It is deeply seated in human nature, being in fact no other than an exemplification of the force of habit. It is like the case of a settler landing in a country overrun with wood and undrained, and visited, therefore, by excessive falls of rain. The evil of wet, and damp, and closeness, is besetting him on every side; he clears away the woods and drains his land, and by doing so mends both his climate and his own condition. Encouraged by his success, he perseveres in his system;—clearing a country is with him synonymous with making it fertile and habitable; and he levels, or rather sets fire to, his forests without mercy. Meanwhile the tide has turned without his observing it; he has already cleared enough, and every additional clearance is a mischief; damp and wet are no longer the evils most to be dreaded, but excessive drought. The rains do not fall in sufficient quantity, the springs become low, the

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rivers become less and less fitted for navigation.* Yet habit blinds him for a long while to the real state of the case, and he continues to encourage a coming mischief in his dread of one that has become obsolete. We have long been making progress on our present tack; yet if we do not go about now, we shall run ashore. Consider the popular feeling at this moment against capital punishments; what is it but continuing to burn the woods when the country actually wants shade and moisture? Year after year men talked of the severity of the penal code, and struggled against it in vain. The feeling became stronger and stronger, and at last effected all, and more than all, which it had at first vainly demanded; yet still from mere habit it pursues its course, no longer to the restraining of legal cruelty, but to the injury of innocence and the encouragement of crime, and encouraging that worse evil, a sympathy with wickedness justly punished, rather than with the law, whether of God or man, unjustly violated. So men have continued to cry out against the power of the Crown, after the Crown had been shackled hand and foot; and to express the greatest dread of popular violence, long after that violence was exhausted, and the anti-popular party was not only rallied, but had turned the tide of battle, and was victoriously pressing upon its enemy.'—(P. 252.)

It is very unnecessary to add, after such comments as these, that Dr Arnold belonged to no party in Church or State. Under no circumstances could he have belonged to any: his independence of spirit, his almost over-refined delicacy of conscience, perhaps a certain restiveness of disposition when forced to travel in company, would alike have forbidden it. But as it was, he detested the spirit of party with a perfect abhorrence; he detested it as the great rival in the minds of men with the love of his idol, Truth. He never fails, on any occasion, to impress this aversion, in the strongest language, on all whom he addresses. It is a matter on which he admits of no compromise whatever; none of that specious rhetoric by which we persuade ourselves that party is an indifferent means of arriving at a good end—that only through becoming party men can we hope to be useful, and so forth. His plain language is, that all such pleas, and all such hopes, must be abandoned by the honest man—much more by

* Perhaps we may remark on this geographical illustration as suggesting some other of its author's peculiarities;—his remarkable power of turning such illustrations to his purpose; and the readiness of his imagination to welcome the curious and marvellous in matters of fact. Many naturalists have thought this theory of the effect of the removal of forests on the amount of rain, carried much too far; and it would be difficult to point out an instance of a river which has become unnavigable in consequence of it. We might also refer to his strange views respecting animal magnetism and cognate matters.

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the Christian. He had himself counted the cost, and made the sacrifice. He had fully reconciled himself to the apparent uselessness of a life unconnected with party in a country like this. At one period of his career, he was the subject of great unpopularity: his views were misrepresented, his character maligned, his professional success menaced; he only recovered himself, after a long probation, by the great amiableness of his character, and through the fame acquired by his peculiar talent for instruction; for he was of no party, and consequently had no band of brothers to back him. Eminent in piety as in learning, he never attained a step in the Church; for he was of no party, and had, therefore, no claim on any patron. Yet there is nothing in his writings of the stoicism expressed in the stern

'Taci, e lascia dir le genti,'

of Dante; nothing of that querulousness we have often remarked in excellent men who have had the honesty to renounce party and its advantages for themselves, but are unreasonable enough to be disappointed that parties do not seek after and follow them. Vehement in self-defence—ardent in attack—fond by nature of controversial skirmishing—he is always in the field against some class of thinkers or other; and always seems very unaffectedly surprised that the opposite ranks which he alternately attacks remain alike unbroken by his artillery; and therefore it is no wonder, that while some were abusing him as a latitudinarian, others maintained that he was halfway on the road to modern 'Catholicism.' But the principles of his practical philosophy lay deep, and his equanimity was, therefore, not to be moved by the inevitable results of his own choice;—a choice to which he elsewhere solemnly exhorts his young audience, in a passage which seems to breathe the very essence at once of his religious sincerity, and his manly integrity of soul.

'Be of one party to the death, and that is Christ's; but abhor every other; abhor it, that is, as a thing to which to join yourselves;—for every party is mixed up of good and evil, of truth and falsehood; and in joining it, therefore, you join with the one as well as the other. If circumstances should occur which oblige you practically to act with any one party, as the least of two evils, then watch yourselves the more, lest the least of two evils should, by any means, commend itself at last to your mind as a positive good. Join it with a sad and reluctant heart, protesting against its evil, dreading its victory, far more pleased to serve it by suffering than by acting; for it is in Christ's cause only that we can act with heart and soul, as well as patiently and triumphantly suffer. Do this amidst reproach, and suspicion, and cold friendship, and zealous enmity; for this is the portion of those who seek to follow their Master, and him only. Do it, although your foes be they of your own house-

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hold: those whom nature, or habit, or choice, had once bound to you most closely. And then you will understand how, even now, there is a daily cross to be taken up by those who seek not to please men, but God; yet you will learn no less, how that cross, meekly and firmly borne, whether it be the cross of men's ill opinion from without, or of our own evil nature struggled against within, is now, as ever, peace, and wisdom, and sanctification, and redemption, through Him who first bore it.'—(*Sermons*, vol. iii. 263.)

But Dr Arnold was a 'crotchety' man: such appears to have been the general estimate of his character. It is an epithet of many meanings; but it seems to us to be commonly and significantly applied to those who endeavour to ascertain the truth on every separate subject of enquiry, instead of following the ordinary process of taking up whole bundles of opinions as they are commonly found connected together. Whoever does this, is very certain to agree in some points with one party, and in some with another; and equally certain to be called crotchety by both. But we must say in justice, that the epithet does to a certain extent describe his character, in some of its minute peculiarities. There was a rapidity of judgment about him—a haste in arriving at conclusions, which is apt to lead to the sudden formation of opinions—possibly to a little fickleness, on minor points, in adherence to them. His judgment seems to have been influenced at once by an abhorrence of dogmatism, commonly so called, and an impatience of scepticism. We do not mean in a religious sense only, but in historical and every other research. He could not, like Montaigne, *se reposer tranquillement sur l'oreiller du doute*. He had a mind averse from suspense, dissatisfied and uneasy under the pressure of doubt; and, therefore, disposed to generalize at once, where slower and more cold-blooded men would consider the process of induction hardly begun. To this was joined a strong moral perception, and a disposition particularly inclined towards ethical speculation—towards predicating moral right and wrong of every phenomenon which human history and human nature exhibit: a peculiarity which he seems to us to have caught in great measure from association with his early friend Archbishop Whately, just as he caught his style of historical research from Niebuhr;—and a deep interest in the controversies of the day, with an eagerness to liberate his own mind by expressing his sentiments upon each of them. It is no disparagement of Dr Arnold to say, that this very eagerness sometimes appears to us to betray a secret uneasiness—a misgiving as to the results of his own conscientious enquiries. There are few, indeed, who, having deliberately rejected the idolatries of parties and systems, can rest undisturbedly on the ground they

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have chosen for themselves; for such thinkers have nothing of the ready support on which others so confidently lean. They would be more than men, if there were not moments when the very foundations seem to give way under them, and their own hearts to sink also—moments when they are tempted even to look with envy on those who march forward sternly or cheerfully, looking neither to the right nor the left, through regions in which they stumble and grope for light; yet their victory is not the less complete, although the enjoyment of its fruits, like all human enjoyment, is interrupted by obstinate questionings of its own reality.

It is a curious result of these tendencies, that Dr Arnold should have gone so far out of his way as to subjoin to his Inaugural Lecture a special appendix on a subject certainly very remotely connected with the matters developed in it—namely, the refutation, by name, of the Archbishop of Dublin's views as to the separation of the duties of Church and State: and with him he has done us the honour to join ourselves, (alluding to an article in a late number of this Journal.) He endeavours to unite 'one half of the Archbishop of Dublin's theory with one 'half of Mr Gladstone's: agreeing cordially with Mr Gladstone in the moral theory of the State, and agreeing as cordially with the Archbishop in the Christian theory of the 'Church; and deducing from the two the conclusion, that the 'perfect State and the perfect Church are identical.' It seems to us that there are at least four theories afloat on this much debated subject. One is, that the authorities which we commonly term 'the Church' ought to decide *circà sacra;* and that the authorities we call 'the State' have nothing to do but to enforce those decisions by civil penalties: this was the anciently received doctrine, so beautifully exemplified in the practice on the writ *de hæretico comburendo.* The next ascribes, if we may term it so, a sort of pre-existent harmony to Church and State; allotting to the State a power *circà sacra,* on a kind of assumption that it will proceed in harmony with the ecclesiastical authorities. The third is what, in the dictionary of theological hate, is called Erastian; namely, that the State has absolute authority *circà sacra,* to be enforced by civil penalties, irrespectively of the decisions of ecclesiastical authorities; and this is Dr Arnold's. The fourth is, that the civil governor has no such authority whatever, either in his legislative or executive character, although he may occasionally lend his aid, with benefit, for the attainment of purely religious objects; and this appears to be the Archbishop of Dublin's. We are far from wishing to revive the controversy on our own account; least of all, in commenting on the language

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of an antagonist, whose pure and lofty charity of soul deprived his tenets, if erroneous they be, of all the danger which commonly attends such error; and yet it is well to recollect that even Dr Arnold, with a spirit to which all religious despotism was abhorrent, was driven, by the force of his theory, to refuse to all avowed 'unbelievers in Christ,' a share in the legislature of a Christian country. Our object is much more to notice the peculiarities of the man, the eager, although tolerant, spirit with which he rushed into this as into other controversies; and the tendency of his mind to rapid generalization.

Now, one fruitful parent of theories is, the use of words (to employ a trite comparison) not as current coin, but as counters, to which the reasoner may affix his own imaginary value. The word 'Church,' is a very favourite counter with theorists; the word 'State,' is another, of which the meaning is quite as arbitrary. Before we can ascertain the truth of the 'moral theory' of the State, we must understand what the State is. Now, Dr Arnold's argument seems to rest entirely on the assumption, that Government, State, and Nation may be used as synonymous terms. Grant him this, and undoubtedly one great difficulty in the way of his theory is removed. 'When I speak of the Government,' he says, 'I am speaking of it as expressing the mind and will of 'the nation; and though a government may not impose its own 'law, human or divine, *upon an adverse people*, yet a nation, act-'ing through its government, may certainly choose *for itself* 'such a law as it deems most for its good.'—'In a corrupt State, 'the government and people are wholly at variance; in a per-'fect State, they would be wholly one; in ordinary States, they 'are one more or less imperfectly.'—'For the right of a nation 'over its own territory must be at least as absolute as that of 'any individual over his own house and land; and it surely is 'not an absurdity to suppose that the voice of government can 'ever be the voice of the nation; although they unhappily too 'often differ, yet surely they may conceivably, *and very often do* '*in practice*, completely agree.'—(P. 55.) Here the right of a government to legislate *circâ sacra* is rested, where all men of reasonable views must rest it, on its 'expressing the will of the 'nation.' Suppose the objector to take the ground, that the government, in point of fact, never does express the will of the nation except by accident; for that nine-tenths of mankind are governed by rulers who rest their authority on the principle, that they are not placed there to express, but to control, the will of the nation; while in those countries which are most democratically governed, the government can represent, at best, only the numerical majority of the nation;—a majority which may, or may not,

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comprehend the religious or the intelligent portion of it; how is he to be answered on these premises? If the idea of a State could be realized with any reasonable probability, we can easily understand the value of a theory founded upon it—although actual States might be but imperfect agents to carry it out; but if the idea is one which history and common sense alike show us can never be realized at all, we do not understand how the theory can stand alone. In fact, Dr Arnold seems elsewhere to admit that his principle goes no further than this—that 'the favourite objections against the State's concerning itself with religion, apply no 'less to the theory of a Church . . . . . The moral theory of a 'State is not open to the objection commonly brought against 'our actual constitution, namely, that Parliament is not a fit 'body to legislate on matters of religion; for the council of a '*really Christian State* would consist of Christians at once good 'and sensible, quite as much as the council of a really Christian 'Church.'—(P. 63.) Now, since we may very safely assume, that since Christendom began there has never been any thing approaching to a 'really Christian State'—since we may safely foretell that there never will be, until the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of the Lord—this comparison seems to reduce the whole to a question of expediency; whether, upon the whole, it is best that the spiritual government of mankind should be left to those authorities whom we commonly term the Church, unarmed with coercive power, or to the temporal government which possesses it. Dr Arnold preferred the latter; and he had a perfect right to do so; but not to erect his own preference into an axiom. He considered the Church 'a society far worse go-'verned than most States.' It may be so; but other political philosophers may think that most States are, upon the whole, worse governed than the Church; and who is to decide between them?

And some may be disposed to think, that it was the weakness of the position which he had undertaken to maintain, which drove him to put forward such paradoxes as that excommunication is a *temporal* punishment, (p. 57;) or, still more unworthy of himself, such vulgar arguments as that of the 'almost unanimous consent 'of all writers on government, whether heathen or Christian, 'down to the 18th century.' Dr Arnold, of all men, ought to have been best aware, that on the great questions which concern the government of mankind, so long as the consent of all writers is nearly unanimous, it is worthless. Consent is worthless, until people begin to think; and thought is only provoked by opposition. *Quot homines tot sententiæ*, as he elsewhere says, 'holds 'good only where there is any thinking at all: otherwise there

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'may be an hundred millions of men, and only *una sententia*, if 'the minds of the 99,999,999 are wholly quiescent.' He might also have remembered, that if 'nearly unanimous consent' is conclusive for his views of a State, it is quite as conclusive against his views of a Church. We willingly quit so barren a subject; and could only wish that all who maintain similar views, whether on Dr Arnold's or any other premises, would represent to themselves and their readers their main position in its literal sense; namely, that it is the chief duty of the existing governor of every existing State, whether King or Majority, to take care of the spiritual welfare of every citizen. We by no means assert that they would change their opinions, but merely that they would see the subject in a very different light, if it were once freed from the endless fallacies of general words. When it was represented to the Emperor Ferdinand II., that the course which he was pursuing towards the Protestants of Bohemia, would render that kingdom a desert, his answer was, '*malumus regnum vas-* '*tatum quàm damnatum.*' All we contend is, that on Dr Arnold's principles it is impossible to prove that the Emperor was wrong.

As a more interesting specimen of his style of writing and turn of thought, we would select his views on certain points of military morality, in which he runs as boldly into opposition to a host of commonly received and current notions, as he does, at other times, in questions of more ordinary controversy. Nothing is more customary than to speak in tones of praise of the conduct of citizens in assuming arms as volunteers, and rising *en masse;* or enrolling in guerilla-parties, to repel foreign invasion. And it seems to be rather a prevalent idea, that in proportion as nations approach more nearly to the idea of free civil government, they acquire an organization for the purpose of self-defence, which will eventually render military strength of no avail, and abolish standing armies. Not a few visionaries of our time have foretold the *euthanasia* of the modern military system, in this general arming of all classes;—the advent of the day, in the language of the clever dreamer De Vigny, when uniforms will be ridiculous, and regular war obsolete. And, whether they consider such anticipations fanciful or not, most politicians seem to assume that their realization would be a step in the social progress of the world. Dr Arnold's views were widely different. And, as his manner was, his imagination being strongly impressed with certain evils inherent in the system of irregular warfare, he could not stop short of wholesale and absolute condemnation of it.

'The truth is, that if war, carried on by regular armies under the strictest discipline, is yet a great evil, an irregular partizan warfare is an evil ten times more intolerable; it is in fact no other than to give a

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scholar wants also; so that satire, sagacious enough in detecting the weak points of every character, has often held them both up to ridicule? They have wanted what is the essential accompaniment to all our knowledge of the past, a lively and extensive knowledge of the present; they wanted the habit of continually viewing the two in combination with each other; they wanted that master-power which enables us to take a point from which to contemplate both at a distance, and so to judge of each and of both, as if we belonged to neither. For it is from the views so obtained—from the conclusions so acquired—that the wisdom is formed which may really assist in shaping and preparing the course of the future.

'Antiquarianism, then, is the knowledge of the past enjoyed by one who has no lively knowledge of the present. Thence it is, when concerned with great matters, a dull knowledge. It may be lively in little things; it may conceive vividly the shape and colour of a dress, or the style of a building, because no man can be so ignorant as not to have a distinct notion of these in his own times; he must have a full conception of the coat he wears and the house he lives in. But the past is reflected to us by the present; so far as we see and understand the present, so far we can see and understand the past; so far, but no farther. And this is the reason why scholars and antiquarians, nay, and men calling themselves historians also, have written so uninstructively of the ancient world; they could do no otherwise, for they did not understand the world around them. How can he comprehend the parties of other days who has no clear notion of those of his own? What sense can he have of the progress of the great contest of human affairs in its earlier stages, when it rages around him at this actual moment unnoticed, or felt to be no more than a mere indistinct hubbub of sounds and confusion of weapons? What cause is at issue in the combat, he knows not. Whereas, on the other hand, he who feels his own times keenly, to whom they are a positive reality, with a good and evil distinctly perceived in them, such a man will write a lively and impressive account of past times, even though his knowledge be insufficient and his prejudices strong. This, I think, is the merit of Mitford, and it is a great one. His very anti-Jacobin partialities, much as they have interfered with the fairness of his history, have yet completely saved it from being dull. He took an interest in the parties of Greece, because he was alive to the parties of his own time; he described the popular party in Athens just as he would have described the Whigs of England; he was unjust to Demosthenes because he would have been unjust to Mr Fox. His knowledge of the Greek language was limited, and so was his learning altogether; but because he was an English gentleman who felt and understood the state of things around him, and entered warmly into its parties, therefore he was able to write a history of Greece, which has the great charm of reality; and which, if I may judge by my own experience, is read at first with interest, and retains its hold firmly on the memory.'—(P. 108.)

If the meaning of this passage only were, that the historian is better qualified for his task whose mind is rich in the knowledge of the world he lives in, (which seems to have been a part at

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least of Dr Arnold's conception, from the instance he afterwards gives of Sir Walter Raleigh,) no one could hesitate to admit its truth. But if it is meant that a good historian must also be interested in modern controversies, and make his history subservient to the object of influencing the convictions of his readers respecting them, it may, perhaps, be questioned whether he is not rather describing what has been called the philosophy of history, than history itself. And it would assuredly require a very severe and vigorous judgment—indeed, a greater degree of impartiality and inaccessibility to passion and prejudice than we can fairly expect from man—for a historian, who has the *present* full in sight, and strongly exciting his imagination, to be calm and just in his review of the past. Mitford's *History of Greece* may, for ought we know, be an attractive work, and so may Cobbett's *History of the Reformation;* but, after all, the interest they excite is much the same with that of a clever political pamphlet. But it could not be said of Gibbon, Hume, or Robertson, or Ranke, or even Dr Arnold's great master Niebuhr, that they display the habit of continually viewing the past in combination with the present; and yet, who will venture to call them mere antiquarians? Histories such as theirs have all the excellence which belongs to the ablest order of conversation;—where the speaker, while he condenses the information which he has to impart, leaves, at the same time, gracefully but incidentally, the impression of the fulness of his knowledge on other subjects. History, such as Dr Arnold would prefer it—and his own historical works afford examples of the kind—would rather resemble the brilliant talk of very clever speakers, who cannot tell us what we want to know without adorning the narration with inferences and illustrations drawn from a hundred distant sources.

We prefer, to this attempt to fix the true historical character, the following pointed sketch of the characteristics of style in different historians; and its importance as an indication of the degree of value to be reposed in them as authorities. Any reader who is conversant with this branch of literature, will readily find names to fit the following characters:—

'The main thing to look to is, of course, his work itself. Here the very style gives us an impression by no means to be dismissed. If it is very heavy and cumbrous, it indicates either a dull man or a pompous man, or at least a slow and awkward man; if it be tawdry, and full of commonplaces enunciated with great solemnity, the writer is most likely a silly man; if it be highly antithetical, and full of unusual expressions, or artificial ways of stating a plain thing, the writer is clearly an affected man. If it be plain and simple—always clear, but never eloquent—the writer may be a very sensible man, but is too hard and dry to be a very

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great man. If, on the other hand, it is always eloquent, rich in illustrations, full of animation, but too uniformly so, and without the relief of simple and quiet passages, we must admire the writer's genius in a very high degree; but we may fear that he is too continually excited to have attained to the highest wisdom, for that is necessarily calm. In this manner the mere language of an historian will furnish us with something of a key to his mind; and will tell us, or at least give us cause to presume, in what his main strength lies, and in what he is deficient.'—(P. 384.)

We cannot place the distinction between the antiquary and historian exactly where Dr Arnold places it; but without endeavouring at present to establish another, it is enough to say that the attempt to draw it is very characteristic of the writer. The faults of his manner (for such we would call them, if faults they are, rather than faults of style, which in all his writings is good) arise from over-eagerness in illustration and comparison. If blemishes in historical composition, they are peculiar merits in the work of education. They are among the talents by which he was so eminently successful in exciting the enthusiasm of the young, in the studies to which he directed them. What we may term the youthfulness of his manner—his luxuriant discursiveness, when a passage in Livy invites him to a discussion of the physical geography of the Roman Campagna, or a chapter of Thucydides to speculations on the politics of modern republics;—this constituted its great charm to the temper of younger men.

And, therefore, those very qualities which possibly detracted from his excellence in the sober character of a historian, were such as to render him the most effective and useful of teachers in a lecture-room. This is one of the many respects in which his loss must be felt, and felt as at present irreparable, in that university to which he had been, for so brief a space, attached as a Professor. Not Oxford only, but England, has need of minds such as his, in respect of all those higher qualities which we have endeavoured faintly to delineate. Men who can follow truth with a devotion so exclusive as to leave room for no other idol—men who can enter eagerly into all the great controversies of their day, and yet allow no exclusive sect or faction the honour of counting them as adherents—men who do not shun the entanglements of party spirit from cowardice or from apathy, but who resist it as a temptation, and despise it as a weakness—men whose whole life and conversation bear testimony to the deep importance they attach to religious truth, and yet free from every taint of controversial unfairness and theological rancour;—such men are scarce and precious in all times, and the absorb-

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ing nature of our party interests seems to render them scarcer every day. But at present, we are only regarding the promise which he was giving of a scarcely inferior kind of usefulness, in helping to turn, if possible, the very mischievous direction which has been given to youthful thought and enterprise of late years, and especially in his university.

Almost every one has taken an interest in the recent theological controversies which have had their birth in Oxford; few have looked to the effect which the controversial spirit has produced on the tone and character of that university as regards its primary object—education. When first the theological 'movement' began — that is to say, about ten years ago—there was excited at the same time in both universities, but especially in Oxford, a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with the existing studies and occupations of the place. It was the common language of all those who deemed that the frame and temper of society needed an extensive renovation, that this renovation must begin with the young. The presumptuous turn of mind, the reliance on intellectual ability, supposed to result from instruction addressing itself to the intellect alone, were to be corrected by a strong diversion in favour of a more subjective course of study. The student was to be imbued with principles and tastes, rather than positive acquirements. The main object of the instructor was to be the formation of moral character by habit, not the imparting what is commonly called learning. Nay, much was to be unlearnt—much rubbish taken down before men could begin afresh on the old foundations—much of the *sciolism* of recent centuries removed;—natural science and literary acquirement to be brought down from that undue exaltation to which they had been raised in modern times, by generations wanting in the habits of reverence and earnestness of feeling. Catholic theology, and Moral Philosophy in accordance with Catholic doctrine, were to be the main foundations of the improved education of these newer days; science and literature were not, indeed, to be neglected, but to be cultivated as in subordination only to these great 'architectonic' sciences, and discarded wherever they could not be forced into such subjection. And thus a new generation was to be trained, in which inferiority in respect of mere *objective* knowledge, if such should really ensue, was to be far more than compensated by the higher cultivation of the immortal part—the nobler discipline of piety and obedience. Such aspirations may be traced in most of the many writings on the university system which the crisis of those days brought out; while those who are acquainted with the practical details of the subject, know full well how deep a tincture has been introduced into the actual stu-

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dies and habits of both places, but especially of Oxford, by the prevalence of views such as these, expressed by energetic men, in language at once startling and attractive.

Nor do we imagine that those views are altered now. We have no reason to suppose that their authors would agree with us as to the consequences which we cannot but believe to have proceeded from the practical realization of their wishes. Yet that the facts themselves, of which we complain, exist, they would hardly deny. Their endeavour was undoubtedly a lofty one; and how far it may prove a vain one, must as yet be in great measure matter of conjecture. It remains to be proved, whether or not they have not proceeded on a forgetfulness of the real importance and value of mere positive knowledge in the moral education of man. Because the connexion between intellectual and moral cultivation is not obvious and direct, it is easily passed over. Nor do we suppose that it can ever be fully appreciated, except by those who are prepared, with ourselves, to recognize the great principles;—that all learning is discipline—all discipline self-denial—all self-denial has the nature of virtue: and that, by consequence, however wide or strange the corollary may seem, he who knows the first propositions of Euclid is, in so far, better than he who does not; ay, though both may have been equally untaught to pray, and may have formed of their Creator no more than the confused terrific image entertained by the wildest of savage minds. But, even without going thus far, few can have failed to observe the importance of the acquisition of positive knowledge, in withdrawing the mind from over contemplation of self and its attributes. It gives the faculties another world to work in, besides that microcosm within which the influences of hopes and fears, pride, ambition, vain-glory, are continually working to retain them. It corrects the passions, by substituting an excitement of a different order; it encourages generous sentiment, because it has no immediate object but truth, irrespective of advantage; it encourages candid and honest habits of mind, because the truth which it holds out is one which party feeling and prejudice have comparatively little interest in perverting. It has, of course, like every human pursuit, its own temptations to vanity and presumption; but how infinitely less engrossing and dangerous than those which attend on studies which directly interest the heart, and provoke its stronger feelings!

To substitute, therefore, as the main instruments of education, for the studies of science, history, and literature, those which have for their immediate object the awakening and strengthening of the moral perceptions, is to abandon that discipline which has an

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indirect, but not the less powerful, influence in enlarging and strengthening the moral faculty;—for that which has indeed for its direct object moral improvement, but is apt, by a strong and necessary under-current of action, to narrow and distort that very portion of man's nature it is intended to improve. The study of Ethical philosophy may be admirably adapted to harmonize the general education of the mind; to recall it to itself—its own duties and constitution—from too wide a wandering over the far more attractive fields of external truth. But to have this effect, it must be administered as a corrective only. To make it practically the leading discipline, and render others dependent on it, is mental ruin. It is in itself a study fraught with danger; it throws the mind back on itself, fills it with an engrossing, and perhaps morbid, habit of self-analysis; and eventually, and not very indirectly, of self-worship. But independently of this, teach it as you will, it must be taught on a system. That system must rest on arbitrary axioms—axioms which can neither be proved nor are self-evident—axioms in the defence of which the feelings must in the first place be enlisted. But he whose heart and faculties are wrapt up in attachment to a system—be that system truth itself—inevitably comes to love it and defend it, not because it is truth, but because it is his system. This is the danger which besets even the learner of abstract knowledge; how infinitely more him who pursues studies in which the conclusions are practical, and in which to err is to incur moral danger! And how much the peril is increased, when philosophy is carefully enrolled in support of a theological scheme—involved, as it were, in the quarrels of dogmatic theology—in the strife which swells every heart, and lends bitterness to every tongue, in the little world which surrounds the pupil;—when, in the language of an able Oxford writer, the Church is made to 'fix the true point of view from 'which all other truths may be seen in their real forms and pro-'portions!' But from the moment that truth, as such, and irrespectively of particular ends, ceases to be the main object proposed to the mind in tuition, farewell to honesty, openness, and independence of character. For truly, though severely, was it said, by one, too, who has had no slight share in fashioning the popular philosophy of the present day, that he who loves Christianity better than truth, will soon love his own sect better than Christianity, and end by loving himself better than either.

Again, in teaching reverence for the distant past, those whose views we are at present considering have thought themselves justified in using a tone of great bitterness—great scorn—we must add of great self-exaltation, in speaking of the present and the immediate past. They have thought it their duty to hold up the

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opinions and sentiments of the ages immediately preceding our own, and of by far the greater part of the world at the present day, to utter contempt; to show the futility of the objects most valued, the worthlessness of the knowledge most esteemed. This they scarcely could do, without affording infinite encouragement to that worst kind of vanity, the thinking ourselves wise above those around us;—a far greater temptation, as Dr Arnold himself has acutely remarked, than that of undervaluing those who have lived before us. 'Our personal superiority seems much more advanced by decrying our contemporaries, than by decrying our fathers. The dead are not our real rivals; nor is pride very much gratified by asserting a superiority over those who cannot deny it. It is far more tempting to personal vanity to think ourselves the only wise amongst a generation of fools, than to glory in belonging to a wise generation, where our personal wisdom, be it what it may, cannot at least have the distinction of singularity.' The influence of the prejudices thus excited on the moral character is bad enough; but on intellectual progress it is destruction. The fruits of the recent fashion of decrying mere scientific pursuits, or mere literary studies, as unworthy, frivolous, or dangerous, are terribly apparent in the present condition of Oxford. Here, at least, we shall scarcely meet with a contradiction. The gradual desertion of the lecture rooms, in which knowledge not absolutely connected with University discipline is imparted, is notorious. The utter absence of all spirit for investigation of every sort, except in polemic theology and one or two inferior pursuits of taste, is the subject, even there, of general lamentation. Natural Philosophy, indeed, while disregarded by all, is absolutely discountenanced by many, from similar reasons to that which the late King of Naples was wont to give for refusing grants of money to unroll the Herculanean manuscripts;—namely, that something might be discovered therein which would overturn the Christian religion, and then his Majesty would never get absolution. Historical study seems altogether at an end, except in the single province of ecclesiastical antiquities: indeed, as we have seen it ingeniously remarked by a writer of the Oxford school, all history is dangerous, and ought to be rewritten on Church principles. Nay, the very special studies of under-graduates are no longer pursued with the spirit and zeal of former times: classical scholarship is declining. We saw it stated the other day, in a Journal favourable to the present 'movement,' that the art of prose Latin composition is absolutely lost at Oxford. To borrow again the forcible language of Dr Arnold:—'The two great parties of the Christian world have each their own standard of truth by which they try all things—

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'Scripture on the one hand; the voice of the Church on the other. 'To both, therefore, the pure intellectual movement is not only 'unwelcome, but they dislike it. It will question what they will 'not allow to be questioned: it may arrive at conclusions which 'they would regard as impious. And therefore in an age' (or seat) 'of religious movement particularly, the spirit of intellec- 'tual movement soon finds itself proscribed rather than counte- 'nanced.'

Thus much, at least, is matter of general observation,—that while the loss is certain, the gain in higher respects is worse than questionable; that much has been lost, along with knowledge itself, of the habits of mind which attend an ardent pursuit of knowledge—of manly candour, of extended sympathies, of that generous, frank enthusiasm so graceful in the young; that a captious, close, exclusive spirit, is apt to grow on the mind, under the discipline and associations now prevailing—producing in vigorous natures a concentrated heat, instead of an expansive warmth: this is complained of, we know not how justly, but seems to follow as a not unnatural consequence. For this, and much more, Oxford has to thank the peculiar exertions of the ablest and most active among her present teachers, and the success which has attended them.

It is true that they are awake now. Of course it is not to be supposed that men of really superior minds, such as many of those of whom we speak, can be content in observing the decay of knowledge around them; or the loss of interest in those pursuits to which the youthful disposition should seem adapted. It appears to be the very earnest endeavour of many of them, to keep the minds of those under actual pupilage as far as possible unpolluted by that black and bitter Styx of controversy which envelopes the region. But this is utterly impossible, unless they could influence also—which in *this* direction they cannot—the minds and studies of that body of which the condition forms by far the best test of the state of education at our universities. We mean those who have passed their short academical course, but are still detained by various duties or circumstances; young themselves, although, for the most part, instructors of those still younger—for they form the class which gives the tone to the studious part of those under discipline. So long as theological controversy forms the great excitement and interest of their lives, so long it will exercise its miserable influence on the education in which they assist. However honestly disposed, the tutor whose head is in a whirl with the religious battles of Convocation, cannot get up among his pupils much enthusiasm about the Punic or Peloponnesian war.

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Where his mind mechanically leads, theirs will follow. Nor will the tone of society, out of academical hours, assist in supplying the stimulus of better and more vigorous speculation; for society at Oxford—that is, the society of the intelligent and active part of its denizens—is become dead and spiritless—paralyzed from the dread which prevails of giving mutual offence. Men stand carefully aloof from free intercourse with each other on questions which excite them, and the place supplies no topics of neutral and harmless interest. Add to this, the thousand temptations to take sides, to enlist in parties—the sad want of importance of those, old or young, who in agitated societies keep aloof from agitation. Talent, enthusiasm, self-importance, eccentricity, all take one and the same direction;—the able are easily drawn in by the desire to shine; and fools, because they have an instinctive consciousness that in no other way can a fool become a man of consequence.

It is needless to dwell on the influence which this combination of deteriorating causes may have on the prospects of the rising generation. *Væ diebus nostris,* exclaimed the old chronicler, who in his barbarous age saw and felt the moral darkness extending itself, along with the decline of that culture, of which, in these enlightened times, some men seem to fancy that we have a surfeit—*væ diebus nostris, quia periit studium litterarum a nobis!* We know full well the elements of greatness which exist at Oxford. They need no other proof than the extraordinary influence which has proceeded from thence for the last ten years for good or for evil. We know, too, that with all the degrading effects of its present condition on its usefulness as a place of instruction, the very violence of its controversies has not been without direct intellectual influence, in awakening and pointing the energies of dispositions of a peculiar order. But what the general class of minds which its present system produces need above all things, is a stimulus to a more natural and more independent action.

This is precisely what talents like those of Dr Arnold were fitted to give; and it is in this respect that his loss is nothing less than a national calamity. Both his virtues, lofty as they were, and his talents were of an eminently practical order; nor were his very peculiarities without their usefulness. If he had been a severer analyst than he was—a man of judgment more free from the impulses of the affections—a man less solicitous about the polemics of his day—more patient in investigation, and less ready to grasp at obvious solutions of difficulties—in one word, less of a theorist; he might have been greater as a literary man; but he could scarcely have possessed, along with

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these faculties, his own distinctive excellence. His mode of action, in his university sphere, as his lectures prove, would have been, not to endeavour forcibly to tear away his audience from their accustomed associations, and make at once of young theologians and moralists a new race of impartial enquirers; but to bring them to the study of the past, as it were, through the present; to appeal to their acquired sympathies, to argue with their prejudices; to lead them thus gradually, and by the very means of the tendencies and propensities he found in them, into purer and freer fields of enquiry than those in which they were accustomed to expatiate. We are far from estimating his prospects of ultimate success by the popularity which attended his first appearance in his professional character. The extraordinary concourse of hearers which greeted him, was partly a homage to his high character; partly attracted by a certain fashion which his name had acquired from various incidental circumstances. Such popularity he neither coveted nor invited; for no one could be more entirely free from affectation and vanity—qualities belonging to minds of a very inferior order to his. But it afforded him an advantage at the outset, which his singular powers of illustration and discursive eloquence—his art of rendering attractive every subject he touched—would have amply qualified him to sustain. Short, indeed, was the period allotted to him, and barely sufficient even thus to indicate the road which he would have pursued. We have a high respect for the character and abilities of the gentleman who has succeeded him; and rejoice to find that Sir Robert Peel, in this instance as in some others, has exhibited predilections in accordance with those of the liberal body of his countrymen; but all the distinguished ranks out of which the Minister had to make his selection, could not have afforded the equal of him who is departed, for the present emergency.

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ART. IV.—1. *Mémoire en Faveur de la Liberté des Cultes.* Par ALEXANDRE VINET. 8vo. à Paris: 1828.

2. *The Articles treated on in Tract* 90 *reconsidered, and their Interpretation vindicated; in a Letter to the Rev. R. W. Jelf, D.D., Canon of Christ Church.* By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D. 8vo. Oxford: 1841.

THE metempsychosis of error is a curious phenomenon. Though not immortal, it transmigrates through many forms of being before it is finally destroyed. Apparently dead, buried, rotten—consigned to dust and darkness so long ago, that the very volumes in which it lies entombed are worm-eaten, and the controversies in which it seemingly perished no longer read, it often breathes and lives again after the lapse of centuries, and takes its place amongst 'the things that are;'—not usually, it is true, in the very form in which it disappeared—in *that* it would not be lightly tolerated again—but in a shape adapted to new times and circumstances, with an organization, so to speak, which qualifies it to exist in a different element of thought and feeling. The chrysalis becomes a gaudy butterfly, misleading into a foolish chase thousands of those overgrown boys of the human family, who perchance would have despised it in its original deformity.

At this we are not to wonder; for if error passes through many changes, it is because human nature is still the same. In every successive age are reproduced minds with all the tendencies which have characterized those of the past; with the same affinities for special classes of error, or the same disposition to exaggerate and distort truth itself into substantial falsehood. Such minds may be, and usually are, modified by the age in which they live, the education to which they have been subjected, the circumstances under which they have been developed; but they exist, and with an idiosyncrasy so marked, that even if they have never been stimulated by a knowledge of the theories of those who have erred, and been confuted before them, they often exhibit an invincible tendency to similar extravagances. What Thucydides has said of the parallelisms which we may perpetually expect in political history, is almost as applicable to the history of opinions:—*γιγνόμενα μὲν καὶ ἀεὶ ἐσόμενα ἕως ἂν ἡ αὐτὴ φυσις ἀνθρωπων ᾖ, μᾶλλον δὲ, καὶ ἡσυχαίτερα, καὶ τοῖς εἴδεσι διηλλαγμένα. . .* Yet have we reason to hope well of the ultimate destinies of our race; and to believe that the progress towards the final triumph of Truth and Right is steady and certain, in spite of the alternate flux and reflux of the tide.

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The remarks just made on the resuscitation of ancient error at distant intervals, and in new forms, have been signally illustrated in that great controversy, or rather complication of controversies, to which the discussion of what are called 'High Church Principles,' has recently given rise; and to none of the antique novelties (if we may use such an expression) commended to us by the advocates of those principles, are they more applicable, than to the doctrines recently propounded by one and another of them on the subject of the 'Right of Private Judgment.' Of all the peculiarities of this modern-antique School, none, in our opinion, is of graver import or of darker omen, than its hatred, more or less disguised, of this great principle.

Few, in the present day, would seek the restoration of the brutal, or rather diabolical laws of ancient persecution, any more than they would, even if the choice were given them, breathe life into the bones of a Gardiner or a Bonner. To take those laws expressly under protection, in defiance both of reason and experience; in defiance of the arguments of such men as Taylor, Chillingworth, Bayle, Locke, and others scarcely less illustrious; above all, in defiance of the terrible condemnation supplied in the records of persecution itself, were the sheerest insanity. Whatever some may secretly wish, not only are hanging and burning for religious opinions abolished; but even the more 'moderate forms' of persecution, as our ancestors facetiously called them, and which its sturdier advocates despised as poor peddling arts—the thumb-screw, branding, the pillory, incarceration, banishment—are quite out of date. Under these circumstances, we might be sure that any attempts to revive ancient error in relation to the 'Right of Private Judgment' would be very cautious; and such, with some exceptions which have equally moved our abhorrence and indignation, we have found them to be. Not only would expediency dictate moderation, if the public is to be induced to listen at all; but we trust that, in the vast majority of instances, even amongst men who cherish 'High Church Principles,' honour and conscience would alike recoil from the employment of the ancient methods under any modifications. How far, indeed, such men may sympathize with the views on which we shall presently animadvert—whether, though they do not at present avow it, they may not, as in other cases, have their esoteric doctrine to which the public is not yet to be admitted—whether that 'reserve' which they advocate 'in the communication of religious truth' be not operating here also—we have no means of judging. Our hope is, that the greater part of those who question, in one way or another, the 'Right of Private Judgment,' would not actually resort to any of the exploded forms of persecution. At all events, we

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shall not believe they would, except where they expressly tell us so. We flatter ourselves they would not find it so easy to throw off the spirit of their own age, as to apologize for the excesses of the past; or to repress the best feelings of their hearts, as to quench the light of their understandings. We shall, accordingly, bring no indefinite charges against any body of men. The particular modifications of opinion to which we object shall be referred to their proper authors; and chapter and verse duly cited for the representations we may make of them. But whether they be many or few who sympathize with the more reckless of the modern Propagandists of the doctrine of persecution, we do not anticipate that they will be actually successful. They never can be, until they can convert the present into the past, or make the wheels of time roll backward. It does not follow, however, that their attempts can be safely neglected; or that their opinions are not sufficiently dangerous to justify severe animadversion. Their intrinsic falsity, absurdity, and inconsistency, would be ample warrant for that. But when we reflect, further, on the tendency of such opinions to confound and perplex the unthinking—to foster malignity of temper—to perpetuate the remnant of intolerance which still dwells amongst us—to endear to some spiteful minds the petty forms of persecution which are still within their reach—to make them hanker after the forbidden indulgences of an obsolete cruelty—it becomes a duty to denounce them. Nor is it less incumbent to expose those more plausible, and perhaps, on that account, more dangerous, invasions of the Right of Private Judgment, which would delude multitudes into the belief that, on the authority of fallible mortals like themselves, they may repress the voice of conscience, receive as true things which they do not believe to be so, and practise as innocent rites which they deem forbidden.

One would think it very superfluous at this time of day to define what is meant by the 'Right of Private Judgment,' or to guard these terms against misapprehension. One would imagine that any mistakes about the phrase, or the mode in which it is usually understood, could not be otherwise than wilful; and, in truth, we honestly confess, it is out of our power to regard them in any other light. A recent writer, however, has attempted to show, that in the greater number of cases in which the 'Right of Private Judgment' would be usually said to be exercised, it is not in fact exercised at all. Why? Because there is no protracted, deliberate examination as to which is the true religion, and a decision logically formed accordingly—education, feeling, prejudice, accident, having much to do with the judgment ultimately expressed! Can any thing be more absurd? Does this

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writer imagine, that those who contend for the 'Right of Private Judgment' mean that none can actually exercise it but those who have first of all certified themselves, by actual inspection of the proofs adduced in favour of every religion that has subsisted, or still subsists, in the world, that their own is the only true one? That a man cannot be a Christian, consistently with the exercise of his 'Right of Private Judgment,' unless he has examined and decided whether Hindooism or Mahometanism may not have equal claims? Or (confining ourselves to Christianity alone) that he cannot be a Christian, in virtue of the exercise of the 'Right of Private Judgment,' if he has not profoundly examined the wide question of the Christian evidences; or a Calvinist or Arminian, unless he has duly pondered the quinquarticular controversy? Could this author be so ignorant as to suppose that the advocates of the right meant this? It is notorious that writers by this phrase mean the right of *individually judging*—no matter what the *grounds* of that judgment—what is religious truth, and what not; not merely the abstract right of every man (though, it is true, each has it) deliberately to examine, if he has leisure and is so inclined, any or all systems of religion, and to make selection of that which he deems the true accordingly; but the right—in whatever way he may have arrived at his actual convictions of what is religious truth—to maintain and express that conviction, to the exclusion of all means beyond those of argument and persuasion, to make him think, or rather (for that is impossible by any except such means) to make him *say* otherwise. In a word, whether the phrase be abstractedly the best that could have been employed or not, it is chiefly designed to disallow the right of *forcing* us to believe, or profess to believe, as others bid us. This, in fact, is what is really contended for; and it implies not merely the right to judge for ourselves, but, *so far as coercion is concerned*, the right, if we please, not to judge at all; for though no man has a moral right to be in the wrong, it does not follow that another man has the right to employ force to reclaim him from his error. Much needless discussion has been wasted on this point by the adversaries of this doctrine, both ancient and modern; and yet nothing is more certain, or more a matter of daily experience, even where religion is not directly in question. A man has no moral right to get drunk at his own table; and yet he has a right to deal very unceremoniously with any one who would by force prevent him. And so in a thousand other cases.

We feel almost ashamed of having been compelled, in the middle of the nineteenth century, to say any thing in explanation of the meaning so generally and notoriously attached to the phrase,

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'Right of Private Judgment.' Such being its meaning, however, we feel still more ashamed that there are to be found any who will deny the right itself. Yet such is the case with the writer to whom we have just referred, and who has incurred the additional odium of questioning that right, even as limited—and, one would have thought, put beyond controversy—by his own absurd interpretation of it. To one who was disposed to question the right, it might be imagined more reasonable, or rather less unreasonable, to deny it, on the supposition that it was designed to protect *all* consciences, whether the judgment formed was the result of deliberate examination or not; than on the supposition that the right was contended for *only* where such deliberate examination had been made. Yet even this limited exercise of the right, this author does not think it proper to concede to us. He thinks it reasonable to say that, if any one judges it proper to exercise this right, it is quite competent to the civil magistrate to inflict penalties on him for so doing. That any one would have been insane enough to contend for such a proposition in the present day, we could not have believed had we not read the statement with our own eyes. In order to protect ourselves from any charge of misrepresentation, and to prevent others from participating in the incredulity into which, apart from such evidence, we should undoubtedly have fallen, we shall cite the following passage:—

'Now the first remark which occurs is an obvious one, which, 'we suppose, will be suffered to pass without opposition—that 'whatever be the intrinsic merits of private judgment, yet, if it 'at all exerts itself in the direction of proselytism and conver- 'sion, a certain *onus probandi* is upon it, and it must show cause, 'before it is tolerated, why it should not be convicted forthwith 'as a breach of the peace, and silenced *instanter* as a mere dis- 'turber of the existing constitution of things. Of course it may 'be safely exercised in defending what is established; and we 'are far indeed from saying that it is never to advance in the 'direction of change or revolution, else the Gospel itself could 'never have been introduced; but we consider that such mate- 'rial changes have a *primâ facie* case against them—they have 'something to get over—and have to prove their admissibility, 'before it can reasonably be granted; and their agents may be 'called upon to suffer, in order to prove their earnestness, and to 'pay the penalty of the trouble they are causing. Considering 'the special countenance given in Scripture to quiet unanimity 'and contentedness, and the warnings directed against disorder, 'irregularity, a wavering temper, discord, and division; consi- 'dering the emphatic words of the Apostle, laid down as a gene- 'ral principle, and illustrated in detail, "Let every man abide

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'in the same calling wherein he was called;" considering, in a 'word, that change is really the characteristic of error, and un-'alterableness the attribute of truth, of holiness, of Almighty 'God himself, we consider that when private judgment moves in 'the direction of innovation, it may well be regarded with suspi-'cion, and treated with severity. Nay, we confess even a satis-'faction, when a penalty is attached to the expression of new 'doctrines, or to a change of communion. We repeat it, if per-'sons have strong feelings, they should pay for them; if they 'think it a duty to unsettle things established, they should show 'their earnestness by being willing to suffer. We shall be the 'last to complain of this kind of persecution, even though di-'rected against what we consider the cause of truth. Such dis-'advantages do no harm to that cause in the event, but they 'bring home to a man's mind his own responsibility; they are a 'memento to him of a great moral law; and warn him that his 'private judgment, if not a duty, is a sin.' *

This is, in some respects, a remarkable passage. One would almost suspect that it must be a plagiarism from some ancient writer, were it not that people do not generally steal infected garments, nor, like old Elwes, appropriate as precious, things they have picked up out of the kennel. We almost involuntarily look for marks of quotation, or some archaisms of expression which would fix the date of the paragraph some two centuries ago. For ourselves, we peruse these arguments, thus recalled from the dead, with feelings much akin to those with which we should witness the exhumation of a mummy from the depths of the Pyramids, or the exhibition of some uncouth-looking weapons dug out of an ancient tumulus;—wondering the while at the strange chance by which things so long buried in darkness thus 'revisit the glimpses of the moon.' We seem to be present at the awakening of some Rip Van Winkle, who had been sleeping, not, like him of the *Sketch Book*, for twenty, but two hundred years. Why, these arguments are but a feeble repetition of those which Locke so utterly demolished in those matchless specimens of cogent and almost scornful logic—the second and third letters on 'Toleration;' and which Bayle had refuted before him, in his amusing commentary on the words 'compel them to

* *British Critic*, July 1841.—It is not our wont to make lengthened references to contemporary Journals. If we have departed from the usual course on the present occasion, it is assuredly, not because the Journal in question is intrinsically entitled to much notice, but because it is generally considered to be the chief organ and representative of the party who advocate the principles of the Oxford Tracts.

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come in.' We can hardly bring ourselves to believe that the greater part of those who in general agree with the Journal from which the above passage is extracted, can sympathize with the views of this writer. If they do, the people of England would do well to watch with double jealousy and suspicion the progress of 'high church principles.' If men such as he should achieve that triumph of their principles for which they are professedly striving, the dearest privileges of Englishmen would no longer be safe.

There is nothing whatever to distinguish the doctrines of this writer from those which characterize the most barefaced, naked system of ancient persecution;—nothing which might not have fallen from the lips of a Gardiner or a Bonner—nay, from those of a Nero or a Dioclesian. For there is absolutely nothing to limit the *principles* laid down; and those principles, thus unlimited in themselves, and pushed to their legitimate extent, are sufficient to authorize any atrocities. That which is established, no matter what, has on that account presumption in its favour of being right and true; and therefore, wherever 'private judgment at all 'exerts itself in the direction of proselytism and conversion,' it must 'show cause,' before it is tolerated, why it should not be 'convicted forthwith as a breach of the peace, and silenced *in-* 'stanter as a mere disturber of the existing constitution of things.' It must show cause. To whom? Why, to the very parties, to be sure, who are interested in suppressing it—who believe that it has 'no cause to show;' and until *they* are satisfied—for the innovators are surely satisfied—that it has warrant for what it says, it may be suppressed *instanter*, and convicted of a breach of the peace! A man must not preach Christianity at Rome, till he shows cause to the satisfaction of a Nero or a Dioclesian that there is a sufficiency of reason on his side; and, till then, he may be suppressed *instanter*. That our author did not mean even to exclude this, the strongest case, is evident by his own allusion to 'the introduction of the Gospel:' he has plainly left us to infer from his principles, that though it was right of the Apostles to preach, it was equally right in the heathen to persecute them for so doing; they not having 'shown cause'—as how could they to Pagans?—that 'their case was admissible,' and 'that there was nothing in it which might not be got over.' The same principles would of course justify the Papists in persecuting the Protestants, and Protestants in persecuting the Papists; and every form, either of truth or error, that happens to be established, in persecuting every exercise of private judgment that happens to be at variance with it. It must be confessed that these are comprehensive principles of persecution, but we acknowledge that we do not like them the worse for that: they are at all

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events consistent, however indescribably absurd. The accident of previous possession determines, it seems, the right to suppress, and whether it be truth or error, it is all the same: only, as truth is one, while error is multiform, error will have the advantage of this ruthless consistency in a hundred cases to one. And as truth and error are armed with equal right to employ this concise method of 'suppressing *instanter*;' so, as in the older systems of persecution, there is here nothing whatever to limit the degree of severity or violence which it may be deemed necessary to employ for that purpose. The duty is to 'suppress *instanter*,' unless sufficient cause be shown to those who are disinclined to see it; and we presume, that as, when they do not see it, they are bound to suppress *instanter*, they are at liberty to take any steps for that purpose which may be effectual; for to limit them to the use only of means which may be ineffectual, and which sturdy recusants may set at defiance, would be altogether nugatory. A right of suppressing error, provided it *can* be suppressed by the stocks or the pillory, conjoined with a liberty to let it run rampant if hanging or burning is necessary, would be a curious limitation; and, as it would be unreasonable to set any such limits, so it would be impossible. What is excess of severity in the code of one set of persecutors, is childish lenience in that of another. One man might be satisfied with the pillory, while another might be satisfied with nothing less than the rack. Our modern apologist for ancient cruelty has wisely attempted no such limitation; but, under the general expression of 'satisfaction' at the 'infliction of penalties,' has left every variety of persecutors to select their own. 'Help yourselves, gentlemen,' is virtually, though we hope not designedly, his language, 'according to 'your diversified tastes and appetites. The table is bountifully 'spread—the pillory—the rack—the scourge—the boot—the gib-'bet—the axe—the stake—confiscation—mutilation—expatria-'tion—are all very much at your service, whenever those who 'broach novel opinions do not "show cause," to *your* satisfac-'tion, that you would be wrong if you attempted to repress 'them.'*

* The reasoning by which this writer attempts to establish these conclusions, is as curious as are the conclusions themselves. He actually thinks that the *fact* of being *established*, is a presumption of truth in a world where there are a thousand different systems of religious opinion established; and yet it is not possible that more than one of these can be the absolute truth! He actually thinks that *fixedness*, is presumption of truth in a world where the most steadfast and ancient systems of re-

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We should consider it as a melancholy waste of time to attempt a formal proof of the wickedness and folly of persecution. Yet, as it appears that in the year of grace 1841, it was possible for one who could at least write and spell—whatever other attributes of a rational nature he might have or want—to apologize for it, or rather to panegyrize it; it may not be uninstructive to exhibit, in one or two paragraphs, the crushing arguments by which the principles of religious freedom were first established; and the various modifications of the theory of persecution which its advocates were contented to frame, before they would wholly forego it. And most impressive it is to see how tenacious of life the monster was;—how many and oft repeated the exorcisms by which the demon was at length expelled.

We shall merely *state* the principal arguments; to state them is now enough. It was argued then—That it is not within a ruler's

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ligious opinion have been, and are, notoriously, those of the worst superstition!—'Unalterableness,' a mark of truth in a world where the great innovation that is at length to remedy its miseries was reserved till four thousand years after its creation!—'Change,' a characteristic of error in a world the great law of which is incessant change! It is true that 'unalterableness' is an attribute of truth, inasmuch as truth is always one and the same; but *he* would have us infer that what has been long 'unaltered' is 'true;' if this were so, as already shown, there would be a thousand different and conflicting systems of truth in the world. With equal logic, this writer actually imagines that the injunction, 'Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called,' has something to do with the determination of the present question;—that an injunction not capriciously to change our secular profession can be any warrant for inflicting penalties on those who innovate on established opinions in religion, because it is a probable case that they are actuated thereto by caprice and fickleness; or that it can justify acquiescence in opinions or practices which the conscience disapproves! Truly, this text of 'abiding in that calling wherein we are called,' is a short method of effectually settling the scruples of a restless conscience, and of insuring, to the world's end, that there shall be no further conversions from one system of opinions to another. The various *castes* are fixed, and let not any go out of them. He that is a Brahmin, let him be a Brahmin still; he that is a Mahometan, let him be a Mahometan still; he that is a Christian—Calvinist or Arminian, Episcopalian or Presbyterian—let him be such still; for, 'let every man abide in that calling wherein he is called.' One cannot wonder, after this, that Thomas Aquinas should have been able to prove that it is the duty of inferiors in the Church to submit to their superiors, from the words, 'The oxen were ploughing, and the asses were feeding beside them;' nor at the astuteness of that Papist who affirmed the propriety of worshipping the saints, *because* it is written 'God is wonderful in all his works.'

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province to determine the religion of his subjects—he having no commission to attempt it; not from Scripture, for Peter and Paul preached Christianity in defiance of the magistrate; not from compact on the part of the people, for few would, and none could if they would, surrender to another the care of their salvation: That religion, except as intelligent and voluntary, is nothing worth: That in the very nature of things, the employment of *force* to make men believe, is a palpable absurdity: That, for example, the thumbscrew can never make a man believe the doctrine of the Trinity; and that, if it make him *say* he believes it when he does not, all that the thumbscrew does is to make the man a liar and hypocrite, in addition to being a heretic: That the unprincipled will escape by conforming, and only the conscientious be punished; so that the sole result is perjury on the one hand, and gratuitous suffering on the other: That the alleged power is as inexpedient as it is unjust; for rulers are no more likely to know the truth than private persons, nor so likely as many, as is proved by the diversity of opinions among rulers themselves: That if the rulers' religion be a false one, all the above evils are aggravated, for error has then all the advantage; those who are really converted being converted to error; those who only *say* they are converted, embracing error with a lie in their right hand; while the suffering falls solely on those who are in possession of the truth: That, supposing the right to *compel* resides in the magistrate, it must reside in every magistrate; and as truth is but one and error multiform, there will, on the whole, be a hundred-fold as much force employed against the truth as for it: That if it be said, as was often most vainly said, 'it is the duty of the magistrate to compel only to the true 'religion,' the question returns, 'who is to be the judge of 'truth?' while, as each ruler will judge *his own* religion to be true, this is but going a roundabout way to the same point: That the system, if justifiable at all, will authorize and necessitate the utmost severities; for if it be the duty of the magistrate to compel all to adopt his religion, the methods which will most surely and speedily effect this, will be the best; that therefore, burning, hanging, torture, being the most thorough and most likely to be successful, are to be preferred: lastly, That after the most remorseless and protracted application of the system, history affords the most striking proofs that it can never be successful; that the uniformity sought can never be obtained; that the conscientious are only the more fully convinced of the truth of their system, whether it be truth or error; that fortitude will be prepared to endure all that cruelty is prepared to inflict; and that not only in the history of Christianity, but in that of all re-

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ligions, has it been seen that 'the blood of the Martyrs has 'been the seed of the Church.'

These arguments, and such as these, were, and will ever be felt to be resistless against the ancient and only consistent scheme of persecution. No wonder, then, that men who could not gainsay, and yet would not adopt them, should seek some mitigated system which might leave them still the luxury of persecution, or secure their darling idol of uniformity with less expense to humanity and logic. It is curious to see the efforts which from time to time have been made to discover this *tertium quid*—a sort of purgatory between the heaven of perfect freedom and the hell of perfect despotism. But there is in truth no medium. The two extremes are alone consistent—and, so far as that goes, both are equally so. All intermediate systems are absurd and inconsistent; they are examples, every one of them, of unstable equilibrium—the slightest breath of wind suffices to throw them down. The old system is at least a strong-looking symmetrical fabric, cemented though it be with blood from the foundation-stone to the topmost pinnacle. The system which says, 'You shall be of my religion, or 'at all events *pretend* you are, whether you be or not; therefore 'bethink you betimes whether you love truth better than the rack, 'or if need be, better than burning fagots or molten lead,' is at least perfectly intelligible and consistent, however hideous. This is an iron-hearted, brazenfaced Devil enough, and one has some involuntary, shuddering awe of him. How far the petty imps who aspire to share his guilt, but dare not emulate such sublimity of wickedness, are entitled to respect of any kind, we shall presently see.

Some of the most obvious modifications by which the unqualified system of persecution might be stripped of its most revolting features, suggested themselves to the anonymous writer* who undertook the perilous task of answering Locke's first letter on Toleration, and were indeed anticipated by Bayle in that part of his *Philosophical Commentary* where he examines, with deliberate and minute attention, the 'objections' to his principles. First, Locke's adversary declared that it was far from his purpose to undertake the defence of the horrid cruelties by which history is disfigured. No—it was only 'moderate penalties' and 'convenient punishments' for which he pleaded! And here—not to insist that almost all the arguments above stated against the most unqualified system, apply with unabated force to this and every

* We learn from Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, that the author was Jonas Proast, of Queen's College, *Oxford*.

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modification of it—we come at once to the first of those symptoms of instability, which, as we have said, characterizes the whole. What are 'moderate penalties' and 'gentle punishments?' Hanging is moderate compared with burning, and branding gentle compared with the rack. To some men of squeamish sensibility, even the cropping of the ears, the free use of the scourge, a few years' imprisonment or banishment, might foolishly be considered excessive. Nay, we know not whether there might not be found some who would object to ruin men even by regular process of law, by quirks and quibbles—perhaps, even to the pillory, fines, confiscation; while there might be others, (as there undoubtedly have been many,) who would say of all heretics, that 'hanging is too good for them;' and who would not only show their charity by sending them, if obstinate, to perdition, but that, too, by methods which should convince them that they did not lose much by exchanging earth for hell.

As we have already remarked, our modern champion of persecution, who 'confesses a satisfaction' (we admire the felicity no less than the honesty of the phrase) 'in the infliction of penalties' for change of opinion, has left this matter equally in the dark. For this he is not to be blamed; it was impossible for him to assign limits, and he has therefore wisely refrained from attempting it. Whether a fine of a hundred pounds be thought equivalent to the luxury of a new opinion—whether such a *bonne bouche* ought to go still higher—whether it be dear at imprisonment, confiscation, banishment—whether his clemency would be 'satisfied' with the stocks, or the pillory, or branding—or whether he would 'confess a satisfaction' (in very obstinate cases) at hanging or burning, is all unhappily matter of conjecture.

Locke's adversary further modified the system, by declaring that the 'moderate penalties' and the 'convenient punishments' for which he contended, were not designed to compel those on whom they were inflicted, to adopt a particular form of religion at the option of the magistrate; but to induce them to 'examine,' to 'consider,' calmly and deliberately, that they might not, as too often happens, be led by passion or caprice, or any other motive which ought to have no influence in the determination of the question! Whereupon he was asked whether he considered the *fear* of torture or banishment, and the *hope* of recompense or impunity, amongst the passions? Whether he seriously thought that the rack or the thumbscrew would *favour* that calm and equal consideration which he was so charitably desirous of promoting? Whether a man under the pangs of torture, or the dread of confiscation or banishment, is in a better condition for the exercise of his logic? Whether the mind, under such

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discipline, would not be as effectually under a sinister bias as if left to the dominion of any other passions whatsoever? Whether the author would have this charitable expression of concern for the souls of men fairly applied to all who, it might be deemed, had *not* given the subject of religion 'an equal and conscientious examination;' and, amongst the rest, to the multitudes of 'inconsiderate professors' of the national religion, who, as they are often more liable to take their religion on trust and in haste, than those who must suffer something for it, stand in more urgent need of such a provocative to deliberation? Whether, if he replied in the negative, 'his remedy would not re-'semble the helleboraster that grew in the woman's garden for 'the cure of worms in her neighbours' children, for that it wrought 'too roughly to give it to any of her own?'* Whether it could be thought that the magistrate who had established a given religion, or the clergy who preached it, would tolerate such an impartial application of the system of 'moderate and convenient penalties' to those of their own communion, however little they may have 'examined?' Whether the plan had ever been acted upon, or was ever likely to be? Whether it would not be a most curious and unprecedented act of legislation, to inflict penalties with the vague object of making people 'examine' whether they are in the right or not; or, rather, with the still more vague object of making them 'seek truth' till they find it, in the absence of a judge to determine what that truth is? Whether it would not be very much like 'whipping a scholar to make him 'find out the square root of a number you do not know?' Whether he who declares he has examined, and is still of the same mind, and that *not* the mind of a conformist, is to be released from all further punishment; or whether public officials are to be appointed to 'examine' whether he has 'examined' enough? Whether these are to be satisfied that he has examined enough, or are likely to be so, till he has 'examined' himself into the state of mind which will induce him to conform? and whether, if they are not to be satisfied till then, this system of 'moderate penalties' does not, after all, resolve itself into the system of compelling men to conform to the religion of the magistrate?— There are some things in the extract from that writer on whom we have been animadverting, which remind one of this system:—'Penalties bring home to a man his own responsibility' '— they are a memento to him of a great moral law, and 'warn him that his private judgment, if not a duty, is a sin.'

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* Locke's *Second Letter*. Works, vol. v. p. 99.

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—'If persons have strong feelings, they should pay for them; if 'they think it a duty to unsettle things established, they should 'show their earnestness by being willing to suffer.' Here one would think that the charitable object, like that of Locke's antagonist, was to secure conscientiousness and deliberation on the part of the sufferers for supposed truth, or to sublime their virtues into heroism. But we have already shown, and the former part of the paragraph indeed avows it, that it is for the sake of peace and quietness—on behalf of the 'established opinions'—that he chiefly desires these penalties to be inflicted.

Locke's adversary subsequently shuffled out of his original position, and affirmed that magistrates were at liberty to persecute only for the true religion; and that it was at their peril if they indulged in any eccentricities of the kind in favour of any false religion. Locke, of course, unmercifully exposes this childish fallacy. For who is to be the judge of truth but the magistrate himself; and, if it be his duty to enforce obedience to some religion, he must of course enforce obedience to that which he deems true.

Even after the general principles of toleration were established, it was long before the spirit of persecution was quite subdued; indeed, as we all know, it was only within the last few years that our statutes were purged from the last traces of it. Men found out, it seems, after the more violent forms of persecution were abandoned, that it was still very proper to visit those who did not conform to the religion of the magistrate, with the privation of some of their civil rights! This was no *punishment*, forsooth, it was simply a *negation*. To be kept without a thing is something very different from having something taken away from us, and what a man never had, of course he can never much miss; and thus, by this subtle distinction of 'negations,' men managed at the same time to gratify their bigotry and to cloak their absurdity. Happily we have got beyond this also.

The writer who has detained us so long, is, in as far as we know, the only living avower of his preference of the ancient system of persecution—the 'suppression' of the 'Right of Private Judgment' by pains and penalties. But there are not a few who would attempt to limit its exercise by an appeal to human authority; though they would not advocate the employment of violence for that purpose. We confess we think this system better than that of force, just upon the principle, that he who simply steals is less guilty than he who commits both theft and murder. But the system itself is far less compact and consistent. If man be rightfully accountable to his fellows for the formation or expression of his religious opinions—if he *ought* to

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adopt those which he is *told* to adopt—one would imagine that it is but reasonable to arm authority with some means of enforcing its mandates. The duty of submission to any human authority, would seem to imply the correlative right of visiting disobedience with some sort of penalties. If not, it is authority only in name. What should we say to a legislator, who, enacting certain laws, should set forth in the preamble, that they were binding only on those who choose to be bound by them, and that those who did not might throw them into the fire? It reminds us of the humorous case cited by Pelisson in his controversy with Leibnitz.* An 'inconstant lover' and his 'volatile mistress' gravely lay down the laws which are to regulate their courtship, and the last of them is, that both should break any of them they thought proper. South, consistently arguing on *his* principles, that ecclesiastical authority ought to be backed by 'temporal power,' anticipated and rebuked the inconsistency of all half-hearted apologists for the suppression of conscience. He ridiculed the idea of authority without coercion—of laws without penalties—of obligation to obey conjoined with liberty to rebel. He consistently preferred persecution to the sanction of so singular a freedom. He exposes the fallacy in his own ludicrous manner: 'Some,' he says, 'will by no means allow the 'Church any further power than only to exhort and advise; and 'this but with a proviso too, that it extends not to such as think 'themselves too wise and too great to be advised; according to 'the hypothesis of which persons, the authority of the Church, 'and the obliging force of all Church-sanctions, can bespeak men 'only thus: These and these things it is your duty to do, and if 'you will not do them, you may as well let them alone.' †

But whether it be that the enemies of religious freedom despair of reviving the ancient opinions, or think that there is little present chance of success, or are really weary of them, it is certain that, while there is no lack of theories by which the 'Right of Private Judgment' is virtually denied, or curiously circumscribed, few, like the author on whose fanatical extravagances

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* 'Je n'ose faire une comparaison trop peu sérieuse, et prise de ces lectures frivoles, qui ont amusé mon enfance; mais je ne sçaurois pourtant m'empêcher d'y penser. Dans une de nos Fables Françoises, (l'ingénieux roman de *Monsieur D'Urfé*, que tous le monde connoit,) l'amant inconstant et la maitresse volage font avec grand soin les loix de leur amitié; mais la dernière de toutes est qu'on n'en observera pas une, si l'on ne veut.'—Leibnitzii *Opera*, tom. i. p. 689

† South's *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 132.

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we have been commenting, would choose to 'confess a satisfac-'tion, when a penalty is attached to the expression of new doc-'trines or to a change of communion.' Nay, as we shall shortly see, even *he*, in despair, we suppose, of getting mankind to adopt his antiquated opinions, provides, in condescension to their infirmities and ignorance, a mode of exercising the right which, as he flatters himself, will still get rid of all its principal inconveniences. This, and some other theories, we shall now briefly examine, and shall show of them all that they are absolutely nugatory, inasmuch as they still leave for the decision of 'private judgment,' questions as difficult and perplexing as those which, according to the common theory, are submitted to it; or, what is worse, that they enjoin, in obedience to an authority neither *claiming* nor *admitted* to be infallible, a deliberate violation of the law of conscience, where the actual convictions of the individual are at variance with that authority; or, lastly, that they are chargeable on both these counts.

Nothing, indeed, short of the Popish doctrine of the Church's infallibility, will suffice to annul or limit the 'Right of Private Judgment.' That, and that alone, will. For though we Protestants, who deny that doctrine, know very well that the 'variations of Romanism' have been nearly, if not quite, as numerous as those which Bossuet charged upon Protestantism, and many of them on points quite as important as those which the Church professes to have definitively settled;—though we know that Popes have been opposed to Popes, and Councils to Councils; that Popes have contradicted Councils, and Councils contradicted Popes;—though there have been infinite disputes as to where the infallibility resides; what are the doctrines it has definitively pronounced true, and who, to the *individual*, is the infallible expounder of what is thus infallibly pronounced infallible;—yet he who receives this doctrine in its integrity, has nothing more to do than to eject his reason, sublime his faith into credulity, and reduce his creed to these two comprehensive articles: 'I believe 'whatsoever the Church believes;'—'I believe that the Church 'believes whatsoever my father-confessor believes that she be-'lieves.' For thus he reasons: Nothing is more certain than that whatsoever God says is infallibly true; it is infallibly true that the Church says just what God says; it is infallibly true that what the Church says is known; and it is also infallibly true that my father-confessor, or the parson of the next parish, is an infallible expositor, of what is thus infallibly known to be the Church's infallible belief, of what God has declared to be infallibly true. If any one of the links, even the last, in this strange *sorites*, be supposed unsound—if it be not true that the

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priest is an infallible expounder, to the individual, of the Church's infallibility—if his judgment be only his 'private judgment'—we come back at once to the perplexities of the common theory of private judgment; and the question then submitted to the individual Romanist's 'private judgment' is—whether it be reasonable in him, in a matter of which he knows nothing, but which is yet of infinite moment, to surrender *his* private judgment to that of another man? And truly, to decide a question without having any data for deciding it, appears to us quite as difficult a problem as any of those which are ordinarily submitted to 'private judgment.' The system, therefore, must be received in its integrity, and if so, the rule of conduct is very simple. If the priest tells us that bread is flesh, and wine is blood—that the sun revolves round the earth—that Gulliver's Travels, if they had not been written by a heretic, *would* have been as true as the gospel—all we have to do is to believe it, and, if need be, to believe it even for Tertullian's paradoxical reason, '*because* it is impossible.'

Of every other mode of nullifying or circumscribing the right of judgment, and of this too, except where the claim of infallibility is not merely *made* but *admitted*, it may be shown, as already said, that it is either nugatory, or flagitious, or both.

Conscious of this, there is a small party of hybrid Protestants amongst us, who virtually claim for some Church unknown—neither the Church of Rome nor the Church of England, and yet both, but certainly *not* the Church of Scotland—some 'Visible Church,' which is not to be seen; some 'Catholic Church,' which excludes all Christians except Episcopalians; some 'Undivided Church,' which embraces the communions of the reciprocally excommunicated; some 'Primitive Church' of uncertain date—nothing less than the infallibility, and consequent authority of the Church of Rome. But they are 'born out of due time;' their infallibility comes too late to enable them by its means to limit the 'Right of Private Judgment,' or relieve us of our perplexities. For unhappily the Church of Rome has got the start of them; there are, therefore, *rival* claims to infallibility; and, consequently, if more could be said to reconcile the manifold contradictions of the theory of these infatuated men, and to authenticate their claims to be its expositors, than ever *can* be said, 'private judgment' would still be pressed with the most transcendently incomprehensible question ever submitted to the arbitration of ignorance—'Of two claimants to infallibility, 'which is the more likely to be infallible?'—But to resume the modern theories.

The writer, on whose appetite for persecution we have been

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constrained to animadvert, is not, it appears, disposed, after all, to deny the *free* exercise of 'private judgment,' but merely to limit the *range* of its enquiries;—that is, the bird may *freely* range *in its cage;* nevertheless, we shall show that even there it has room to lose itself. He has discovered, it seems, that the question which 'private judgment' is called to decide, is, 'Who 'is the teacher we are to follow? not what are the doctrines we 'are to believe?' The 'precedents' in Scripture, he affirms, 'sanction not an enquiry about Gospel doctrine, but about the 'Gospel teacher; not what has God revealed, but whom has he 'commissioned?' He maintains 'that the private student of 'Scripture would not ordinarily gain a knowledge of the Gospel 'from it!' Once more, he says; 'The New Testament equally 'with the Old, as far as it speaks of examination into doctrines 'professedly from heaven, makes their teachers the subject of 'that enquiry, and not their matter.'...'Let it be observed how 'exactly this view of the province of private judgment, *where it* 'is allowable, as being the discovery not of doctrine, but of the 'teachers of doctrine, coincides both with the nature of religion 'and the state of human society as we find it.' We have already had a notable specimen of the exegetical talents of this writer, and need not, therefore, be surprised at his professing to find Scripture proof of this doctrine also. It must be confessed, however, that his method is somewhat novel, and would be generally imagined equally opposed to criticism and to logic. He seems to think he has made out his point, if he but proves that teachers are *promised* in Scripture, and that it *is* within the province of private judgment to decide on their credentials. We deny neither. 'In remarkable coincidence,' says he, 'with 'this view, we find in both Testaments that teachers are pro-'mised under the dispensation of the Gospel!' Might we not just as logically say, that, 'in remarkable coincidence with *our* 'views,' we find it written that 'there was a man in the land of 'Uz, whose name was Job?' What is all this to the purpose? Who denies that religious teachers are promised? As little do we deny that it is the right of individuals to *judge* of their pretensions and credentials. But does the right terminate there? that is the question. One would imagine that the commendation bestowed on the Bereans, for searching the Scriptures to see 'whether the things told them by Paul were so,' would be alone sufficient to decide this point. But no—our author expressly says, though he attempts not to prove it, that *this*, too, is 'amongst the precedents which sanction not an enquiry about 'Gospel doctrine, but about the Gospel teacher!'

Let it be ruled so, then. And now to consider the system

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itself. We maintain that the question thus submitted to 'private judgment,' is as difficult as any which are ordinarily submitted to it. If a man be incompetent for the latter, he is equally incompetent for the former. The reasoning is about as good as would be that of a father who should say to his child, 'Though 'it is true you are not competent to say what it is fit for you to 'learn, and, therefore, cannot select for yourself a *school*, yet you 'are perfectly welcome to choose your *schoolmaster*.' We repeat, that if this exercise of judgment is to be a *bonâ fide* exercise of judgment at all, it will not be a whit less difficult to decide upon the 'teacher,' than upon the 'general doctrines to be taught.' 'It is much more easy,' says our author, 'to judge of persons 'than of opinions.' True—so far as regards their moral qualities; whether they be, in effect, virtuous or dissolute, benevolent or selfish, humane or cruel. But then, unhappily, if this be the criterion, it is just none at all; for men characterized by both classes of qualities are to be found in all communions. Indeed, as it is most evident from this fact that their personal qualities would be no sufficient guide, so it is by no means the criterion which our author contemplates: he would be very sorry to have it impartially applied. They are quite other qualities which are to decide the point; and the enquiry into these, we contend, is either not separable from an enquiry into the truth of the very doctrines taught, but presupposes that enquiry to have been both instituted and decided; or it is an enquiry into matters still more difficult and perplexing;—for example, whether or not the clergy of a given Church possess the inestimable advantages of 'apostolical succession?' In the present divided state of Christendom, which is the more hopeful enquiry for a private individual, 'What saith the 'Scripture?' *or*, 'Which of all the religious teachers who claim 'my attention makes the most rightful pretensions to instruct 'me in the truth—I, at the same time, neither enquiring, nor 'being permitted to enquire, *what* that truth is?' For it must be remembered that an Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Independent, Calvinist, or Arminian, is not a trustworthy teacher, *because* he tells us he is; the awful privilege of 'apostolical succession' is not inscribed on the bishop's forehead; no voice from heaven certifies to us that those whom he ordains are exclusively commissioned to preach the gospel. We repeat, therefore, that this liberty of 'private judgment,' if really acted upon, implies a task quite as difficult as those for which it is proposed to substitute it: in a word, either the very *same*—that of examining the pretensions of the teacher by a reference to his doctrines; or that of deciding on the historic grounds of his authority, without any investigation of his doctrine at all. This method, therefore,

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would not serve the purpose for which it has been invented; it would not correct the eccentricities or diminish the varieties of 'private judgment.' Nay, we have already facts in abundance to prove this. We see that there are multitudes of *all* communions who select their teacher on no wiser principle than that here advocated; without any enquiry into the truth of the doctrines taught, or the teacher's claim to the authority he assumes. It were well both for them and for truth, if they would exercise also the other and better part of the 'Right of Private Judgment,' and diligently enquire—whether the system of doctrines taught them is in general accordance with truth, and the claims to authority, on the teacher's part, well founded. It does not appear, then, that this limitation of the 'Right of Private Judgment' would diminish the diversities of sect and party, or secure a nearer approximation to uniformity.*

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* It is true that this writer points out some concise methods of limiting the candidates for the enquirer's suffrage. 'You may reject,' says he, 'all who do not even profess to come with authority.' To this it may be replied, first, that there are none who come to teach without professing authority to do so, and that in general the more extravagant their doctrine, the more arrogant their pretensions; and secondly, that the *absence* of those exclusive pretensions to which *he* refers—pretensions to the Apostolical Succession—would be to thousands a reason rather for admitting than rejecting the claims of a teacher who came to them with such unwonted humility. But, even according to this writer, there are at least three Churches, which, however divided on points which multitudes deem essential, possess, it seems, all that *authority* which is necessary to give validity to the claims of their teachers. These Churches—*risum teneatis?*—are the English, Romish, and Greek! But how is the perplexed enquirer to decide on their claims? Very easily, if we fairly follow out this writer's principles; for, partly by what he has said, and partly by what he has left us to infer, it does not much matter to which a man belongs; and as each is possessed of those mysterious 'gifts,' depending on the 'Succession,' which will serve to countervail any corruptions, it is difficult to say whether there are any reasons sufficient to justify a man in leaving any one of them for another. It is true, indeed, that our author disclaims all intention of discussing the question, as to whether there are reasons which can justify the Catholic in leaving his own communion; but it is plain, from what he has said, how he would decide it, and how, if consistent with his principles, he *must* decide it. Indeed, his very making it a *question* is a sufficient indication of his sentiments; for did ever *Protestant* before doubt whether it was lawful for a Catholic to leave the Church of Rome? None, assuredly, can doubt it, except those strange Protestants who deplore Protestantism itself, and who use their utmost efforts to show how much the Churches of Rome and England resemble one another! That the difference be-

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But one of the most singular oversights is, that our author formally concedes the right in its full extent, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not it is to be so conceded. 'We have 'arrived,' he says, with great solemnity and gravity, 'at the fol- 'lowing conclusion, that it is our duty to betake ourselves to 'Scripture, and to observe how far the private search of a reli- 'gion is there sanctioned, and under what circumstances!' We are, it appears, in the first instance, to make the most extensive use of our 'Right of Private Judgment' on the Scriptures; in order to ascertain whether or not we are at liberty to use our 'private judgment' in interpreting its doctrines; in other words, we are to exercise our 'private judgment' to ascertain whether or not it ought to be exercised!

Another modification of the theory of 'private judgment' is that of Mr Gladstone. He says—'And, lastly, persons are in 'great alarm for their liberty of private judgment. The true 'doctrine of private judgment is, as has been shown by many 'writers, most important and most sacred; it has the direct sanc-

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tween them is not, in his estimation, very great, we may infer from such language as this: 'We may believe that our own Church has certain 'imperfections; the Church of Rome certain corruptions; such a belief 'has no tendency to lead us to any view as to which, *on the whole*, is the 'better, or to induce or *warrant* us to leave the one communion for the 'other.' Again—'Is it not certain, even at first sight, that each of these 'branches (Romish, Greek, and English) has many high gifts and much 'grace in her communion?' Now, whether this representation be correct or not, let theologians decide; but so far from 'its being evident at first sight,' it is certain that nine-tenths in each of these communions would, in the exercise of that 'Right of Private Judgment' which even he concedes, come to a different conclusion, as to who are 'divinely appointed teachers,' from himself. Such is the very first application of this new theory of 'private judgment,' designed to limit the diversities of opinion; its very inventor manages to stumble on a 'judgment,' in which not ten out of a hundred will agree with him! On the manifold inconsistencies into which he is plunged by his attempt to show how nearly these Churches approximate, and yet to find such still subsisting differences as may justify a state of separation—conceding that Rome does *not* practise idolatry, and yet discovering that there is a *note* of idolatry upon her, which may justify him who is already a Protestant in not joining her—maintaining that his own Church is *not* schismatic, and yet acknowledging that it is chargeable with something very *like* schism, and leaving us to infer that the Reformers ought never to have separated from the Church of Rome—of all this we shall say nothing, because it has nothing to do with our present subject. But as a specimen of what may be called *see-saw* argumentation, it is well worth reading.

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'tion of Scripture. It teaches the duty, and, as correlative to 'the duty, the right of a man to assent freely and rationally to 'the truth. It is commonly called a right to enquire; but it is 'to enquire for the purpose of assenting; for he has no right '(that is, none as before God) to reject the truth after his en- 'quiry. It is a right to assent to truth—to enquire into alleged 'truth. Now, all that the true idea of the Church proposes to 'him is a probable and authorized guide. This is wholly dis- 'tinct from the Romish infallibility. The Church of England 'holds individual freedom in things spiritual to be an essential 'attribute of man's true nature, and an essential condition of the 'right reception of the Gospel; and testifies to that sentiment in 'the most emphatic mode, by encouraging the fullest communi- 'cation of Scripture to the people. Yet is it perfectly possible 'that the best use of such a freedom may often be thus exempli- 'fied; when a man having prayed for light from God, and ha- 'ving striven to live in the spirit of his prayer, and yet finding 'his own opinion upon a point of doctrine opposite to that of the 'universal undivided Church, recognizes the answer to his prayer 'and the guide to his mind in the declarations of the creeds, 'rather than in his own single, and perhaps recent, impressions 'upon the subject; not thus surrendering his own liberty of 'judgment, but using it in order to weigh and compare the pro- 'babilities of his or the Church's correctness respectively, and 'acting faithfully on the result.'

Here, first, we have the old fallacy. 'Private judgment' is, indeed, a *right;* but it is a right of assenting to the *truth.* But, then, who is to be the judge of truth? Is the individual conscience to assent to that which it honestly deems truth, or is it not? If the former, we are just in the same predicament as before. If not, what is the authority which is to justify it in setting its convictions at defiance? 'Why,' replies Mr Gladstone, 'the voice of the undivided Church' must decide the matter. To this we might content ourselves with replying—This 'undivided Church,' amidst the ten thousand parties into which Christendom is divided, we cannot find at all; and the search is at least as difficult as that of the truth which we are to find by its means. It is like telling us that we are to learn which of five hundred opinions is the true, by enquiring of some inhabitant of Eutopia. But the concluding sentence of this paragraph deserves more serious rebuke. Our author proposes an expedient for tranquillizing a scrupulous conscience—a conscience which finds its decisions at hopeless variance with those of the 'undivided Church'—which is, in our judgment, an outrage on morality. It is really one of the most extraordi-

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nary pieces of casuistry we have ever met with, either in ancient or modern times, and directly justifies the suppression of the voice of conscience. We are to suppose for argument's sake, that the enquirer has found that nonentity—the 'undivided Church.' Be it so; but he finds, at the same time, that this 'undivided Church' teaches a doctrine as true which he is persuaded is false; and enjoins rites as a duty, the performance of which he believes to be sin. What is he to do? Is he at liberty to profess his acquiescence in that doctrine though he believes it false, or to perform those rites though he believes them wrong? 'Pray over the matter, and enquire,' says Mr Gladstone. 'I have done both,' replies the unhappy man. 'And 'you are still of the same mind?'—'Altogether.'—'But do you 'not think the whole undivided Church more likely to be in the 'right than you?'—'I am not so destitute of modesty as to 'affirm the contrary.'—'Then you may, without further scruple, 'proclaim your belief in the supposed error, and practise the for-'bidden rite!' So thus, it appears, the man may assent to *one* proposition which he deems *false*, because he can assent to another, altogether different, which he believes true;—namely, that he thinks the 'undivided Church' more likely to be in the right than he. How different the decision of Mr Gladstone from that of Saint Paul, who declares that a man who should eat meat offered to idols, with a conscience doubting its propriety, would sin; though he at the same time declares by inspiration, that the act, in itself, is absolutely indifferent. Such a casuist as Mr Gladstone would soon have administered relief. 'Do you not think,' he would say, 'that an inspired apostle is 'more likely to be in the right than you?'—'Who can doubt 'it?' would have been the reply. 'Then eat as soon and as 'much as you please,' Mr Gladstone would have said; unless he believed the decision of an inspired apostle less likely to be the true one than that of his 'undivided Church.'

We are astonished at this doctrine we confess, and doubt whether, considering the difference of the age and circumstances, any thing much more flagitious is to be found even among those Jesuitical casuists, whose extravagances Pascal so inimitably ridiculed. Mr Gladstone's doctrine of 'probable opinions' would almost match that of the school of Loyola; and we are half inclined to say of him, what Pascal's Jesuit Father says of Escobar: 'Truly this Escobar, said I, is a fine man.—Oh! rejoined the 'Father, every body admires him; he puts such *lovely* questions!'*

* 'Vraiment, lui dis-je, il me semble que je rêve, quand j'entends des

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But what Mr Gladstone, with congenial love of obscurity, has left in utter darkness, others have endeavoured to clear up. They have proceeded to furnish us with *criteria* of the undivided Church, to interpret what it has delivered, and to invest its decisions with a species of infallibility. But let it not be for one moment imagined that we are at all likely to have the exercise of the 'Right of Private Judgment' diminished by all this; on the contrary, it is enlarged a thousand fold. The theory is, that Scripture is incomplete; that some things are divinely revealed which are not revealed *there;* that it is to be supplemented by tradition; and that whatever we find unanimously and constantly asserted by such tradition, is invested with authority co-ordinate with that of Scripture. Whereupon arise an infinity of questions, any one of which is as difficult as any that Private Judgment was ever called upon to decide; and which he who is no scholar has little chance of deciding except by lot, for the authorities are very numerous and diametrically contradictory on all sides. 'Nothing is more easy,' exclaims the Anglican; 'all you have to do is to adhere to the rule of Vincentius Lirinensis—*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus traditum est*—but, alas! on investigation, it is found that 'nobody' knows what 'every body' has said; that what has been affirmed 'every where' is remembered 'no where;' and that the only thing to which all time has testified, is *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* Whether a man be learned or ignorant—permitted to exercise his judgment in discovering these obscured verities of tradition for himself, or forbidden so to do—ample in either case is the scope for his private judgment. If learned, and permitted to enquire, the luckless student finds that instead of one small book he is sent to five hundred; instead of having to deal with nothing but what is *truth*, truth itself is presented to him in minute fragments, amidst mountain-loads of absurdity, ignorance, and heresy. Then there are, besides, most difficult and subtle questions of criticism to be decided, before the very materials of judgment can be laid before the mind; interpolations, erasures, forgeries to be detected—what is authentic separated from what is not—*quæstiones vexatæ* without end, in a word, to be adjusted. Again; at what point is the investigation to stop?—

Religieux parler de cette sorte. Et quoi, mon père, dites moi en conscience, êtes vous dans ce sentiment-là? Non vraîment, me dit le père. Vous parlez donc, continuai-je, contre votre conscience? Point de tout, dit-il. Je ne parlois pas en cela selon ma conscience, mais selon celle de Ponce et du P. Bauny; et vous pourriez les suivre en sureté, car ce sont d'habiles gens.'—*Let. Provinciales,* let. v.

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Is it at the end of the second, or third, or fourth, or fifth centuries? 'Stand by the first six General Councils,' exclaim Hammond and Stillingfleet; 'Stop at the end of the fifth century,' says Archbishop Bramhall; 'You must not draw bridle till the dis-'union of the East and West,' cries Bishop Ken; 'You are 'wrong,' says Archbishop Usher; 'four *or* five hundred years 'are sufficient; 'Rather three *or* four,' say Waterland and Beveridge; 'The precise limit is *no where*,' says Mr Newman; 'it is a question of degree and place;' 'It is every where,' shouts the more consistent Romanist.' No wonder that, oppressed with the thought of *such* an exercise of the right of private judgment, the enquirer declares he knows not how to perform it. 'My friend,' is the reply, 'you have only to read 'through about a hundred and fifty folios of ecclesiastical 'records, and you will find the matter is just as I tell you.' He feels that this is but meagre consolation, and, if intelligent, will declare, that rather than undergo such labour for the small *residuum* of doubtful truth which he is assured he will extract from it, he would make a voyage to the Indies to bring home a cargo of one peppercorn and two grains of rice! The right of private judgment, in such a case, he feels to be about as valuable a possession as a right to read through the statutes at large. The Puseyites may very safely grant it, for they may be assured no one will avail himself of it. If the man be ignorant, or forbidden to enquire—the other case supposed—he has only to believe. But let it not be imagined that he is not still subjected to the necessity of performing an impracticable act of private judgment. He may be told that infallible truth has been discovered, and that the priest is the infallible expounder of it. But, then, on what ground shall he believe this? 'I am 'commissioned,' says the priest. 'But,' (will be the reply,) 'I 'see that there are multitudes of your *own* Church, and whom 'you acknowledge *equally* commissioned with yourself, who 'tell me that you are under an absolute delusion—that neither 'you nor they are commissioned to assume any such authority—'that tradition is no authoritative guide, and that, if it were, 'what it authorizes cannot be authentically discovered. I more-'over see that many of those who adopt the same general prin-'ciples with yourself, differ as to *what* is primitive and catholic 'truth. I can, therefore, regard *your* judgment only as your '"private judgment;" and the knotty question which I have to 'decide is, whether I am to surrender *my* "private judgment," 'because *your* "private judgment" tells me to do so, when the '"private judgment" of others equally learned, equally sincere, 'and equally *commissioned*, tells me that I ought not? and, as I

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'have no data whereon to decide this question, truly I think a 'harder question for my private judgment, even the Scriptures 'of truth could scarcely have submitted to it. If I decide as you 'would have me, I decide absolutely without any reason what-'ever.' 'And is not this,' would be the *honest* reply, 'is not 'this the happy state of mind to which we have been endeavour-'ing to reduce you? Have we not for years been urging you 'to *enquire* whether *enquiry* be not dangerous?—have we not 'been reasoning you (in our way) into the belief that *reasoning* 'on such subjects is *unreasonable?* And have we not endea-'voured to illustrate precept by example, and as completely 'divested ourselves of all the attributes of a rational nature, as 'the ancient caricature of Plato's man? Have we not shown 'you how much may be believed, and how little it is necessary 'to reason?'*

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* As these remarks may appear severe, we shall justify ourselves by citing the following paragraphs from one of the most elaborate and dangerous of the *Oxford Tracts*. If the reader find it impossible to read the first without a smile, we predict that he will not be able to read the second without a sigh;—to think that a reasonable being can talk such nonsense.—'I am not here to enter into the question of the grounds on which the duty and blessedness of believing rests; but I would observe, that nature certainly does give sentence against scepticism, against doubt, nay, against a habit (I say a *habit*) of enquiry—against a critical, cold, *investigating* temper—the temper of what are called shrewd, clear-headed, hard-headed men; in that, by the confession of all, happiness is attached not to *their* temper, but rather to confiding, *unreasoning*, faith. I do not say that enquiry may not, under circumstances, be a duty, as going into the cold and rain may be a duty instead of stopping at home; as serving in war may be a duty; but it does seem to me preposterous to confess, that free enquiry leads to scepticism, and scepticism makes one less happy than faith, and yet *that such free enquiry is right*. What is right and what is happy, cannot, in the long run and on a large scale, be disjoined. To follow truth can never be a subject of regret; *free enquiry does lead a man to regret the days of his child-like faith;*—THEREFORE *it is not following truth*. Those who measure every thing by utility, should, on their own principles, embrace the obedience of faith for its very expedience; and they should cease this kind of seeking, that they may find.

'*I say, then, that never to have been troubled with a doubt about the truth of what has been taught us, is the happiest state of mind;* and if any one says that to maintain this, is to admit that heretics ought to remain heretics, and Pagans Pagans, I deny it. For I have not said that it is a happy thing never to *add* to what you have learned, but not happier to *take away*. Now, true religion is the summit and perfection of false religions; it combines in one whatever there is of good and true

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That we are to receive with cringing acquiescence, whatever these men are pleased to say they are commissioned to teach us, will be more than doubted; till they not only lay claim to virtual infallibility, but persuade us to admit their claim. The latter they will do, when they have perfected us in the grand art of abjuring our reason; in the former, they seem ready to accommodate us at

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separately remaining in each.' . . . 'So that, in matter of fact, if a religious mind were educated in, and sincerely attached to, some form of heathenism or heresy, and then were brought under the light of truth, it would be drawn off from error into the truth, not by losing what it had, but by gaining what it had not—not by being unclothed, but by being "clothed upon," "that mortality may be swallowed up of life." That same principle of faith which attaches it to its original wrong doctrine, would attach it to the truth; and that portion of its original doctrine which was to be cast off as absolutely false, would not be directly rejected, but indirectly rejected in the reception of the truth which is its opposite.'

The writer of this seriously believes that unthinking acquiescence in whatever we are told, is the most desirable state of mind; and that the restlessness produced by enquiry affords a presumption, that what is offered to us is error. The Hottentot, who is contented with his brutal theology, had better, it seems, view with suspicion the *uneasiness* of mind produced by the teachers of Christianity, for they only disturb his faith and tranquillity—an ominous sign that he is 'not following the truth!' 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' 'Not so,' says this profound doctor, 'for I have not said that he is not to *add* to his belief, only he must be careful not to *take* away; he must become a Christian, not by *losing what he had*, but by *gaining what he had not!*' Was ever fatuity like this? The Hottentot, when he embraces Christianity, it appears, only *adds* to his faith, but does not *take* any away! Are we to believe that if these new evangelists were to attempt the conversion of the heathen, they would act on the above maxims, and facilitate the work, as did the Romish missionaries among the Japanese, by teaching their converts to transfer their whole idolatrous stock-in-trade to Christianity—to make over to the saints the homage they once paid to idols, and baptize their wooden gods by evangelical names? What must be the desperation of a cause which stands in need of such arguments? Arguments! did we say—they do not even reach the respectability of sophistry. Are we not justified, then, in saying that these new teachers enjoin a servile and unreasoning belief—the utter prostration of the intellect? And does not such a paragraph as the above, prove that what they teach they are full willing to practise?—The reader will find the same lesson perpetually inculcated, with various degrees of effrontery, throughout the *Oxford Tracts*. According to these men, one would think that it was so much a duty to distrust our reason, that mystery is an antecedent ground of probability, and that, if a doctrine be absolutely incomprehensible, it is almost certain to be true!

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any time. But, unhappily for their pretensions, though happily for truth, their virtual claim to infallibility and unquestioning obedience is not, like that of Rome, unanimously and vigorously supported by the whole communion to which they belong. Even if it were, such unity would not (as already shown) relieve the difficulties of the enquirer; for as another Church makes the same pretensions, the knotty query would still return—'of two 'Churches, both professing infallibility, which is the more likely 'to be infallible?'

But such unanimity of pretensions, whether it be of any avail or not, is not to be found. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The disease of 'Private Judgment' has infected the shepherds as well as the flock; all the difficulties which, as we have shown, so closely beset the private student in the attempt to collect Catholic truth from the voluminous records of antiquity, have been felt by our authorized guides themselves; and have led to all those varieties of opinion which might have been expected. In this point of view, the recent attempt at producing unity of opinion, and abridging the diversities of 'private judgment,' is even ludicrous. Never, since the Reformation, has there been such a din of controversy;—such a hubbub of tumultuous and discordant voices. Ill-fated project of universal concord, which terminates in the indefinite multiplication of controversies! It really reminds one of the ambitious attempt, described in the *Sketch Book*, at a new and elaborate harmony on the part of Master Simon and his village choristers. 'The usual services of the choir,' says the author, 'were managed pretty well . . . but the great trial was an 'anthem that had been prepared and arranged by Master Simon, 'and on which he had founded great expectations. Unluckily, there 'was a blunder at the very outset; the musicians became flurried; 'Master Simon was in a fever; every thing went on lamely and 'irregularly, until they came to a chorus beginning, "Now let us 'sing with one accord," which seemed to be a signal for parting 'company, and all became discord and confusion.' Even thus is it on the present occasion; our very ears ache with the elaborate dissonance of this novel attempt at harmony.

There is one point, and but one, in which the circumstances attending this alleged attempt to restore 'primitive truth,' resemble those attending its first establishment; and in *that* we must confess the analogy to be perfect. These new teachers have come, 'not to bring peace on the earth, but a sword.'

Manifold are the arguments in favour of the Right of Private Judgment on which we have not insisted, and on which, at this period of the world's history, it would be most superfluous to dwell.

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Those, of course, which have been mentioned as demonstrating the wickedness and folly of persecution, are in favour of it—for whatever tends to prove the one wrong, tends to prove the other right. To these, many more might be added; some deduced from the intellectual and moral nature of man, others from the relations in which he stands to God: some from the declarations of Scripture, others from the examples it holds out to our imitation: some from abstract justice, and others from an enlarged expediency. The arguments on which we have principally insisted are, that the right must *in fact* be conceded, whether we like it or not; that the evils with which it is supposed to be connected, be they greater or less, are not likely to be remedied till we find what we shall be long in seeking—an infallible interpreter of infallible truth; and that any theory short of that, involves a flagitious tampering with the rights of conscience.

On this last argument, which we have already noticed, we should wish to add a remark or two; for this alone would be sufficient to prove the folly of attempting to circumscribe the Right in question. If it be man's duty to embrace the truth; and if it be also his duty, which necessarily follows, to embrace that which he honestly *deems* the truth, he must follow his convictions whithersoever they lead him, in spite of any authority whatsoever not admitted by him to be infallible; in *that* case, of course, doubt or denial would imply a contradiction of his own convictions. It is not at the option of a conscientious man, we repeat—no matter how he came by his conscience—to debate whether he shall act upon its convictions. He *cannot* do otherwise. Take the case of a man who believes in his conscience that such and such doctrines are false, such and such rites sinful. Right or wrong, this is his state of mind. What is he to do? Can any authorize him to profess that these doctrines are true, or to practise those rites? If any one will answer in the affirmative, he will say more than any casuists, ancient or modern, out of the school of the Jesuits, will expressly affirm. He is bound, then, to yield obedience to the dictates of his conscience, whether his opinions be true or false: if true, even our opponents will not say that he can be authorized to profess the contrary. Nor is it otherwise, supposing them erroneous; for by the express authority of Saint Paul, who declares that 'to him who 'thinketh any thing evil' it is so, and that even a perfectly indifferent act assumes moral malignity if performed with a reluctant or accusing conscience; as well as by the decision of all the best moralists and casuists, an erroneous conscience obliges as much as a well-informed one; and by none is this more strenuously

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maintained than by the great Divines of the Church of England.*

The usual evasion is, 'Let him further enquire;' and wise counsel this may be, in the first instance. But suppose a person says he has enquired; or that he enquires again, and comes back in the same mind. What is he to do? He will say that he cannot be enquiring for ever—that religion is a practical thing, and must not be matter of investigation all his days—that he may as well embrace error as live in a state of continual pyrrhonism—and that he has no reason to expect that he will ever have a greater moral certainty than he has. Once more; what is he to do? Right or wrong he must follow the convictions of his conscience—to him the supreme law.

It is true that, after all, the individual may be much to blame; but not for thus acting in obedience to the dictates of his conscience in the last resort. There may have been haste in the enquiry—or no enquiry at all when urged to make it—or unworthy passions and prepossessions in favour of such and such conclusions. In these respects there may be much to blame, but not in the act of obedience to conscience itself. On the other hand—if, rare case! there has been nothing wanting in the process of enquiry which honesty and diligence could supply—no negligence, no want of candour or patience, the man is guilt-

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* It is asserted by Jeremy Taylor in his *Ductor Dubitantium;* by Barrow in his Latin poem, entitled *Conscientia erronea obligat;* and by Archbishop Sharp, cited by Locke. Stillingfleet says, 'The plea of an erroneous conscience takes not off the obligation to follow the dictates of it; for as a man is bound to lay it down supposing it erroneous, so he is bound not to go against it while it is not laid down... So that let men turn and shift about which way they will, by the very same arguments that any will prove separation from the Church of Rome lawful—because she requires unlawful things as conditions of her communion—it will be proved lawful not to conform to any suspected or unlawful practice required by any Church governors upon the same terms;—if the thing so required be, after serious and sober enquiry, judged unwarrantable by a man's own conscience.'

'If,' says Chillingworth, in his strong manner, 'they suffer themselves neither to bee betraid into their errors, nor kept in them by any sin of their will; if they doe their best endeavour to free themselves from all errors, and yet faile of it through humaine frailty; so well am I perswaded of the goodnesse of God, that if in me alone should meet a confluence of all such errors of all the Protestants in the world that were thus qualified, I should not be so much afraid of them all as I should be to ask pardon for them.'

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less, even supposing the opinion erroneous, unless we suppose God to punish error absolutely and wholly involuntary. If, then, a man can truly say, 'I believe in my conscience such and such 'religious doctrines are God's truth, and such and such religious 'usages most pleasing to Him,' it is no longer at his option whether he shall profess the one or practise the other; and in like manner, if he can truly say, 'I believe in my conscience such 'and such doctrines are false, and such and such usages displea-'sing to God,' it is not in his power even to *appear* to sanction either. He must obey that which is his law—his conscience; in other words, if his private judgment be at variance with any *authority whatever*, not admitted to be infallible, he must obey the first and not the second. To this there is no exception.

It is not easy to find men who will avowedly dispute the maxim we have laid down. The opponent generally contents himself with daring those who maintain it to apply it to certain extreme cases. We should not shrink from the challenge. We believe that the general principle is universally applicable; and that the instances which seem opposed are either imaginary or irrelevant. Let us take the strongest conceivable cases, which some have been modest and reasonable enough to adduce—that, for example, of a man who is conscientiously prompted to commit murder or robbery. 'Is the man,' they triumphantly ask, 'to be justified, and treated as innocent?' To this, the arguments in reply are many and obvious: First, If we are to suppose that such conscientious persons are impelled by conscience to commit murder or robbery *as such*—that is, under the persuasion of their being crimes—then, 1. The notion is simply a contradiction. 2. Such a case, so far as we are aware, has never been alleged, and might safely be left to be considered when it occurs. 3. Supposing such a case to be alleged, all mankind would feel constrained, on ordinary calculations of probability, to believe either that the parties were mad, and therefore truly excused on that ground; or that they pretended to hold such opinions for an evil purpose. They would, therefore, be either confined as lunatics, or punished as knaves, according to the evidence of their being the one or the other. 4. Whether they be conscientious or not, society must protect every one against any infraction of his civil rights; and for this reason, the conscientious persons who manifest their piety by infringing them, may be very properly knocked on the head. 'The ma-'gistrate,' says Bayle, with a gravity which is almost amusing, 'having received a power from God and man, of putting mur-'derers to death, may justly punish him who kills a man from

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'the instincts of conscience; for it is not his business to stand 'winnowing those rare and singular cases, in which conscience 'may happen to fall into illusions in this matter.' But, secondly, if by those who commit murder or robbery for conscience' sake, be meant those who commit acts, which, under ordinary circumstances, they themselves would consider crimes; but which, in their judgment, cease to be so when performed at the prompting of conscience—for the repression, for example, of *other people's* consciences, or for the propagation of 'the true faith'—we *might* content ourselves with replying, 1. That we never heard of such cases among those who contend that conscience is the supreme law, and that every one must obey its dictates. All who believe this necessarily learn to respect other people's rights, as well as to assert their own; it is only amongst those who deny this maxim that we find such instances as the above; and we might safely leave these men, therefore, to their own dark books of casuistry, in which the precise modes and degrees in which they may 'do evil that good may come,' are duly set forth. Assuredly, it is rather hard to adduce, against the operation of any principle, instances which, if that principle were in operation, could not even exist. Nevertheless, we are ready to affirm, 2. That if the said persecutors be truly and conscientiously convinced that it is their duty, as in the sight of God, to persecute, they are justified in so doing *while in that state of mind;* though, in accordance with what has been laid down, they may have contracted a great amount of guilt in the process by which they have arrived at it. 3. That if they have arrived at it after having honestly investigated the subject, and without any voluntary error or self-deception—though we have our doubts whether there ever was such a case—they are wholly innocent; but, 4. that, as they are infringing other people's civil rights, though *they* do not think so, it is perfectly competent to those upon whom they are exercising their freaks of eccentric piety, to deal with them as with the aforesaid *conscientious criminals;* and punish them, (if they have the power,) not for tormenting men from the best possible motives, but for *tormenting* them —those who are *de facto* 'tormented,' not being capable of understanding such refined distinctions.

Thus the principle we advocate is liable to no abuse, nor does society lose any one of its present safeguards by its universal adoption. But even were it otherwise, whether would it be preferable—that one man in a century should go unpunished, because, under a peculiar species of hallucination, he professed himself conscientiously impelled to perpetrate moral wrong; or that we should recognize a principle which would justify the

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perpetual and universal oppression of conscience for speculative opinions?

In fact, however, nothing can be more ridiculous than to profess any alarm lest mankind should plead conscience in favour of the violation of any of the great laws of morals. In these, there has ever been, and ever will be, a remarkable unanimity. As Bayle has well said—'We are all agreed about the doctrines which 'teach men to live soberly and righteously, to love God, to abstain from revenge, to forgive our enemies, to render good for 'evil, to be charitable. We are divided about points which tend 'not to make the yoke of Christian morality either heavier or 'lighter. The Papists believe transubstantiation; the Reformed 'believe it not. This makes not for vice one way or other.' To the same purport, a very different writer, Robert Hall, has observed—'The doctrines of our holy religion may be wofully 'curtailed and corrupted, and its profession sink into formality; 'but its moral precepts are so plain and striking, and guarded by 'such clear and awful sanctions, as to render it impossible it can 'ever be converted into an active instrument of vice. Let the 'appeal be made to facts. Look through all the different sects 'and parties into which professed Christians are unhappily divided. Where is there one to be found who has innovated in 'the rule of life, by substituting vice in the place of virtue?' We may safely restrict ourselves, therefore, to the case of speculative opinions; and we will take the strongest. It may be said, 'Is a man conscientiously convinced that the Bible is false, no 'longer bound to believe it?' We answer, he has a *prior duty* to perform. To believe the Bible true, in that very state of mind in which he believes it false, is a simple impossibility, and therefore not directly his duty. But it is his duty to enquire; and we put sufficient faith in the variety and conclusiveness of the evidences of its truth, to believe that, if he enquire honestly, he will believe it true. If there be a case of one who has thus honestly enquired, and still conscientiously believes it false—if he can truly allege that he has left no means of investigation unemployed, and suffered no prejudice to interfere with his judgment—we shall rather choose to believe that he labours under some invincible obliquity of intellect, which in the eye of the Omniscient renders his error innocent, than admit the monstrous dogma, that he incurs guilt for error absolutely involuntary. But whether there be such a case is quite another question.

We maintain, then, the principle asserted by the illustrious writers we have cited—and we apply it consistently and universally.

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By the assertion of this principle, we are far from justifying separation from any religious communion; merely because there are some things we disapprove, or would abstractedly wish otherwise. If this were acted upon, there would be as many sects as individuals: we merely contend, that, when such objections have assumed the form of conscientious scruples, so that he who feels them can honestly say, 'In my opinion I cannot profess such a doctrine, or practise such a rite, or appear to sanction either the one or the other, without offending God, or fearing lest I should do so'—his separation is not only justified, but *necessitated.* Be it about the most insignificant matter that ever disturbed a 'weak brother,' it matters not; for while in that state it is not insignificant to him. If actually in the wrong, still it appears to him that he is in the right; and while in that state he must act in harmony with his convictions.

People have not been slow to acknowledge this doctrine in words; but they need to be reminded of it, since they will not fairly act upon it. They will still charge the Separatist—even the conscientious Separatist, with 'sin'—forgetting that, in doing so, they not only assume that they infallibly know his opinions to be erroneous, which (if their modesty be no obstacle, and it seldom is) they have a perfect right to do; but that, whether right or wrong, there has been negligence, want of candour, or some sinister bias in the process by which he has arrived at them, and this no man has a right to assume unless he has the prerogative 'of discerning spirits.' We were particularly amused with an example of this sort of inconsistency in one of the *Oxford Tracts,** in which, while it is admitted that the conscientious Dissenter is not necessarily a 'sinner,' still it remains true that his dissent is a 'sin.' We can imagine the perplexity of one who, meditating the crime of nonconformity, comes to a clergyman professing these delightfully puzzling doctrines for solution of his doubts and difficulties. 'Can I,' he might say, 'separate from the 'Church of England without "sin;" seeing that I cannot 'affirm what she affirms, nor practise what she enjoins, without, in my opinion, committing a sin?'—'If that be the 'state of your conscience,' would be the reply, 'you cannot 'belong to the Church of England; but remember, that 'neither can you secede from her without sin.' 'Why, then, I 'am in a hopeful case,' rejoins the miserable recusant: 'I am 'ruined either way; for whether I remain in the Church, or go

* No. 51.

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'out of it—and one of them I must do—I commit a sin.' Then how glad will his spiritual adviser be to administer that consolation, which his revered teachers of Oxford have, for this very case, made and provided. He will say—'You must distinguish 'here: Though you cannot secede from us without sin, yet it 'does not hence follow that you are a sinner.' On this his countenance brightens up, and he is most eager to learn that *supramundane* doctrine, by which it appears that a man may commit a sin and yet be no sinner. Whereupon his oracle cites the *ipsissima verba* of the 'Tracts,' and responds:—'To say that a 'particular thing is a sin, is a very different thing from saying 'that every one who does it is a sinner. . . . To kill a fellow-'creature is undoubtedly a crime; but you would not say that 'the person who killed another by accident, or in defence of his 'country or of his own life, or by command of lawful authorities, 'is a criminal?'* No, would be the easy reply; neither should we say, in *that* case, that killing was a crime. By parity of reasoning, if the conscientious Dissenter be no sinner for dissent, it can only be because dissent, in *that* case, is no sin. You ought upon *your* principle to say, that the executioner, in hanging a man, commits a *crime*, though it is true he is no *criminal!* This distinction, therefore, will not much help him; and he is still left to decide the miserable alternative—of sinning by remaining in the Church, or sinning by going out of it.

But we must conclude; and we shall do so with a few reflections of a general nature on the advantages of the 'Right of Private Judgment;' amongst which, with some risk of being charged with paradox, we shall venture to enumerate many of its reputed 'evils.'

Whatever the evils incidental to the Right—and we by no means deny that there are evils—they are trivial compared with the advantages it secures. It frees us at once from every form and degree of persecution; it leaves inviolate the supremacy over conscience to Him who alone is its fitting and rightful Sovereign; it permits the conscience itself to move freely in obedience to its essential laws; it secures for the propagation of truth the only weapons which she can successfully employ—argument and persuasion; and it robs error of the only weapons *she* can successfully employ—penalties and violence: in a word, it prevents truth from resorting to that in which alone she is weak, and error from resorting to that in which alone she is strong.

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* *Oxford Tracts*, No. 51, p. 3.

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But further, to a philosophic mind, which calmly and soberly considers the subject, there will always be reason to doubt whether even what we call the *evils* incidental to the exercise of 'private judgment' are so in reality; and whether they are not connected directly, or indirectly, with more than a counterbalancing amount of good.

To confine ourselves to the common argument against the exercise of the 'Right' derived from the various interpretations of the Scriptures,—we are by no means convinced that absolute unity of opinion would be a benefit at all. If, as we devoutly believe, an honest investigation of their contents will in general secure even to the humblest a knowledge of all that is essential to salvation, the exercise of the right is vindicated; unless it be pretended that it is a dreadful evil that men should differ on points which are *not* essential to their salvation. Now, that there has ever been a remarkable concurrence of opinion with regard to the most important doctrines, is undeniable. The only question therefore is, whether the remaining differences may not be connected with advantages greater than would accrue from absolute uniformity of opinion? This we do not think it difficult to prove.

That the Scriptures should be attended with difficulties, was fit in itself; that they should lead to varieties of opinion, was an incidental result of the prevailing reasons which induced the Divine Author to leave them on its pages. Such reasons we may readily discover.

With an overbalance of evidence in behalf of the authority of the Bible generally, and of its more important revelations, it was still not desirable that that evidence should be of such a nature as to *necessitate* conviction; and render the exercise of docility, candour, and faith impracticable—still less to make all diligence in its study unnecessary: it was fit that the Scriptures should contain some obscurities on minor points, to exercise patience, stimulate enquiry, teach humility, rebuke pride, exercise faith. Nor is this all. The differences of opinion thence resulting, afford the various communities of Christians, if they would but use it, the most obvious and easy method of testing and exercising the practical power of those principles of charity which they all profess. Charity towards those who think just with ourselves, is but an enlarged selfishness: we are pleased to look at the reflection of our own fair orthodoxy in the mirror of their minds. But to feel that charity, and to manifest it in defiance of the points on which we differ, requires and implies a higher principle. Charity to our own party is often but another name for party spirit: give us

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the charity which constrains 'Judah not to vex Ephraim, and 'Ephraim not to envy Judah'—the charity which induced the Samaritan to perform offices of kindness to the perishing Jew. Painful as are the disputes and controversies on non-essential points, we believe the time will come when the sublime spectacle of essential unity amidst minor differences will be fully realized; and when it will be seen how superior, after all, is such 'unity of the spirit' to any 'uniformity of the letter.'

We may add, that to demand that there should be perfect uniformity in religious opinions, is to demand a mere impossibility, so long as minds are differently constituted. This is confirmed by the general analogies observable in the constitution and development of human nature. God has so constructed us, that while there is remarkable uniformity, both in the physical and moral peculiarities on which the very existence and social well-being of the race depend, there are endless diversities on all points which do not involve them. It is much the same with Christianity. The learned and the unlearned, if sincere, generally form a very similar notion of its fundamental doctrines. All beyond (and even the *theory* of these) is the source of interminable diversities of sentiment.

Let men say what they will, they will find it hard to discover any volume which, in all its great outlines, is plainer than the *Book of God.* It has its obscurities and its mysteries, it is true—wisely left there, as already attempted to be shown; but they trouble not the humble and docile—myriads of whom, without any teacher but itself, have learned from it enough to teach them how to live well, and how to die happy. Its light has illumined the whole pathway of their present pilgrimage, and penetrated the depths of the sepulchre with the radiance of that 'hope which 'is full of immortality.' So far from its being true, that the indiscriminate exercise of the Right of private judgment amongst the humbler classes leads to interminable diversities of interpretation and of doctrine, it is notorious that most of the profitless controversies which have obscured the Bible and cursed the world, have originated with those who have assumed to be the religious instructors of mankind. They have not sprung up amongst the poor, nor by them have they been cherished. It is, therefore, with a feeling of just indignation, that we hear professed Christians and professed Protestants—at all events those who are *not* professed Romanists—giving utterance to the sentiment, 'that the private student of Scripture would not ordinarily 'gain a knowledge of the gospel from it.' Such a doctrine is not merely an insult to common sense—it is a libel on the Divine

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Author of the Bible. Are we to believe that, 'knowing perfectly what was in man,' he has yet so constructed the volume of revelation, that even its fundamental doctrines remain an inscrutable mystery? Or did the great Teacher he sent, teach in so peculiar a manner, that even the more important truths he taught remained unintelligible? If so, we must receive in a new and monstrous sense the assurance, that 'he spake as never man spake;' that he spake not so much to reveal, as to disguise! But this record remains—that while learned ignorance cavilled and derided, 'THE COMMON PEOPLE HEARD HIM GLADLY.'

Far different from the judgment of these spurious Protestants was that of Bishop Horsley, with whose weighty words we shall now conclude. 'I will not scruple to assert, that the most illiterate Christian, if he can but read his English Bible, and will take the pains to read it in this manner, (comparing parallel passages,) will not only attain all that practical knowledge which is necessary to his salvation; but, by God's blessing, he will become learned in every thing relating to his religion in such a degree, that he will not be liable to be misled, either by the refined arguments or by the false assertions of those who endeavour to ingraft their own opinion upon the oracles of God. He may safely be ignorant of all philosophy except what is to be learned from the sacred books; which, indeed, contain the highest philosophy adapted to the lowest apprehensions. He may safely remain ignorant of all history, except so much of the history of the first ages of the Jewish and of the Christian Church, as is to be gathered from the canonical books of the Old and New Testament. Let him study these in the manner I recommend, and let him never cease to pray for the illumination of that spirit by which these books were dictated; and the whole compass of abstruse philosophy and recondite history, shall furnish no argument with which the perverse will of man shall be able to shake this learned Christian's faith. The Bible, thus studied, will indeed prove to be what we Protestants esteem it—a certain and sufficient rule of faith and practice.'

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ART. V.—*The Sanative Influence of Climate: with an Account of the Best Places of Resort for Invalids.* By SIR JAMES CLARK, BART., M.D., F.R.S. Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. 8vo. Third Edition. London: 1842.

THE branch of Medical Philosophy which contemplates man as influenced in his bodily or physical condition by the medium in which he lives, and by the things with which he is perpetually in connexion, is now commonly termed *Hygeiene* or *Hygiene*, from the Greek word signifying health—since it necessarily involves the consideration of every thing concerned in the preservation of this invaluable blessing. This term, however, although now pretty generally employed by our more recent medical writers from the absolute want of some word of the kind, has failed to naturalize itself in England; possibly because the subject which it is intended to characterize has been singularly neglected in this country. We should not quarrel about a name, however, if we had the satisfaction of being able to state, that the thing itself was more studied and better understood.

But we regret to say, that extremely little has been hitherto done towards the formation of even an outline of a general system of *Hygiene* applicable to the inhabitants of this country; or even towards the investigation of the more common causes of disease, as these prevail in particular towns or districts. Of the vast importance of such an enquiry, in a national point of view, no doubt can exist; since it must be admitted, in the first place, that the prevention is an object of greater consequence to the community than even the cure of disease; and secondly, that the only rational system of prevention must be founded on an accurate knowledge of the causes of our maladies. But these causes can be ascertained only by a close investigation of the circumstances under which disease occurs, in a great variety of situations; in other words, by a comprehensive system of Medical Topography.

The subject of Climate cannot be strictly classed among those belonging either to Medical Topography or *Hygiene*. Both these contemplate the object in reference to *healthy* individuals —the former being devoted to the investigation of the causes of disease; the latter teaching us the art of escaping, as much as possible, from the operation of these causes. But the labours of those who follow the track of the author of the work before us, are of a higher kind, and of much greater difficulty. They have to study the objects of Medical Topography, and

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to apply the doctrines of *Hygiene*, not to the state of health —that is, to a comparatively fixed state; but to that of disease— a state extremely various, and constantly varying. This application requires a degree of knowledge and experience which can fall to the lot of only few individuals. It does not by any means follow, for example, that because a certain climate or locality is innoxious in the case of a person in health, it will therefore be so in the case of one afflicted with disease; much less that it will prove beneficial to such a person. We find many instances of this important fact in the work before us.

With all his noble faculties and high aspirations, man in his present state is still of the earth, earthy, and controlled and modified throughout his whole fabric, mental as well as corporeal, by the influence of the things around him. If, by the superiority of his reasoning faculties, and the greater plasticity of his physical organization, he is, unlike other animals, enabled to pass from one end of the world to the other, and to live and multiply his kind in every climate; he is still, like the inferior creation, subject to the influence of the objects amidst which he lives, on whatever spot he may stay his foot. Every part of the surface of our globe that has been visited by man, is, no doubt, capable of sustaining human life, and is even compatible with health; but each region will present the physical and moral condition of the inhabitants under a different aspect, according to the character of the climate, and other circumstances amid which they are placed.

The difference, indeed, may be so slight, or of such a kind, as frequently to escape observation; but it is no less real on this account. And whenever there exists a considerable difference in the external circumstances, the difference in the condition of the animal will be manifest. The modification, however, even when considerable, may still be within the limits of health; this being only a relative term. What may be a state of health to one individual might be felt as disease to another. So it may be with whole classes of individuals. That condition of the physical organization which imparts to the Hottentot's mind the highest sense of healthful enjoyment, might be actual disease, or, at least, unhealthy discomfort, to the Esquimaux or Samoiede.

It is an object of the very highest interest to the medical philosopher to investigate the nature of the local circumstances which produce these important changes; and it will require centuries of patient induction to detect and expose the whole of them. At present we are probably only acquainted with a few of the more striking and obvious; but the potency of such as are known is sufficiently manifest. Without entering upon the great question

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how far the present varieties of the human species are attributable to the effects of climate, we need only refer to changes which have taken place almost in our own times—at least within the limits of recent history—in order to establish the vast influence of climate in modifying the physical characters of man. If we compare, for example, the present inhabitants of our West India Islands, the lineal descendants (without any admixture of foreign blood) of those who settled in them two centuries back, with the actual race of men in Great Britain, we shall find nearly as great differences in the physical and moral characters of the two classes, as between nations which are usually considered as of distinct races.

The beneficial effects frequently produced by slight changes of situation, must have occasionally attracted the notice of even the least observant, in all ages and countries; just as it must have been observed that a removal to certain localities gave rise to certain formal diseases in the persons so removed. For instance, an individual migrating from an elevated and dry region to a low and marshy one, would become affected with ague; or his disease would terminate upon a second migration to the former place, or to another possessing like qualities: or a cough which had lasted for months in one place, would cease during a journey, or on the patient being removed only a few miles from his former residence; or a long series of sleepless nights would be broken and ended by a visit to a friend's house at some distance. Such results from accidental changes of residence, must have soon suggested similar changes with a *direct* view to procure like effects, —even if they were not naturally suggested, independently of observation, by the instinctive principle of self-preservation, common to man with the lower animals. 'We are ill here—may we 'not be better elsewhere?' is a most natural thought to pass through the mind of a sufferer; and if to this brief chain of reasoning could be added the link of even partial experience,—'We were 'well there—may we not be well if we return thither?'—the mere suggestion would rise in the untutored mind with the force of conviction, and lead to correspondent action. It need not be doubted, therefore, that an animal so fond of enjoyment, and so (laudably) averse from drugs, as man, must soon have availed himself of the highly agreeable remedy thus suggested; and that *changing the air* was a common and favourite prescription with the hoary elders and wise women of our race, long before 'physi-'cians (by debauch) were made.' Accordingly, we find this measure strongly recommended by the very earliest medical writers, who, of course, did little more than record the popular practices most in repute, in their age and country; and it is

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noticed by almost every systematic writer on practical medicine, from Hippocrates downwards, as a valuable remedy in certain diseases. It may, with truth, be said to have been long received into the *materia medica* of every practitioner, as a last resource, after the failure of every treatment of a more strictly medical kind.

But notwithstanding all this, we were, until the publication of the first edition of the work before us, ten years ago, without any very accurate ideas of the precise objects to be attained by changing the air, or climate, in diseases; and physicians were rather influenced by traditionary and empirical routine, than by any rational principles founded on a philosophical investigation of the subject; or by any accurate knowledge of the qualities of different climates, and of their effects in disease. Indeed, with the single exception of Dr Gregory's elegant Essay, *De morbis cæli mutatione medendis*,* and which can only be considered as an Academical Thesis, we are not aware of the existence, even now, of a work formally dedicated to the consideration of the influence of climate in curing diseases.

We possess, it is true, in our own language, many good works on the effects of particular climates on healthy strangers; and also some valuable memoirs on the influence of the climate of certain districts on the health of the inhabitants; but a general treatise on the effects of different climates on persons labouring under disease—in other words, a treatise on the application of climate as a general remedy in disease—was, till the period mentioned, a *desideratum* in physic.

We cannot say that the present work, however valuable, completely supplied this deficiency; as it is limited to the consideration of the effect of only one kind of climate. The avowed object of the treatise is, the consideration of the influence of a mild climate, in certain chronic diseases, on the inhabitants of colder countries. Scarcely any notice is taken in it of the effects of a removal from a temperate to a very cold or very hot climate; or the reverse. It must be admitted, however, that the branch of the subject here treated of, comprehends the majority of the diseases that are benefited by a change of climate; or, at least, the majority of the diseases of the inhabitants of the temperate and colder regions of the earth. In one chapter, the author has certainly taken notice of the beneficial effects of a mild climate upon the diseased constitutions of those who have long resided in tropical countries; but the great importance of this subject, in reference to the vast numbers that

* Edinburgh, 1774.

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annually return to Europe from the colonies, entitles it to a much fuller consideration than it has here received from him; and as we are convinced that much attainable benefit is lost, and great evils incurred, by a want of proper knowledge on the part of this class of invalids, we would recommend him, in a future edition, so far to enlarge his plan as to include this subject at least.

Many causes heretofore combined to reserve the subject of the influence of climate on disease, for the special investigation of our own times; but the principal of these are, unquestionably, the greatly increased desire for foreign travel, and the augmented facilities for gratifying this desire in the present age. It is indeed only since the battle of Waterloo made the path of the traveller free and safe, in every country in Europe, that the means for the composition of a work like that now before us, were accessible to any English physician.

On almost any other medical subject a book might be written by a competent person, without ever stirring beyond the bounds of his study;—certainly without ever passing over the circle that encloses the field of his professional practice. But he who seeks to instruct his brethren respecting the influence of different climates on disease, must be one—

> 'qui multorum providus urbes
> Et mores hominum inspexit:'

neither will it be sufficient for him, as is too often the case with the common traveller, to pay a brief and hurried visit to the places of which he writes. He must remain long enough at each to enable him personally to observe the influence of the climate in a sufficient number of cases; he must make himself acquainted with the nature and character of the diseases most prevalent; and he must be both willing and able to obtain and weigh the opinions of the native and resident practitioners; to test these opinions by the results of his own observation and experience; and to winnow from them all the rubbish that partiality, prejudice, and self-interest may have mixed with them.

To say that the author of the work before us, is in every way qualified up to the very standard of excellence in all these particulars, might possibly be too high praise; but to admit that he comes much nearer this standard than any preceding writer, seems to us only what is due to him, and to truth. Unlike one class of medical travellers, he seems not to have attempted to investigate the nature of foreign climates, and their effects on health and disease, or to judge of the merit of foreign opinions and practice, until after he had mastered the knowledge of the Schools in his own country; and had put this

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knowledge to the test of actual practice. Unlike another class, which may be subdivided into two orders, he seems neither to have viewed every thing among our continental neighbours as greatly above or greatly below what exists at home; but to have brought to the contemplation of what was presented to him, an intellect at once sufficiently cultivated to be able to appreciate the good and the bad; and a temper sufficiently candid to permit him to adopt the former, and reject the latter, without much regard to the pride or prejudices of school or country. Unlike the most numerous class of all, he appears to have had ample time to enable him to confirm—if need were, to correct—the judgments formed on first views and impressions, or derived from inadequate authority.

The climates almost exclusively considered in his work, are those which are commonly termed *the milder climates;* and on the present occasion we shall, with him, limit our observations to the milder parts of Europe, and the islands in the neighbouring seas. These climates may be arranged into four groups: Firstly, the climate of the south of England; Secondly, the climate of the south of France; Thirdly, the climate of Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean; and Fourthly, the climate of the islands in the Atlantic.

The following is a catalogue of all the places of which a particular account is given in the volume:—I. *Great Britain.*—London, Hastings, St Leonards, Brighton, Undercliff, Salcombe, Torquay, Dawlish, Exmouth, Salterton, Sidmouth, Penzance, Falmouth, Flushing, Clifton, Bristol Hotwells, Island of Bute, Cove of Cork, Jersey. II. *France.*—Pau, Montpelier, Marseilles, Hyeres. III. *The Sardinian Territory.*—Nice, Villa Franca, San Remo. IV. *Italy.*—Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Capo di Monte, Sorento, Castelamare, Cava, Sienna, Lucca. V. *Mediterranean and Atlantic Islands.*—Malta, Madeira, Canaries, Azores, Bermudas, Bahamas, West Indies. Of each of these places we have an account of the climate, its general influence on health, and its special effects on different diseases.

In our attempts to characterise the climates of these places respectively, as well as in reference to climate generally, viewed as a remedial agent, we must consider the *temperature* of the atmosphere breathed by the inhabitants as the principal feature. We are well aware that many other qualities, and constituents of the atmosphere, exert a powerful influence on the phenomena of animal life; but we must, in the present state of our knowledge at least, consider temperature as the most important element in climate. It is truly observed by Humboldt, that 'when we

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blesome or distressing symptoms, by the judicious exhibition of drugs; and it is, perhaps, natural enough for a patient, so relieved, to expect that the whole of his disease is equally under the control of medicines, if only the same skill or the same good fortune might preside over their selection and administration. But nothing less than ignorance or quackery—self-deception, or the wish to deceive—can justify such an expectation on the part of the practitioner. He ought to know that a disease of the kind now under consideration—that has been silently gaining ground upon the constitution for months or years, involving in its progress one function, and structure, and organ, after another, until at last there is scarcely one solid or fluid in the body free from its contamination—is absolutely beyond the control of any one medicine, or set of medicines; and that it is only by a well-arranged and combined system of management, commensurate with the extent of the affection, and continued for a long time, that any considerable or permanent relief can be obtained. To attempt to cure so universal a disorder as this by a drug that can only act upon a part, perhaps a small and insignificant part, is only to be expected of ignorance or imposture.

It is, to be sure, the general opinion of the vulgar, that the whole art of physic consists in two things—the first, to ascertain the exact nature, or, perhaps, rather the name of the disease; and the second, to know and apply the particular remedy that has the power to cure it. That such a remedy exists for every particular disease, is not at all doubted; and the physician's skill is judged of precisely according to his success in applying the supposed specific remedy. If he is unable either to apply the true name to the malady, or the true remedy to the name, he is a bungler in his trade; and if, after what is considered a fair trial, the expected adaptation of the one to the other does not appear to have taken place, an artist of more knowledge or skill must be sought; or, if he is not sought, the continued attendance of the former practitioner is owing to other causes than confidence in his powers. A like process of reasoning, and a like practice, prevail among many who in no respect belong to the vulgar class—unless the circumstance of being uninitiated in the mysteries of medical science entitles them to be so ranked; and a consideration of this fact will, we believe, help to explain at once the fickleness of patients and the multiplicity of doctors.

The real fact however is, that there are hardly any *specific remedies;* that is to say, remedies possessing the power of certainly curing particular diseases. Medicine, it is true, can boast of some half dozen drugs (not more) which very frequently cure particular diseases, with a sort of specific and

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exclusive virtue; and with somewhat of that speedy yet invisible influence, supposed to be inherent in the obsolete race of charms. But with these few exceptions—truly insignificant when compared with the vast number of diseases and of remedies—the professors of the healing art are constrained to adopt, in their practice, a mode of cure of much humbler pretensions. Being destitute of powers to crush the invader at a single blow, they are reduced to the necessity of defeating him by indirect attacks—by cutting off his resources—by wearying him out by vigilant skirmishing—by fortifying the parts he has threatened, or is likely to attack—by repairing in detail the mischief he has done—in a word, by calling up all the natural powers of the system to exert themselves against the common enemy. We possess many means by which we can influence the functions of the living body, so as to increase, or diminish, or derange, or even to destroy them at pleasure; and it is by so acting on these functions that we are able, in many cases, to cure diseases, and that we *attempt* to do so in all cases, with the few exceptions already alluded to, in which specific remedies are admissible.

To instance the state of *local inflammation*—a state which accompanies, in one stage or other, a great majority of our diseases. We have no specific remedy for inflammation—no agent which possesses a direct and immediate power to remove it. We are not, however, on this account, destitute of the means of curing inflammation. We can, for example, (by blood-letting,) diminish the general mass of blood, and thus lessen it proportionably in the affected part; we can weaken the power of the heart and of the system generally, by the same means; we can in other ways diminish the quantity of fluids in the system, and determine them in a course remote from that of the affected part; we can (by abstinence from food) prevent any accession of strength to the system, and lessen that already existing; we can remove by local means a portion of the blood that distends the diseased part; and, finally, we can assist more or fewer of these intentions by the administration of certain remedies internally, which, acting on various parts and functions, co-operate in the great object of destroying the diseased action—in other words, curing the inflammation. This, it is obvious, is a very different thing from curing a disease by specific remedies. This mode of practice is one of very inferior powers to the other, but its administration requires much greater skill.

Chronic diseases are of infinitely greater importance, in a practical point of view, than acute. It is to them that by far the greater part of human mortality is attributable; it is by them that much

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of the misery attendant on sickness is inflicted. The attack of an acute disease is rapid and brief; it may be hard to bear, and it may be hardly borne; but its pains are soon forgotten amid the enjoyment of health. It is very different with chronic diseases. They may torture through the great part of a long life, and, after all, may be only removed by death. It is in this class of cases that the physician is called upon to exert all his powers. It is here that the common or routine practitioner is sure to fail. He is constantly forgetting that, in chronic diseases, our object is almost always rather to put nature in the way of acting right, than to supersede her agency; and that our progress must, therefore, be in general guarded and slow, and the more so because we have only debilitated powers to call to our aid. It is in cases of this kind, then, that a remedy like *change of climate* is particularly indicated. This, besides acting, in many cases, directly on the principal local disease, affects the whole system at the same time, and affects it, at once slowly and mildly, and for a long period. It is to this class of diseases, accordingly, that we find the recommendation of this remedy for the most part restricted by Sir James Clark.

In certain cases, a change of climate almost immediately cures a disease, by removing the cause of it—as when we remove from an unwholesome to a wholesome locality; for example, from a low *malarious* district to an elevated and dry region: *sublatâ causâ tollitur effectus.* But although the propriety of change of climate, or perhaps we should rather here say, change of air or situation, is not, of course, overlooked by Sir James where it is so self-evident, yet it is not to cases of this kind that his observations principally apply; nor is it as a remedy possessing such summary and direct powers that climate is contemplated in his work. In such instances as those just referred to, and in many other affections both acute and chronic, we certainly find, by experience, that a change of air and climate frequently effects a great and immediate alleviation of symptoms, or a complete cure; even when the place of residence of the patient is a very healthy one to other persons; and when we are unable to explain, in any way, the manner in which the change of abode acts in bringing about so desirable a result. Instances of this kind must have come under the observation of most persons, and their frequency fully justifies, in many cases, the recommendation of change of air, or of climate, purely on empirical principles. But while admitting that there is much in the influence of change of climate, considered as a remedy, which we cannot at present explain, the author of the work before us wishes rather to consider this complex agent on rational principles. He rejects, wherever

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it is practicable, the idea of specific influence, and wishes climate to be considered, in its known qualities, as one of the agents that variously affect the body in health and disease. He submits it to the same examination, and the same tests, by which we judge of other remedies—trying it partly by studying its known qualities in reference to the known capacities of the living body; and partly by observing the results of experience simply. In prescribing it, he, for the most part, considers it only as *one* of the many means that must co-operate towards the restoration of a constitution deranged and enfeebled by the long prevalence of a chronic disease;—in many cases he looks upon it merely as permitting the efficient curative means to be more completely or more conveniently applied.

'The air, or climate, (he says,) is often regarded by patients as possessing some specific quality, by virtue of which it directly cures the disease. This erroneous view of the matter, not unfrequently proves the bane of the invalid, by leading him, in the fulness of his confidence in climate, to neglect other circumstances, an attention to which may be more essential to his recovery than that in which all his hopes are centred. . . . . If he would reap the full measure of good which his new position places within his reach, he must trust more to himself and to his own conduct than to the simple influence of any climate, however genial; he must adhere strictly to such a mode of living as his case requires; he must avail himself of all the advantages which the climate possesses, and eschew those disadvantages from which no climate or situation is exempt; moreover, he must exercise both resolution and patience in prosecuting all this to a successful issue. . . . . Here, as in every other department of the healing art, we must be guided by experience, and must rest satisfied with the amount of power which the remedy concedes to us. The charlatan may boast of a specific for any or for all diseases; the man of science knows that there exists scarcely a single remedy for any disease which can warrant such a boast; and that it is only by acting on and through the numerous and complicated functions of the living body, in various ways and by various means, and by carefully adapting our agents to the circumstances of each individual case, that we can check or remove the disorders of the animal system, more especially those which have long existed. Let it not then be imagined that change of climate, however powerful as a remedy, can be considered as at all peculiar in its mode of action; or as justifying, on the part either of the physician or patient, the neglect of those precautions which are requisite to insure the proper action of the other remedies.'

Leaving, then, on one side, the consideration of climate generally as a specific agent, let us see in what way a removal to a warmer region either obviously acts, or may rationally be presumed to act, in relieving or curing diseases.

In the first place, a warm climate is like a perpetual summer to a person accustomed to a cold one. The higher temperature

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of the air, and the finer weather generally, besides acting directly on the sensations, and through them on the mind—on the circulation of the blood, both general and capillary—and on the secretions—enable the invalid to do many things beneficial to his health, which he could not do in his own country. It will enable him, for instance, to be much more in the open air, and, consequently, to take much more exercise than he could do in England. Those persons, and there are many such, who languish in their chambers through the whole of the winter in this country, and only feel the pleasure of existence during the summer, will need no argument to convince them how beneficially a warm climate often acts on the enfeebled and disordered frame. An invalid of this class seems to change his very being with his climate—

> 'The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are opening paradise.'

Secondly, a removal to a mild, that is, to the natives of the north a distant, climate, effects a complete change of the air, soil, water, and other physical circumstances of a strictly local kind; one or more of which may, unknown to us, be exerting a baneful influence upon the individual, in his own place of residence. A most striking example of the effect of local circumstances upon the general health, in a place not naturally unhealthy in the common acceptation of that term, and of the influence of change of situation in removing the disorders thereby produced, is afforded us every day by the mass of human life squeezed into our large cities. This striking circumstance has not escaped the notice of Sir James Clark.

'On the Continent,' he says, 'the beneficial effects of change of air are duly estimated; and the inhabitants of this country, and more especially of this metropolis, are now becoming fully sensible of its value. The vast increase in the size of our watering-places of late years, and the deserted state of a great part of London during several months, are sufficient proofs, not to mention others, of the increasing conviction that, for the preservation of health, it is necessary to change from time to time the relaxing, I may say, deteriorating air of a large city, for the more pure and invigorating air of the country. This, indeed, is the best, if not the only cure, for that destructive malady, which may be justly termed *Cachexia Londonensis;* which preys upon the vitals, and stamps its hues upon the countenance of almost every permanent residenter in this great city. When the extent of benefit which may be derived from occasional change of air, both to the physical and moral constitution, is duly estimated, no person whose circumstances permit will neglect to avail themselves of it.'

Thirdly, a change to a new climate, in almost every case involves a great change in all the habits of life—in diet, sleep,

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clothing, exercise, occupations. And if all or any of these habits happens to be injurious to health, every medical man knows how difficult—often, how impossible—it is to break through them *at home.* But the chain of evil habits is frequently at once snapt asunder by a journey; and its links in many cases are prevented, by the usages of strange places, from being re-knit for so long a time that they never afterwards coalesce. The disease, which if not produced was at least aggravated by more or fewer of these habits, either entirely and spontaneously disappears, or now yields to remedies which were previously found altogether ineffectual. Like the giant of old, it loses its power as soon as it loses hold of its native soil.

And this observation applies still better, perhaps, to moral than to physical habits; or, we should rather say to habits, whether physical or moral, which affect the mind more particularly. Not only is the merchant torn from his desk, and the student from his books, by a journey or a residence abroad, but in very many cases the wretched are torn from their cares. Most of our writers on intellectual philosophy, have shown too little regard to the influence exerted over the mind by the physical condition of the body; and it is only the physician who knows fully the immense share among the causes of unhappiness—we may say of wickedness—that bodily disorder may justly claim. In curing our corporeal disorders, the physician, in many cases, literally does 'minister to a mind diseased;' and as the disorders which most affect the mind (disorders of the digestive organs) are, of all others perhaps, most benefited by a change of climate, this remedy of course becomes entitled to a distinguished place in the *medicina mentis.*

But cares and miseries of a different kind, which have no discoverable connexion with bodily disease, are no less benefited by a change of climate. It is, indeed, surprising how local many of our miseries are; but that such is the case, any one may convince himself by looking round among his friends, or by retracing his social experience. One man is happy in town, but miserable in the country; another suffers equally, but reversely; a third is only wretched in his own house, and a fourth is never happy in his neighbour's. Now, it is obvious that to this very numerous class, a journey to a distant country must be of great service; inasmuch as it must necessarily alter, at least for a time, a great number of the relations in which such persons stand to the objects, whether animate or inanimate, with which they are usually surrounded; and, therefore, we venture to assert, in despite of the satirists of all ages, that in many cases the traveller truly *does* leave his miseries behind him: *se quoque fugit.* He leaves

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that other gloomy self in the analogous atmosphere of the north, and assumes a new form under a more brilliant sky.

There is yet another way in which we believe change of climate often proves beneficial, and in a very considerable degree; and here, in place of a Physician, we shall quote a Poet, (Crabbe) —taking leave, however, to make a small alteration upon his lines:—

'————For change of air there's much to say,
As nature then has room to work *her* way;—
And doing nothing often has prevail'd
When ten physicians have prescribed and fail'd.'

We are not surprised that the fact should be as here stated. Few are the Doctors, we verily believe, who can venture to put in practice all that they consider to be best in regard to the administration of medicines. Some patients will have draughts, whether the Doctor will or no; and some Doctors, perhaps, will prescribe them whether the patient will or no. Besides, it is not more strange that the professors of medicine should be fond of their instruments, than that the professors of other arts should be fond of theirs. And, may there not be something in the English character that prompts to what has been truly called the 'energetic empiricism' at present so much in fashion in this country?

A very important agent in the cure of chronic diseases, by change of climate, still remains to be mentioned; although it is rather incidental to this measure than necessarily connected with it—we mean the mere *act of travelling.* This is a remedy, to be sure, which may be as effectually enjoyed in our own country as abroad. It is nevertheless often highly proper for the physician to order his patient to a distant climate, even when all the benefit to be expected lies in the journey thither. People when sick must sometimes be cheated into health; and woe be to the Doctor who always speaks the whole truth to his patient! Every one has heard of the cure of a chronic disease in a gentleman whom Sydenham directed to ride on horseback from London to Inverness, with the object of consulting some imaginary Doctor in that region—no longer remote in our days of steam and mail coaches. And the same pious fraud may be often pardoned in the modern physician, who sends his patient to Genoa, to Rome, or to Naples: the influence of climate may be the ostensible cause of the journey, but the journey itself may be the true source of benefit.

'The mere act of travelling, (says Sir James Clark,) over a considerable extent of country is itself a remedy of great value, and, when judiciously conducted, will materially assist the beneficial action of climate. A journey may indeed be regarded as a continuous change of climate as well as of scene; and constitutes a remedy of unequalled power in some of those

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morbid states of the system, in which the mind suffers as well as the body. In chronic irritation, and passive congestion of the mucous surfaces of the pulmonary and digestive organs, especially when complicated with a morbidly sensitive state of the nervous system, travelling will often effect more than any other remedy with which we are acquainted.'

In former times, indeed, if expatriation had been proposed as a common remedy for a whole host of diseases, the prescriber would assuredly have been considered as standing most in need of his own prescriptions; and *naviget Anticyram* would have occupied a prominent place in his *carte du voyage*. But in those days, steam-engines and patent axles were not; neither had that organ of the Phrenologists, which gives us the inclination to change our residence, been stimulated into full activity, by universal peace abroad, and universal travelling at home. At present, we are hardly more startled at Sir James Clark's prescription of Nice, Naples, or Rome, for the cure of a cough, an attack of indigestion, or of gout, than our fathers would have been by the household words of *horehound, coltsfoot, elecampane*, or *dandelion*. At all events, such a prescription is a very agreeable one; and, if their ailment is not very terrible, one might almost envy those patients who are obliged to use the remedy. It has been said that there is no royal road to health, any more than to learning; but we suspect that our author has actually discovered this royal road; and, if his patients have only the means of *macadamizing* it, it is well. For our own parts, we had been led by experience, before we saw Sir James Clark's book, to think so favourably of the *Peripatetic School* of medicine, that we should be willing to submit to its severest prescriptions in the proper case, even if we were, with the heroic patients of old, to incur the risk of all the imputations and penalties attached to such a measure—

'I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.'

The diseases in which a change from a cold to a milder climate proves beneficial, are numerous. Those more particularly noticed in the work before us, are the following:—Disorders of the digestive organs, in all their various forms; consumption; chronic affections of the air-passages; asthma; gout; rheumatism; diseases of the skin; scrofula; infantile disorders; diseases of *hot* climates; the climacteric disease; and broken constitutions generally. What we have already said of the nature of chronic diseases in general, and of the principles of cure in such cases, must content our readers in respect to the majority of these affections. But there are two diseases, or rather two classes of diseases, which, from their surpassing importance,

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ought to claim from us, as they have obtained from the author, more particular notice. These are disorders of the Digestive organs, and Consumption. In the first part of the present work we are presented with two admirable outline sketches of these affections, to which we must refer the reader; as our business in this article is not to describe diseases, or to detail their general mode of treatment, but to point out the influence of climate upon them. We must, however, take leave to say, that it has but seldom been our fortune to meet with any piece of medical writing so characteristic of the best school of physic —the school of Hippocrates and Sydenham—as these sketches present. In the chronic state, and secondary stages of dyspepsia or indigestion, and its multiform progeny, change to a mild climate is recommended by Sir James Clark as a powerful means of relief and cure. Indeed, it is in this tribe of diseases that the beneficial influence of the measure is most conspicuous. The mode of its operation is explicitly detailed in his work; and the adaptation of particular climates to the different varieties and stages of the affection, is there stated with great precision and minuteness. This seems very necessary, as the choice of a residence for this class of invalids is far from a matter of indifference. The place that is useful in one case is detrimental in another.

'The different forms of the disease require different climates. The patient with gastritic dyspepsia should not, for example, go to Nice, nor the south-east of France. In cases of this kind, the south-west of France or Devonshire are preferable, and Rome and Pisa are the best places in Italy. On the other hand, in atonic dyspepsia, in which languor and sluggishness of the system, as well as of the digestive organs, prevail, with lowness of spirits and hypochondriasis, Nice is to be preferred to all the other places mentioned; and Naples will generally agree better than Rome or Pisa; while the south-west of France and Devonshire, and all similar climates, would be injurious. In the nervous form of dyspepsia, a climate of a medium character is the best, and the choice should be regulated according as there is a disposition to the gastritic or the atonic form. In the more complicated and protracted cases, still more discrimination is required in selecting the best climate and residence; as we must take into consideration not merely the character of the primary disorder, and the state of mind with which it is associated, but the nature of the secondary affection which may already exist, or to which the patient may be predisposed.'

But the most important of all the subjects treated of in this volume is the influence of climate in Consumption. And although, as we have already said, the beneficial effects of a mild climate is much more conspicuous in the class of disorders last noticed than in Consumption, yet the association of the

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latter disorder with this measure is so strongly fixed in the public mind, and such erroneous opinions prevail on the subject, that we feel it incumbent on us to notice it particularly. To establish the vast importance of the question, it suffices to state that, according to the latest and best authority, (the Registrar-General's Report,) a fifth part at least of all the deaths that occur in this country is owing to Consumption! And there is too just reason for apprehending that even this tremendous mortality is on the increase.

Is a removal to a mild climate really beneficial in the cure, or even in the prevention of Consumption? If beneficial, in what way, and in what degree is it so? And what climate is the most beneficial? The work before us contains much more information relating to these important points than is to be found any where else; but we fear we must say that the information is satisfactory chiefly because it is extensive and accurate. It conveys to us much less hope, and opens less prospect of benefit from the change, than we could desire. But it will, no doubt, be highly valuable to the medical profession, and to the public generally;—by setting the case in a true light, and by showing what climate can do, and what it cannot do. If the effect of Sir James Clark's delineation of the true features of Consumption, and his exposition of the way in which climate influences its development and progress, were limited to the abolition or even discouragement of that insane system, so generally followed at present, and too generally countenanced by the medical profession, of sending patients abroad in a state of *confirmed* consumption—that is, in a hopeless state—his book would be of inestimable value. It would at least afford some comfort to the hearts of the hundreds of parents who are now every year compelled by this fatal custom, to see their children die under all the aggravations of evil necessarily attendant on a residence in a foreign land. But the book, we confidently predict, will do much more than this; it will be the means of saving many lives, by pointing out the way in which a mild climate can truly be made efficient in lessening the appalling fatality of this disease.

Sir James Clark coincides in opinion with all the great pathologists of the day, that consumption, when fully formed, is almost universally fatal. The essential character of this disease consists, as is well known, in the formation of numerous small masses (called *tubercles*) in the substance of the lungs, which, in their growth and progressive changes, destroy the natural structure of the organs, and fatally derange many of the functions essential to life. When once developed in the lungs, it is extremely doubt-

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ful if these bodies can ever be removed by nature or art;—when they have gone beyond their very first stage, and exist in considerable quantity, it seems nearly certain that they are utterly beyond the resources of either.* We, no doubt, every now and then, hear of this or that person cured of consumption, by a regular member of the faculty; and in the course of every half score years or so, there springs into temporary notoriety some bold pretender of the irregular order, whose confident promises (sometimes, perhaps, sincere) and loud boastings, impose upon many the belief that this hitherto intractable malady has at length been brought under the dominion of art. But the total ignorance of this class of persons respecting the real nature of the disease, and the great difficulties often experienced by the most learned in discriminating it, in its early stages, from some other diseases, sufficiently explain these occurrences. And the great teacher, Time, soon justifies the scepticism of the man of science, by covering with oblivion what, if true, could never be forgotten, nor permitted to yield its place to any novelty, however great, or any claimant, however loud. It is, therefore, with much satisfaction that we find the present author devoting all his powers to the elucidation of the remoter causes of consumption; and of the nature and character of that morbid condition of the system to which it is found commonly to supervene. If we cannot cure consumption itself, we may possibly be enabled to obviate the circumstances that lay the first foundation of it; or we may even be enabled to remove the first changes impressed by these circumstances upon the organization.

The remote and predisposing causes of the disease are well known, and have been generally noticed by preceding writers; but Sir James Clark is the first, who, to our knowledge, has formally described the precursory disorder; or attempted (to use his own words) 'to fill up the blank which has been left in the 'natural history of consumption, between a state of health and 'of established and sensible disease of the lungs.' The precursory affection of the system is termed by him *Tubercular Ca-*

* We are well aware of the very peculiar and extremely rare yet well authenticated case, of a cure being effected after the discharge of a tubercle or tuberculous abscess by expectoration; but this case can only be considered as a rare exception to the general rule, and ought not to be at all calculated upon in practice. See, for information on this point, the classical works of Laennec, Andral, and Louis, and especially the present author's treatise on *Consumption.*

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chexy; and he looks upon it as the *nidus* or *matrix* of the subsequent disease of the lungs.*

It is as a powerful adjuvant of the medical means best calculated to remove this disorder—for, unlike its progeny, it is often curable—that removal to a mild climate is strongly recommended. The same measure is likewise advised, though with much less confidence, when there are strong reasons for believing that tubercles are actually formed in the lungs. But it is denounced, as we have already stated, in the strongest terms, not only as useless but cruel in the extreme, except in a few particular cases, when the disease is *confirmed.* We will here allow Sir James Clark to speak for himself; only observing that we entirely accord with every sentiment expressed by him in the following extract:—

'Unfortunately it too often happens, that the period of constitutional disorder, which we have just been considering, is permitted to pass; and it is not until symptoms of irritation or impeded function in the lungs, such as cough, difficult breathing, or spitting of blood, appear, that the patient or relations are alarmed, and that fears are expressed that the chest is "threatened." Such symptoms are but too sure indications that tuberculous disease has already commenced in the lungs. It may, indeed, be difficult, in some cases, to ascertain the positive existence of this, although, by a careful examination of the chest, and an attentive consideration of all the circumstances of the case, we shall seldom err in our diagnosis; and it need not, at any rate, affect our practice, as a strong suspicion of the presence of tubercles should lead us to adopt the same precautions as the certainty of their existence.

'When tuberculous matter is deposited in the lungs, the circumstances of the patient are materially changed. We have the same functional disorders which existed in the former state: and we have also pulmonary disease, predisposing to a new series of morbid actions—to bronchial affections, hæmoptysis, inflammation of the pleura and lungs, &c.—which calls for important modifications in the plan of treatment. Removal to a mild climate, especially if effected by means of a sea voyage, under favourable circumstances, may still be useful as in the former case—namely, as a means of improving the general health, of preventing inflammatory action of the lungs, and even, perhaps, arresting the progress of the disease.

'When consumption is fully established—that is, when there is extensive tuberculous disease in the lungs, little benefit is to be expected from change of climate; and a long journey will almost certainly increase the sufferings of the patient, and hurry on the fatal termination. Under such circumstances, therefore, the patient will act more judiciously by contenting himself with the most favourable residence which

* See also his treatise on *Consumption and Scrofulous Diseases.* London: 1835.

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his own country affords; or even by remaining amid the comforts of home, and the watchful care of friends. And this will be the more advisable when a disposition to sympathetic fever, to inflammation of the lungs, or to hæmoptysis, has been strongly manifested.

'It is natural for relations to cling to that which seems to afford even a ray of hope; but did they know the discomforts, the fatigue, the exposure, and irritation, necessarily attendant on a long journey in the advanced period of consumption, they would shrink from such a measure. The medical adviser, also, when he reflects upon the accidents to which such a patient is liable, should surely hesitate ere he condemns him to the additional evil of expatriation; and his motives for hesitation will be increased when he considers how often the unfortunate patient sinks under the disease before the place of destination is reached, or, at best, arrives there in a worse condition than when he left his own country, and doomed shortly to add another name to the long and melancholy list of his countrymen who have sought, with pain and suffering, a distant country, only to find in it a grave. When the patient is a female, the objections to a journey apply with increased force.'

It is not, therefore, in the hope of his patients finding something specific—some mysterious and occult virtue—in the air of a milder climate, capable of curing consumption, that our author sends them to Italy or Madeira; but it is because the climate of these countries permits the application of the means best calculated for preventing or removing those morbid actions which too often terminate in consumption. The fatal error of this country is — to wait until the lungs are obviously affected, and then to hurry the unfortunate patient at once to a mild climate; without considering, in the first place, whether the case is of such a nature as really to afford any reasonable hope of benefit from *any* climate; and, secondly, if a prospect of benefit really exists, which of the milder climates is best suited to the particular case. The plan recommended by the author is to watch the development of that train of symptoms, which, if left unchecked, too generally terminates in consumption; to institute then a comprehensive and combined system of treatment calculated to restore the disordered functions; and, as enabling some parts of this system to be carried much more effectually into operation, then to remove the invalid to the mild climate which is best suited to the peculiarities of the case. Such a climate, among other advantages, tends to produce a greater equality in the circulation, by determining the fluids to the surface and extremities; removes considerably the risk of catarrhal affections, which, in predisposed subjects, often act as exciting causes of tubercles; and—the greatest advantage of all—enables the invalid to be much more in the open air, and, consequently, to take much more exercise than he could possibly do in England, during the winter. With such advantages as

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these, the plan of treatment calculated to restore the general health, and thereby to avert the threatened disease of the lungs, has obviously a much fairer chance of success in such a climate as Madeira, where there may be said to be a perpetual summer, than in so cold, moist, and variable a climate as that of England. We say the plan of treatment has a fairer chance of success in such a climate—not that the climate is to be considered as the sole or even principal agent in averting the impending malady; much less in curing it when it has already made good its footing. The fact is, that although a change to a mild climate may be sufficient, in some cases, to enable the natural powers of the system to restore the disordered functions without the aid of art, these powers will fail in a great majority of cases; and yet, not so much, perhaps, from their deficiency, as because they are impeded and thwarted by an injurious system of regimen or medical treatment. In the severer or more strongly marked cases, (even before the development of tubercles,) it will be of little avail that the invalid changes our cold and gloomy atmosphere for the soft breezes and brilliant skies of the south; unless he changes, at the same time, the habits which have induced, or aggravated, or accelerated his present disorder; and unless he, moreover, adopts measures calculated to aid the sanative powers of nature. Nay, we will assert, however great may be the advantages of a mild climate in such cases, (and we consider them as very great,) it will be much better for an invalid to remain in England under good management, than to go abroad to the best climate, under no management at all, or under bad management. *Cæteris paribus*, a mild climate is, in this case, greatly preferable to a cold one; but a good system of discipline is indispensable in both.

And here, before we conclude, and lest we should be thought desirous of having it supposed that we ourselves, or the author of this work, possess some new and potent system of medication—calculated to avert the poisoned arrows of 'the pest,' or to stay its giant strides—we deem it necessary to state, in a very few words, the general complexion of the plan of treatment which he recommends, and in which alone we have any faith, in the case under consideration. In the first place, we utterly disclaim the possession or prescription of any specific remedy in such cases; and, in the second place, we profess to be most sparing in the use of medicines of any kind. Indeed, we are of opinion that medical science has now arrived at that stage when, in practice, it may frequently content itself by looking rather to the pathological condition of the subject, than to the efficacy of any remedial measures. At all events, we think it will generally be found, that the most scientific and skilful physicians are

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the most sparing in the use of drugs. The plan we advocate in the present case, consists essentially in taking a close and comprehensive view of the whole disorder under which the system labours; and in adapting our remedies (often extremely simple) to every part that is affected. What we consider as most faulty in the prevailing systems of medicine in this country is, the too great simplicity of the views of disease taken by practitioners, and the consequent too partial and exclusive system of therapeutics founded on them. We wish practitioners, in their study of chronic diseases, to endeavour, like the author of the work before us, to combine the Hippocratic system of close and comprehensive observation with the more rational views of disease brought to light by modern Pathology; and in their practice to endeavour to restore, at the same time, *all* the parts that are disordered; and to restore them by such mild and simple means as are calculated rather to solicit than to force their natural actions. In the case now more immediately under consideration—the morbid state entitled by Sir James Clark *Tubercular Cachexy*—we find almost every part of the system disordered, although some are much more so than others. There is an irregular distribution of the circulating fluids, of the nervous power, and of the animal temperature; the circulating fluids are themselves in an unhealthy state, and most of the secretions are depraved; the organs of digestion are particularly disordered; the skin and all the mucous surfaces are affected; and there exist local congestions, or irritations, or inflammations of the mucous surfaces, viscera, and internal blood-vessels. Now, is it to be supposed for a moment, that medicines, or any system of treatment that regards only one or two links of the chain, can stand any chance of removing a disorder at once so general and so deeply rooted? The experience of all the best physicians of the present day, and the results of our author's observations, recorded in the present work, and in his Treatise on Consumption, strengthen and confirm our own convictions, founded on long attention to the subject, in replying in the negative.

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ART. VI.—*Lives of Eminent Foreign Statesmen.* By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. (Forming part of the Cabinet Cyclopædia.) 5 vols. 12mo. London: 1838–40.

MR JAMES, one of the most voluminous and rapid inventors of fictitious narratives, and tales of fancy, that any country or age has produced, is also known to the world, and not without some credit, as a devious labourer in the sober paths of historical enquiry—in which he has ranged over periods and reigns so widely separated, and so diverse, as those of Charlemagne and our William the Third—has, in the above work, produced a biographical collection in the loftiest walk of that department, and of such extent that years of laborious research and patient reflection might have been well employed in its composition. Yet, though neither possessing any new information, nor expressing any original or striking views regarding any of the illustrious names which it embraces, it may still be allowed to form a not unacceptable manual of the political biography of the Continent, for those who are satisfied with a tolerably agreeable and instructive account of personages frequently named, but whose lives and characters are but little known, except by the learned.

To go over so multifarious a collection, with any particularity of remark, would be altogether incompatible with our limits. Among the best of its sketches are those devoted to Barneveldt and De Witt; two statesmen who greatly adorn the annals of a country not over rich in such characters, and not so generally known as they deserve. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with a few notices and reflections regarding them—taking the latter first, as giving more effect to the observations we mean to introduce.

John De Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, is one of the very few unsuccessful statesmen—for such, on the whole, he must be considered—to whom merit of the highest order has been adjudged. But the wisdom of his views was so evident, and they were so ably elucidated and defended by himself, that posterity has done justice both to his abilities and his virtues, though the singular difficulties of his life prevented him from accomplishing the more important of his ends. His great anxiety was to preserve a peace which should enable Holland to rise to prosperity through the uninterrupted pursuit of commerce. Yet the whole of his official career was spent either in actual warfare, or in preparation for it. He laboured with zealous perseverance to secure the republican institutions of his country, by abolishing the anomalous office of Stadtholder; and by educating the young Prince

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of Orange to the moderate views and limited ambition befitting a citizen of a free state. Yet, before his death, that Prince was elected to the Stadtholderate, and his own brother was compelled to sign the ordinance for his appointment; and, sixteen years afterwards, the same Prince became the sovereign of Holland's chief commercial rival, and only maritime superior.

His life extended over the most eventful portion of the seventeenth century. His birth was contemporaneous with the death of James I.; his death, with the commencement of that great reaction against royalty which drove James II. from his throne. He entered into public life soon after the accession of Louis XIV.; and resigned his official station shortly after that monarch had taken the reins of government into his own hands, and had begun to manifest that insatiable and desolating ambition, which made him, for half a century, the scourge of Europe. He lived through the most dangerous crisis of English liberty; and he died at the most flourishing period of the prosperity of France.

De Witt's father, one of the Deputies of the States of Holland, intended his son for the profession of the law; and the future statesman took his degree at the age of twenty-three. Mathematics was, however, his favourite pursuit; and, in this branch of study, he attained an eminence surpassed by few in that age. He is said to have been the author of a valuable treatise on the elements of *Curve Lines*. On his return from his travels, in the year 1650, his reputation as a student, combined with his father's influence, procured his nomination to the post of Pensionary of Dort; from which, three years after, when only in his twenty-eighth year, he was promoted to the more important station of Grand Pensionary of Holland. It is not easy to ascertain the precise nature of this office, nor the powers which it conferred. It seems not improbable that its authority and importance depended, in a great measure, upon the abilities and the ambition of the individual who held it;—that he might be little more than the Secretary and official Adviser of the States;—or that he might be the soul and guide of all their deliberations. He might be the head, or he might be merely the hand. De Witt, and before him Barneveldt, seem to have had all the powers and authority of a Prime Minister. Sir William Temple thus speaks of the office in his *Account of the United Provinces*:—'The Pensioner of Holland is seated with the nobles, delivers 'their voice for them, and assists at all their deliberations before 'they come to the assembly. He is properly but the minister or 'servant of the province, and so his place or rank is behind all 'their deputies; but he has always great credit, because he is 'perpetual, or seldom discharged; though of right he ought to

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'be chosen or renewed every fifth year. He has a seat in all the 'several assemblies of the province; and, in the States, pro- 'pounds all matters, gathers the opinions, and forms or digests 'the resolutions; claiming, likewise, a power not to conclude any 'very important affair by plurality of voices, when he judges of 'his conscience he ought not to do it, and that it will be of ill 'consequence to the States."

At the time of De Witt's first accession to office, Holland was, to all appearance, both powerful and secure. Spain was governed by a weak sovereign, and had considerably impaired her strength, and wasted her resources, by a long war with France. England was just beginning to recover from the distractions of the Civil War. France was torn in pieces by the struggles of the *Fronde*. The energies of Holland had been greatly augmented by the long and successful contest she had waged for her independence. Her maritime strength had been much increased by the steady prosecution of commercial enterprize; and, from the same cause, her finances were, upon the whole, in a prosperous condition. The power of the House of Orange—the perpetual internal peril of the Republic—was centred in an infant of three years old, and thus all fear from that quarter was, for the present, at an end. The Dutch thought this a favourable moment for rebelling against those acknowledgments of her maritime superiority which England had so long and so rigorously exacted. They conceived their rival to be too much weakened by internal dissensions to offer any effectual resistance; both the pride and the cupidity of the country were aroused; the partisans of the House of Orange spared no pains to fan the flame; and, in a short time, the passion for war with England became as general and as vehement in Holland, as the clamour for a war with Spain was, in our own country, in the time of Walpole. De Witt met the crisis with the wisdom and firmness which became a statesman. He was placed in a situation of singular difficulty, and of much temptation. He was young in office. He had yet a reputation to make. His countrymen had, in a great measure, taken him on trust. It required no common sobriety to escape all contagion from the popular excitement, and no common fortitude to withstand the popular clamour. De Witt manfully opposed it. He felt that he was the servant of the interests, not of the passions, of his country. He urged all the considerations he could think of to turn it from its purpose. He dreaded a war to Holland on many grounds. He dreaded defeat; for he knew that England would prove a more powerful foe than his countrymen anticipated. He dreaded victory; for he knew that few circumstances have such a fatal operation in undermining re-

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publican institutions as a protracted, and especially a successful war. He grieved to see his countrymen bent upon wasting, in fruitless quarrels, the wealth they had acquired by a long course of enterprise and labour. And he thought it a singular instance of infatuation, for the only two powerful republics then existing, to play the game of the ambitious monarchs who surrounded them, by mutually weakening each other. He pointed out all this, plainly and forcibly; and urged at the same time the signal advantages which would accrue, both to commerce and freedom, from such an alliance with the Commonwealth of England as Cromwell was then anxious to form. But his reasonings, though remembered afterwards, were unlistened to at the time. The hatred felt towards England was manifested in a variety of aggressions, which necessarily led to reprisals; and in 1652, before any declaration of war, the hostile fleets encountered in the Channel, and the Dutch were worsted in the engagement which ensued.

The councils of England were now directed, and her power wielded, by a man of very different mould from those monarchs who, for the last half century, had frittered away her energies and lowered her character. At first, success seemed pretty equally divided; but the fortunes of the war gradually inclined in favour of England; and a signal defeat sustained by their fleet, in which their admiral, Van Tromp, was slain, determined the Dutch to sue for peace. The advice and the predictions of De Witt were now remembered; and to him the negotiations were unreservedly confided. All that firmness and diplomatic skill could do, he effected; but the terms of peace were, as the fortune of the war had been, unfavourable to Holland; and the publication of them raised a storm of indignation against the Pensionary, which it required all his firmness to withstand. The wisdom of his views, however, the clearness of his arguments, and the strength of his character, had their due weight; and he persuaded the States-General to ratify the treaty. But discontent and calumny were busy with his fame; his popularity suffered a severe check; and he early experienced how difficult it is for a man to serve his country, at once faithfully and with impunity. The article of this treaty which was made the foundation of the fiercest outcry, was one suggested by Cromwell, and readily acceded to by De Witt, by which the Princes of the House of Orange were for ever excluded from the Stadtholderate. This agreement, as well as the Perpetual Edict, (a decree framed by him, and enacted in the year 1667, for abolishing for ever the office of Stadtholder,) were attributed to personal enmity; and have, therefore, been regarded as blemishes upon his purity. We

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confess we can see no ground for this reproach. In the first place, the office of Stadtholder was an anomaly in a Republic. He was a species of Dictator elected for life. He had a potential voice in the assemblies of the States; the power of pardoning convicted criminals; the entire command of all the forces of the confederacy by sea and land; and the virtual appointment of all naval and military officers, and of the magistrates in the principal towns. An office combining such varied and extensive powers, De Witt might justly consider to be fraught with peril to a republican government; especially when substantially a hereditary office, and held by a noble of immense possessions, and in whose single family centred all the aristocratic power of Zealand. Moreover, De Witt's distrust of that able and ambitious house was fully borne out by the experience of the past. The life and death of his predecessor Barneveldt, were fresh in his remembrance. The daring encroachments of Prince Maurice on the chartered liberties of the United Provinces were matters of recent history. The very year of De Witt's first nomination to office, had been marked by an outrage on freedom by William II. The privileges of the States had been violated in the person of his own father; whom, with five other deputies, that Prince had arrested and imprisoned, for venturing to protest against his unconstitutional aggressions. All these matters De Witt treasured in his memory; and his domestic policy was, from that time forward directed to secure the State against any future recurrence of such perils. He was ardently attached to republican institutions, in spite of the fullest experience of their evils—or perhaps we should rather say their drawbacks; and he guarded, with a watchfulness almost amounting to jealousy, against the first approach of any danger which threatened either to undermine or overthrow them. Hence we are inclined to consider his pertinacious hostility to the power of the House of Orange, not only as unstained by any motives of personal ambition, but as entirely grounded in patriotism. A republic may, or may not, be a wise and beneficial form of government; but a republic, in which the post of military chief is held for life, and often hereditarily, by a powerful and ambitious noble, must be in hourly danger of destruction; and can only maintain its liberties by the most unwearied vigilance, and at the risk of perpetual discord.

The war with Sweden—a measure of very doubtful wisdom, but of eminent success—restored De Witt to the popularity he had lost by the peace with England; and the year 1660, which saw the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors, the termination of hostilities between France and Spain, and the conclusion of a peace between Sweden, Holland, and Denmark,

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found De Witt in the zenith of his reputation; and his country respected abroad and prosperous at home.

Unhappily we have here to record an act which, though it does not appear to have called forth much disapprobation at the time, has undeniably clouded the otherwise bright fame of De Witt—an act dictated, we doubt not, by patriotic views, but which we must think an unworthy postponement of justice to convenience—a sacrifice of honourable principle to present gain. Charles II., shortly after his restoration, brought to trial all the surviving republicans who had been concerned in the execution of his father; and inflicted the last punishment of the law on those he could seize. Three of these unhappy men had fled to Holland, to escape the fate of their comrades. Charles demanded that they should be given up. De Witt complied. They were arrested, transmitted to England, and executed.

This is the single blot upon an otherwise stainless career. Holland was at that time prospering during a peace which De Witt was most anxious to preserve. He was then negotiating, with the aid of England, an advantageous commercial treaty with Portugal. Placed in a critical position between England and France, he was desirous, at almost any cost, to keep well with both. The advantages which might accrue to Holland from the friendship of Charles were numerous and palpable. If De Witt had risked a war with England by refusing the demand of Charles, thousands would have blamed his temerity—few would have appreciated his motives, or applauded his resolution. Yet, notwithstanding, we think that posterity has justly condemned his facility, as criminal and unwise; though we entirely acquit him of having been influenced by any considerations but a too exclusive regard to the material interests of his country. But we must bear in mind that patriotism is not by itself an excellence. It is an actuating motive, not a guiding principle. Like love, it is an affection, not a virtue. Like love, it may lead to base compliances, to a denial of justice, to a compromise of honour. Like love, it may manifest itself, as it did in ancient times, in a species of selfishness which, though less grovelling than that narrower affection which generally bears the name, is yet worthy of condemnation. A truly great statesman will never, though his life should be the cost, sacrifice principle to patriotic considerations. It was said of Andrew Fletcher, 'He would have 'died to serve his country; but he would not do a base thing to *save* it.'

Moreover, these exiles, however in some respects reprehensible, were not accused of any crime which the laws of all na-

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tions agreed in condemning. They had assisted in punishing, as they thought, a perfidious ruler. Assuredly, it was not for republicans, at any rate, to blame, or to desert them. De Witt must have looked upon the deed which they had committed only with approval. Had he been an Englishman, there can be little doubt that he would have sat with them at Whitehall on the day of retribution. The government which they had established, Holland had acknowledged. His desertion of these unhappy men we therefore think incapable of justification. History records many parallel transactions; but we know of none which has not met with reprobation.

The friendship which De Witt had stained his own and his country's reputation to preserve, proved but shortlived; and it must have been a bitter mortification to him to discover that the monarch, for whom he had sacrificed so much, was one whom no promises could bind, no principles govern, no services excite to gratitude. Between two commercial nations, like England and Holland, many points of rivalship continually subsisted; and there were not wanting individuals in either country anxious to push them to a bloody arbitrement. In spite of all De Witt's efforts, a series of reciprocal aggressions produced mutual exasperation, and in 1664 led to a declaration of war. The first great naval engagement was most disastrous to the Dutch; their fleet was almost annihilated, and their Admiral, Van Opdam, slain. The States lost no time in repairing their misfortune. De Witt was ordered to proceed to the Texel to superintend and hasten the equipment of a new fleet; and there he appears in a new character. Science has but seldom achieved so signal a triumph in public life. We will give the animating narrative in Mr James's words:—

'He proceeded immediately to the Texel; and by immense exertions succeeded in preparing the fleet for departure, in a space of time which to others had seemed inadequate to accomplish one half of the task, and then, himself going on board, he pressed the admirals to put to sea at once.

'A new difficulty, however, now presented itself. De Witt was met by the reply, that the wind was unfavourable, and that there was no possibility of passing the difficult mouth of the Texel, unless a complete change took place. In this opinion all the Dutch seamen concurred; and shewing De Witt the three passages which exist at the mouth of the Texel, called the Land's Diep, the Slenk, and the Spaniard's Gut, they informed him that it was only by the two former that vessels of any size could get to sea. Even these passages, they assured him, were only practicable when the wind blew steadily from one of ten points of the compass, while the other twenty-two points, they alleged, rendered the passage impossible. De Witt had nothing but theories to oppose to the practical knowledge of the seamen; but his mathematical skill enabled

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him to demonstrate, that if their charts laid down the passages correctly, any one of twenty-eight points of the compass would serve to carry the vessels out. Not satisfied with this discovery, he instantly conceived a doubt of the representations made regarding the three passages, and determined to ascertain whether the Spaniard's Gut were not as practicable as the others. He proceeded thither in the long-boat of his vessel at the time of low water, and took the soundings along the whole of the passage with his own hand. The result fully justified his suspicions: he found that throughout its whole course the depth was at least double that which had been represented; that the banks and shallows, which the pilots had talked of, were entirely chimerical; and that it was, in fact, as safe and practicable as any of the three. The wind, according to his view, was perfectly favourable, especially for this passage; and on returning to the fleet, he announced to the officers his intention of instantly putting to sea through the very channel which they considered impassable.

'Of course he was not suffered to execute this resolution without strenuous opposition, and vehement remonstrances. All the elder seamen adhered to their opinion, and solemnly declared that the passage of the Spaniard's Gut was impracticable for large vessels; and that, even if it were not, the wind was unfavourable, and would not carry them out. De Witt took the responsibility upon himself; and, to silence all further opposition, declared his purpose of leading the way in the largest vessel of the fleet. He accordingly weighed anchor on the 16th of August 1665, and, with the wind at S.S.W., sailed without difficulty through the dreaded passage, followed in safety by the whole Dutch fleet. Though surprise might be mingled with some degree of mortification, the Dutch officers could not but respect the man they had unsuccessfully opposed; and from that day forward the passage, which he had been the first to open for the Dutch commerce, received the name of De Witt's Diep.'

After this fleet put to sea, there was a variety of indecisive expeditions and skirmishes; but it was not till June 1666 that any important engagement took place. On the first of that month the hostile fleets encountered, and a battle, which lasted four days without intermission, terminated in favour of Holland. The following month, however, this temporary superiority was reversed; nearly the whole Dutch fleet being destroyed, and three Admirals slain. Negotiations for peace were immediately opened; and while they were proceeding, De Witt, taking advantage of the careless security into which the English had been lulled by their success, sent his brother and De Ruyter up the Thames; where they took Sheerness, burned many ships of the line, and spread such consternation through both court and country, that the Pensionary was enabled to conclude a peace on terms far more advantageous than could have been looked for, after such an unsuccessful war.

Up to this period De Witt, though anxious to preserve peace

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with all his neighbours, had clung rather to the French than to the English alliance. England was a commercial and maritime rival; France was not. Moreover, the grasping and dangerous ambition of Louis XIV. had not yet fully developed itself; and the interposition of the Spanish Netherlands between Holland and France, De Witt always considered as a sufficient barrier against any attack from the latter power. But now his views were suddenly changed. With no previous notice, and in defiance of all previous engagements, Louis advanced a peremptory claim to the Spanish Netherlands; and prepared promptly to enforce it. De Witt was thunderstruck. He saw at once that, if Louis succeeded in his attempt, the independence of Holland would be placed in the most imminent and continual jeopardy. Single-handed, he had no power to prevent him; his only hopes lay in an alliance with England; and he succeeded in persuading that country that her interests, at this conjuncture, were identical with those of Holland. Many obstacles were interposed; but his frankness, earnestness, and skill removed them all; and, in a space of time almost incredibly brief, the celebrated Triple Alliance was formed between England, Holland, and Sweden. By it, the contracting powers bound themselves to mediate between France and Spain, and to compel Louis to relinquish his designs upon Flanders, on consideration of obtaining some more distant and less dangerous equivalent.

The real nature and merits of this celebrated treaty have been recently so fully discussed in this Journal, that we will not, at present, resume the question. It is certain that, at the time, the treaty was considered, on the part both of Temple and De Witt, as a masterpiece of policy. The armies of France were arrested, and the threatened danger averted for a season. Louis never forgave De Witt his share in the transaction.

It is impossible to read the details of the negotiation without entertaining the highest respect both for the sound sense and the noble character of De Witt. The effect which these qualities produced upon his fellow-diplomatist, Sir William Temple, is perhaps the strongest testimony to his merit. Not only did he speak of him at the time in terms of the sincerest esteem, but their intercourse laid the foundation of a friendship which continued till the close of De Witt's career, with as much warmth as it was in Temple's nature to feel. It is, however, by no means certain that the Triple Alliance was not more serviceable to the fame of De Witt than to the ultimate interests of his country.* We say this

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*'It is probable,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'that the Triple Alli-

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without any wish to detract from the merits of this great statesman. We judge after the event. At the time when he had to make a choice, every path was fraught with danger. But the course he took resulted (though by no fault of his) in the greatest peril that Holland had ever encountered. He had to make his election between two powerful neighbours, of whose characters, ambition and faithlessness then formed, respectively, the prominent features. His decision was prompt. He chose to quarrel with an ally—a dangerous and ambitious one, it is true—but one whose friendship, though never zealous, had hitherto been tolerably steady; and he threw himself almost unreservedly into the arms of one, of whose selfishness, levity, and perfidy, he had recent and ample experience. He confided too readily in British honour and British promises. Faithful, honest, and straightforward himself, in his dealings with others he was watchful, but not suspicious. With all his experience of men and monarchs, there were depths of baseness and dishonour in the character of Charles which he had not fathomed, and could not be expected to fathom. The ink was scarcely dry in which the perpetual alliance between England and Holland had been signed, when a series of intrigues commenced——unexampled for meanness and profligacy—which ended in Charles accepting subsidies from France, which he wasted on his pleasures, and which he purchased by a secret agreement with Louis for a simultaneous attack on Holland. This De Witt had not expected. He was entitled to conceive that the Triple Alliance would insure at least a somewhat longer period of security and repose; and, though he had paid great attention to the condition of the navy, he does not appear to have acted so watchfully or energetically in the reorganization of the army, as he would have done, had he feared so speedy a renewal of the French designs upon Flanders. The storm burst upon him with a suddenness and violence for which he was not prepared. The English, not content with violating their solemn engagements, trampled upon all the principles of international law, by attacking the Dutch fleet before hostilities had been declared. Louis at the same moment issued his Manifesto, and began his march. The Hollanders were terror-stricken; and, as in the case of other panics, rage mingled with fear, and they began to look about them for a victim, whose sacrifice might allay the

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'ance was the result of a fraudulent project, suggested originally by 'Gourville to ruin De Witt, by embroiling him with France beyond the 'probability of reconciliation.'—*History of the Revolution of* 1688.'

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storm. They complained vehemently of the Pensionary, whom they accused of having first endangered the country by his measures, and then neglected its defence. In spite of his opposition, they raised William III., Prince of Orange, to the rank of Captain-General. This was in February 1672. In July, they abolished the Perpetual Edict, and elected him to the Stadtholderate. The popular clamour, both against John de Witt and the Admiral his brother, now became loud and general. They were assailed with the most cruel calumnies. The Pensionary was attacked at night, and severely wounded. The Admiral was arrested on the accusation of a man whose infamy was notorious; and, though suffering at the time under severe illness, was put to the torture. His innocence was clearly manifested on his trial; but a corrupt Judicature, swayed by personal enmity and the public outcry, condemned him to banishment in the same sentence which acquitted him of crime. The Pensionary, indignant at the unworthy treatment his brother had met with, went in state to the prison to receive him, on his leaving it to go into exile. It was rumoured that he went to rescue him; and an infuriated crowd collected round the prison doors, calling for the two brothers to be delivered up to them. The civil and military authorities were informed of the tumult, but did nothing to allay it. The mob broke into the prison, and massacred, with every circumstance of savage barbarity, the two brothers, who, more than any men then living, had deserved well of their country.

The Prince of Orange has been sometimes charged with having been, in some measure, privy to this horrible occurrence. But stronger evidence than has ever yet been adduced, would be necessary to fix so black an accusation on so great a man. Certain it is, however, that many circumstances of his conduct in relation to the De Witts, show him forth in a most unamiable light—to use no harsher term. De Witt had, it is true, done all in his power to exclude him from the Stadtholderate. But William was, notwithstanding, under very weighty obligations to him. He had superintended his political education. He had laid the foundation of much of his future eminence as a statesman. They had long lived on terms of the strictest amity together. Yet when De Witt was assailed by two midnight assassins, one only was punished. The other was not only allowed to escape, but was suffered to retain his employments; and was even favoured by the government of which the Prince of Orange was the chief, and the right arm. When De Witt applied to the Prince to lend the weight of his voice to the contradiction of calumnies of whose falsehood no one could be more fully sensible, William coldly replied, that the Pensionary must learn to bear slander, as he him-

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self had done. He suffered Cornelius de Witt to be imprisoned and tortured, on an accusation which he must have disbelieved; and to be banished for a crime of which he knew him to be innocent; when a word of disapproval would have prevented the perpetration of either injustice. And, without going so far as to say, (for which we assuredly should have no sufficient grounds.) that he rejoiced in the death of these virtuous citizens; it is certain that he neither exerted himself to prevent the murder, nor to punish the murderers, as he must have done, had he been under the influence, at the time, of any strong feelings either of humanity or justice.

Reflections of various kinds may be supposed to arise on the contemplation of such an occurrence. 'The catastrophe 'of De Witt,' says Mr Fox, 'the wisest, the best, the most 'truly patriotic minister that ever appeared upon the pub- 'lic stage—as it was an act of the most crying injustice and 'ingratitude, so likewise is it the most completely *discoura- 'ging example* that history affords to the lovers of liberty. If 'Aristides was banished, he was also recalled. If Dion was 'repaid for his services to the Syracusans by ingratitude, that 'ingratitude was more than once repented of. If Sydney and 'Russell died upon the scaffold, they had not the cruel mor- 'tification of falling by the hands of the people. Ample jus- 'tice was done to their memory; and the very sound of their 'names is still animating to every Englishman attached to their 'glorious cause. But with De Witt fell alike his cause and 'his party; and, although a name respected by all who revere 'wisdom and virtue when employed in their noblest sphere, the 'political service of the people, yet I do not know that even to 'this day any public honours have been paid by them to his me- 'mory.' This, however, with deference be it said, is scarcely the proper light in which such facts ought to be viewed. They have a moral meaning of a loftier kind. If we deduce from the lamentable catastrophe of De Witt's career only the pusillanimous wisdom of retiring from a field where peril is to be encountered, as well as honour to be reaped, and of devoting to the enjoyment and embellishment of private life powers which, otherwise employed, might have influenced for good the destinies of thousands—assuredly we do not read aright that most instructive passage. The true lesson to be deduced from his useful life, and its melancholy close, is the almost certain disappointment of all who, in serving their country, look for their only reward in their country's gratitude. The statesman who, in treading the slippery path of politics, is sustained and guided alone by the hope of fame, or the desire of a lofty reputation, will not only find himself beset

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with incessant temptations to turn aside from the line of strict integrity; but the disappointment he is sure to meet with will probably drive him to misanthropy—perhaps even irritate him to tarnish, by vindictive treachery, a virtue founded upon no solid or enduring principle. But the statesman who looks, in the simple performance of his duty, for consolation and support amid all the toils and sufferings which that duty may call him to encounter—who aims not at popularity, because he is conscious that continued popularity rarely accompanies systematic and unyielding integrity—who, as he is urged to no questionable measures by the hope of fame, so is deterred from none that are just by the fear of censure—such a man may steer a steady course through the shoals and breakers of the stormiest sea; and whether he meet with the hatred or the gratitude of his countrymen, is to him a consideration of minor moment, for his reward is otherwise sure. He has laboured with constancy for great objects. He has conferred signal benefits upon his fellow-men. Nobler occupation man cannot aspire to; sublimer power no ambition need desire; greater reward it would be very difficult to obtain.

It is impossible not to be struck with the many points of similarity between this wise and virtuous man, and another who preceded him in the same office, pursued a nearly similar career, and whose course was terminated by an equally deplorable catastrophe.

John Van Olden Barneveldt achieved for his country that independence which John De Witt consolidated and preserved. Both held the office of Grand Pensionary for a long series of years. Both were occupied during a considerable portion of their lives in resisting the actual or expected encroachments of the House of Orange. Though bred to a peaceful profession, both were compelled by the necessities of their country to take an active part in the wars which it had perpetually to wage, in defence of its infant liberties. And, after a career of laborious and patriotic services, both suffered a violent death at the hands of those who were most indebted to their labours:—the one was massacred by the people he had saved from servitude; the other was executed on the scaffold by the sect which he had rescued from persecution—perhaps from extinction—by the oppressive bigotry of Spain.

Barneveldt was one of those fortunate individuals who may be said to have appeared at the right time. He was by character and talent peculiarly suited to the period, and to the stage, on which he was called to act a part. That period was one of those that rarely fails to call into activity powers which, in more tranquil

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times, would have remained undeveloped or latent. His early education, his clear sense, his practical and sober turn of thought, his resolute will, his stern and energetic perseverance—all contributed to rank him with that class of men whom nature has formed for the government of free countries. And he fell upon the century of all others in modern times, (save one,) the most prolific of deep emotions, and the most fertile in great events;—when the first effectual shock was given to the old system of opinions; when religious dissension became the nurse of civil liberty; and when statesmen were summoned to the delicate and most difficult task of constructing new formulas of faith, and new modes of government, out of the shattered relics of those which the great convulsion had destroyed. Barneveldt was early destined for the law, and he studied successively at the schools of the Hague, Louvain, and Heidelberg. In the year 1570, he began to practise as an advocate at the Hague, where his talents and connexions soon procured him an ample share of professional employment. But the times were not such as to allow men of his stamp to pursue their profession in peace. The long and protracted contest between the Low Countries and Philip II. of Spain, had begun about five years before. Charles V. had always treated this portion of his dominions with peculiar favour and regard. He had respected their privileges and encouraged their commerce. Philip regarded them with very different feelings, and pursued towards them a directly opposite course. His predominant passions were, a superstitious bigotry and an insatiable thirst of power. The Low Countries offended both these ruling sentiments. The rapid spread of the Reformed doctrines in those marts of commerce and intelligence, inflamed his gloomy zeal and irritated his persecuting temper. And the constitutional rights of the Netherlands, which had been solemnly guaranteed to them by innumerable treaties, by opposing constant limitations to the exercise of his prerogative, goaded to fury his despotic disposition. He soon decided what course he should pursue. He was not of a character to shrink from any undertaking, or to scruple at any means. Disregarding alike the murmurs of the people, and the remonstrances of the nobles, he proceeded to establish the Inquisition in the Netherlands; and commenced a persecution which, both for its severity and its important consequences, is without a parallel in history Many were imprisoned—many were tortured—numbers fled into exile—thousands were delivered over to the executioner. Still, the Duchess of Parma, to whom Philip had committed the government of the Low Countries, did not, as he conceived, execute his edicts with sufficient rigour.

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She was, therefore, superseded by the notorious Duke of Alva. He brought with him a considerable reinforcement, uncontrolled authority, and a character and temper cast in the mould of his master. He commenced his career of bloodshed and oppression without an hour's delay. A hundred thousand emigrants carried their skill and enterprise to foreign lands. The Prince of Orange retired into Germany. Counts Egmont and Horn were imprisoned and executed. All who were even suspected of having listened to the new opinions were seized, tortured, and burned—often without even the form of a trial. To have been once seen at a Conventicle was sufficient to insure condemnation. Philip rejoiced to hear of these proceedings. He had at length found a Deputy after his own heart. The man who had murdered his own son, could not be expected to feel compassion for the sufferings of distant heretics. He wrote to approve and encourage Alva. Then were committed oppressions too grievous to be endured—barbarities which the decorum of history refuses to describe—atrocities which the execrations of ages have left inadequately censured. Not a city throughout the Low Countries but witnessed the infliction of tortures, compared with which those of the Roman amphitheatre were merciful and gentle. The Prince of Orange and others of the exiled nobility now thought it high time to appeal to arms; and, after collecting all the forces they could draw together, invaded the Netherlands, and were for a short period signally successful. But they were ably opposed, and feebly supported; and, after a short campaign, were obliged to retire and disband their forces till a more favourable conjuncture should arise. They had not to wait long. Alva was in want of money, and, in an evil hour for his master's interests, resolved to tax the people without the consent of the States. The inhabitants of the Low Countries, who had borne every thing else with comparative submission, stoutly resisted the attack upon their purses. They flew to arms, seized several of the principal towns, chose the Prince of Orange for their leader; and after a war which lasted with various fortune nearly forty years, succeeded in establishing the independence of the Northern Provinces, and the supremacy in them of the Protestant Religion.

In this great struggle it was of course impossible, and it would have been pusillanimous, for any one to remain neutral; and Barneveldt and his brethren of the Bar were called upon to make their election between unqualified submission to the iron yoke of Philip, and the chance of whatever amount of freedom a vigorous resistance might procure. They were nearly unanimous,

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to the lasting discredit of their profession be it recorded, in counselling submission to Spain. Three Advocates only, of whom Barneveldt was one, adhered to the Prince of Orange. So able and resolute a patriot was not likely to remain long unemployed. As a Commissary, he superintended the arming of the citizens in the revolted provinces, the levying of contributions, and the providing supplies for the troops. At the early age of twenty-nine, he was chosen Pensionary of Rotterdam; and from this time forward his services were in constant requisition, wherever activity, perseverance, and diplomatic skill were required. In the year 1586 he was promoted to the highest civil office in the United Provinces, that of Grand Pensionary—an appointment which he continued to hold till his death, a period of thirty-three years.

Barneveldt has been charged with inconsistency, by those whose only notion of consistency lies in maintaining through life the same relative position—not with regard to the object of their efforts, but with regard to the individuals with whom they have been accustomed to act. The object to which the whole of his public life was devoted, was the freedom of his country. He desired to liberate her from the yoke of Prince Maurice, as well as from the yoke of Philip. For this, up to the year 1607, he was incessantly engaged in urging his countrymen to a vigorous prosecution of the war. For this, he spared no pains to negotiate a peace, as soon as it became probable that the recognition of his country's independence might be one of the articles of the treaty. For this, he persuaded the States to confer on Maurice all the authority of a military chief, as the leader most likely to offer a successful resistance to the arms of Spain. For this, he became the resolute opponent of that Prince, as soon as he discovered that he aimed at a continuance of the war as the surest means of obtaining the objects of his personal ambition; and for this he incurred that virulent and untiring hatred, which finally brought him to the scaffold. In whatever quarter might gather the dangers which successively menaced his country, he turned undismayed to meet them. When the whole power of Spain was exerted to crush the rising liberties of Holland, Barneveldt was the presiding spirit that guided and invigorated her councils. In equipping her troops, in advising her measures, in directing her campaigns, in forming her alliances, he was indefatigable. When her rights were invaded by the Earl of Leicester, whom Elizabeth had sent over to command her auxiliary forces, Barneveldt withstood him, with a spirit as haughty and firmer than his own. When the ambition of Maurice, Prince of Orange, was the

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especial peril of the hour, the Grand Pensionary bent all his energies to defeat his schemes. And when, towards the close of his career, the Gomarites strove to establish the supremacy of the *Ecclesiastical* over the *Civil* authority, they found the aged statesman at his post, as resolute, alert, and inflexible as ever, to oppose a pretension so fatal to good government and free institutions.

After thirty-three years of indefatigable exertion, Barneveldt had the satisfaction of concluding a twelve years' truce with Spain; by which the independence of the United Provinces was virtually, though not formally acknowledged. During the whole of this period his labours had been arduous and unremitting. He had not only to contend against foreign enemies, and to control domestic ambition, but to negotiate various alliances, and conduct an extensive and complicated correspondence; and, what was perhaps more difficult and harassing than all the rest, to reconcile the dissensions which were continually breaking out between the various States and Cities of the Union, and to persuade each to bear with cheerfulness its fair share of the burdens of the war. It is with respect to the latter, that the peculiar difficulties of the leaders in a revolution consist. They are destitute of all the usual expedients of an established government. They cannot rely upon the ordinary means of established authority. They rule over free citizens, not over subjects. They command volunteers, not regular troops. They have no power to enforce the decrees which they enact. They must temporize, cajole, persuade. They must stimulate the sluggish—rouse the ambitious—persuade the selfish—work upon the fears of the timid—excite the cupidity of the avaricious—soothe the susceptibilities of the jealous. These were the chief difficulties of Washington, as they were of Barneveldt; and neither the Dutch nor the American patriot had characters peculiarly adapted to the task. Both were somewhat unbending and austere; and Barneveldt, in particular, was impetuous and somewhat overbearing. Neither possessed those insinuating manners which enable men easily to gain the confidence, and to obtain influence over the purposes of others. But both possessed, in an eminent degree, the power to discern light through the darkest clouds, and to hope when all around despair. This is that habitude of mind to which the Roman senators paid such politic respect, when they greeted Varro, after the defeat of Cannæ, with eulogy instead of censure; and thanked him, because even in that hour of consternation, 'he had not despaired of the Republic.'

It might be imagined that Barneveldt, having now attained the great object of his public exertions, and having so served his

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country as to entitle himself to her lasting gratitude, would have been suffered to repose upon his laurels, and to pass the remainder of his days in tranquillity—enjoying that best reward of a virtuous and enlightened statesman, the contemplation of the happiness and prosperity he has been instrumental in creating. At this period Geneva was the most celebrated theological school of the Reformers. During the revolutionary period, while Holland was struggling at once for her liberty and her religion, numbers of the Dutch clergy had fled to Geneva, partly as a place of refuge, partly as a school of learning. When peace was restored, and the Reformed faith established in their native country, these men returned, filled with a spirit the most domineering and intolerant. The peace of the country was grievously disturbed by the feuds which they created; and the States-General were at length compelled to interfere. They acted, on the whole, with the moderation and good sense of statesmen, though certainly with little knowledge of the temper of theological disputants. By the advice of Barneveldt, they recommended a National Synod, for the purpose of devising a Confession and a Ritual that might satisfy all parties. The Church indignantly repudiated the suggestion, and the controversy was continued with as much bitterness as ever. The disputants again appealed to the States, who, being then intent upon the negotiations for independence, put them aside, and peremptorily ordered them 'to be quiet, and tolerate each other.' The Calvinists insisted on the establishment of a rigid creed, and the ejectment of all who refused to receive it. At length, wearied out with their importunity, the States called the two leaders of the chief opposing sects, Gomar and Arminius, before them, and desired to have an explanation of their differences. The case was argued with great vehemence, and at considerable length; and, after both parties had been fully heard, Barneveldt rose, in the name of the States-General, and addressing the contending disputants in a tone of grave sarcasm, 'thanked God that there was no 'material difference between them;' and earnestly recommended them to seek after peace and mutual brotherhood. Both parties were somewhat disconcerted at this solemn depreciation of their grounds of quarrel; and, as divines, but were little disposed to receive the lessons of Christian charity from the lips of a civilian. They retired, as was to be expected, as little satisfied as ever.

Barneveldt, it may well be imagined, was a man but little disposed to join either party in their profitless disputes. He would have been inclined, of course, to have observed a cautious neutrality between the disputants; had he not early discovered among the Calvinistic clergy an encroaching spirit, and a dis-

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position to raise the Ecclesiastical to a supremacy over the Civil authority in the state. The philosophic statesman could smile at the quarrels of schoolmen regarding the solution of problems too intricate for human reason, and involving no practical results; but the doctrine of Ecclesiastical Supremacy was one, he well knew, which, in the hands of such men as then filled the pulpits of the United Provinces, would lead to consequences to which no lover of his country could look with composure. He therefore threw the whole weight of his influence into the opposing scale; and besought the Stadtholder, Prince Maurice, to aid him in suppressing the existing dissensions. That Barneveldt favoured one party was, however, a sufficient motive with that wily and vindictive Prince to throw himself into the arms of its antagonists. He at once perceived the support he might secure to his own designs by espousing the Calvinistic cause; and, from this time forward, he laboured with unwearied perseverance to undermine the influence, and effect the ruin of the aged Pensionary—now the only serious obstacle between himself and the supreme power, at which he aimed. He was abetted in all his schemes by the zeal and activity of the Calvinistic clergy.

As too often happens, the greatest service which Barneveldt had ever rendered to his country, proved also the most fatal blow to his own popularity; for his conclusion of the long truce with Spain was the point from which we may date the decline of his influence in Holland. It would be to little purpose to trace the various steps by which Maurice gradually undermined the reputation, and weakened the authority of his hated opponent. The army and the populace were already devoted to him; and he at length succeeded, by dint of unwearied intrigue, in ejecting the Arminian magistrates in almost every city and province in the Union, and replacing them by ardent Gomarites; and, in spite of all the Pensionary's opposition, he procured a decree for disarming the Burgher Guards. The States of Holland were now the only support on which Barneveldt could rely, and they firmly upheld their venerable and tried servant. But Maurice contrived to procure a new election, and deputies of a very different stamp were returned—creatures of the Prince, and ready to go all lengths in pandering to his ambition. It now became evident, even to himself, that his career was fast drawing to a close. On the 29th of August 1618, he was arrested by order of the Prince, and after an illegal delay of five months—spent in collecting charges and procuring evidence against him—he was brought to trial. The Judges were named by his great political opponent. His falsest accuser, his bitterest personal foe,

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sat amongst them. The trial was conducted with such secrecy, that we are left to guess at the articles of accusation. The verdict of the Judges was pronounced while the aged prisoner was engaged in preparing his defence. The result was notified to him on the evening of the 12th of May; and by a refinement of cruelty and insult, a Gomarite clergyman—a zealous enemy—was sent to embitter his last hour. He came, he said, by order of the States, to prepare and console the prisoner. Barneveldt calmly replied, that at his age he was prepared to die, and was able to console himself. Early the following morning, he was called before his Judges to hear his sentence pronounced--a sentence containing a number of charges, all vague, and all either frivolous or absurd—to which he listened with scornful but dignified composure; and was then led straight from the judgment-hall to the scaffold. His last words were—'Good people, do not believe I am a traitor!'

Thus fell, in the seventy-third year of his age, and the forty-fourth of his public services, Olden Barneveldt; not certainly a perfect man, but one who approached as near to perfection as the hard conditions of our nature will allow. He had no failings but such as naturally rose out of his excellences, or were essentially connected with them. His unwearied energy and intensity of purpose, made him somewhat impetuous, and intolerant of vexatious or interested opposition. His inflexible resolution in the pursuit of great objects, was connected with a temper unyielding even in matters of minor importance. And if he was too strongly convinced of the wisdom and integrity of his own views, to meet intrigue with patience, or to bear calumny with calmness, much must be forgiven to one endowed with no common powers—intent upon no common aims—conscious of no common rectitude. 'If,' says he, in his Apology, 'when arguments were urged irra-'tionally, or with open and indecent falsehood, I found myself 'unable to digest them, and answered such impertinence too bit-'terly, I beg that this may be pardoned to my great age, and to 'human infirmity.'

To which of the two great men, whose characters we have been considering, the crown of merit ought to be adjudged, it would be as difficult as invidious to endeavour to determine. Both were gifted with talents and virtues of no ordinary cast. Their reputation was founded, not upon one or two brilliant deeds, which might be but the happy inspirations of a moment, but upon the untiring exertions of a devoted and laborious life. On one account, however, we are disposed to estimate more highly the heroic integrity of the earlier and elder statesman. De Witt was unencumbered by any family ties. Barneveldt had a wife

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and children. Therefore, though not perhaps a happier man, he may reasonably be supposed to have held his life more dearly; for life is commonly valued, not in proportion to its enjoyments, but in proportion to its interests, its cares, its anxieties. Moreover, a domestic circle naturally breeds in the character a love of comfort; and the more we become accustomed to the enjoyments of life, the less disposed we are to risk them. The habitual indulgence, the constant calling forth of the gentler affections, have an irresistible tendency to relax that tone of stern and lofty, but steady and subdued enthusiasm, which alone can enable the statesman to steer his course aright in dangerous and troubled times. And when we consider how many occasions must occur, where a slight deviation from lofty principle might be the means of avoiding danger, of disarming enmity, of preserving a life dear and valuable to others, we shall look with a ready sympathy and a generous indulgence upon those who, in such trials, have been found wanting; and shall regard those who, like Barneveldt, have passed through the ordeal unfaltering and triumphant, with a proportionate veneration.* With De Witt the case was different, and the task, in consequence, incalculably easier. He had a father whom he loved, and a brother who ran the same patriotic career with himself. But there were no helpless and confiding beings depending upon him alone for support. His line of duty, though arduous, was clear and single. There were no side influences to draw him away from that line. He had but one object of affection or desire—one faith, one aim; and to these he was faithful to the end.

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* Of the wife of Barneveldt only one anecdote is preserved to us; but that one indicates a character worthy of the name she bore. Some time after Barneveldt's death, his two sons were executed for a conspiracy against Prince Maurice. Their mother threw herself at the feet of Maurice to petition for their pardon. 'How is it,' asked that unfeeling enemy, 'that you will beg that mercy for your sons which you refused to solicit for your husband?' 'Because,' replied the widow, 'my husband was innocent, and my sons are guilty!'

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ART. VII.—*Christian Morals.* By the Rev. W. SEWELL, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. 8vo. London: 1840.

THIS is a book which, if we had fallen in with it at an old book stall, we might have picked up as a strange instance of the lengths to which the ravings and hallucinations of an individual may go. But considering it as the appointed teachings of a University Professor; and, not only that, but as part of a collection which clergymen of the Church of England are engaged in circulating under the much-abused name of 'The Englishman's 'Library,' it has filled us with amazement. We had hoped that the University itself, or some of its members, would have put forth a disclaimer. But as this is not the case, and as the book remains before the world, with all the authority which ought to belong to the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, it is fitting that the non-academic public should be informed what sort of moral teaching an English University provides. We believe the instruction in Latin and Greek—the mere scholarship of Oxford—to be very good; but the genius of the place appears to be in irreconcilable hostility with most of the elements of modern civilization. It looks as if a fatality hung over its walls, with regard to every thing relating to real life. What Oxford loyalty would have made of the British Constitution, if it had had its way, is matter of history. The real friends of the Reformation are pretty well aware, by this time, what would have been the use of a Reformation at all, if nothing else had been to be got by it but the odds and ends which Oxford divinity would leave us now. An honest man out of Bedlam will learn, from the writings of Mr Sewell, Tutor of Exeter College, and late Professor of Moral Philosophy to the University, the nature, means, and object of Oxford morals.

There never was a writer less entitled to notice on his own account, except as a curiosity, than Mr Sewell. But his connexion with Oxford—the fact that the University has indorsed his bills and guaranteed his credit—makes him a person of importance on this occasion. We cannot omit the opportunity of protesting against the unprincipled way in which that learned body has compromised its reputation, and violated the trust reposed in it by so doing. The scandals of patronage, it is true, have nowhere ranged with wilder license than over every department of public education. The Church, which ought to be the great public teacher, has been jobbed, until the existence of the

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Church of Scotland is put in peril by the evil and the remedy; and until the Churches of England and of Ireland can, in many quarters, no longer show the noblest title by which Christ announced that his religion* was to be known —'the poor have the gospel preached unto them.' Well might Paley complain, 'that the converting the best share 'of the revenues of the church (the proper fund for maintaining 'those who are occupied in cultivating or communicating religi-'ous knowledge) into annuities for the gay and illiterate youth 'of great families, threatens to stifle the little clerical merit that 'is left among us.' But if lay patrons are bad, ecclesiastical patrons are, if any thing, worse. The misconduct of the Universities in this respect is so flagrant, that no man in his senses, founding a Professorship, would place it at their disposal. Private motives, good, bad, and indifferent, uniformly get the better of all public considerations. Merit is the last thing thought of. At Cambridge, for instance, a member of St John's College, competent or incompetent, may make sure of any University office which the votes of his college can command. At Oxford, not long ago, the newspapers were full, for weeks together, of the election of a Professor of Poetry. Not a word of the proper qualifications of the candidates. The election was turned

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* The Bishop of London has lately published three 'Sermons on the Church.' Oxford divinity disposes us to be very thankful to him for his comparative moderation. But we must remonstrate on the part of Scotch Episcopalians, as well as of English Protestant Dissenters, against the narrowness of the test by which the Bishop tries the guilt of *schism*. 'No man (he says) can justify his voluntary separation from the National 'Church, but upon the ground that she requires of him the profession of 'some article of faith at variance with the fundamental truths of the Gos-'pel, or the performance of some act of worship, forbidden, either ex-'pressly or implicitly, by the Word of God!' There is to our minds another justification, less applicable, to be sure, on account of the class to which they respectively belong—to Episcopalian seceders from the Church of Scotland—than to the great majority of Protestant seceders from the Church of England;—we mean that they do not find the ministrations of the National Church so spiritually profitable as those of their own chapels. If Dr Johnson could admit, with tears in his eyes, the justice of Hannah More's defence of her dissenter-reading, the mechanic and the servant-maid, it is to be hoped, may be excused for going on a Sunday where they feel that they receive most good. The truth is, that the intellectual as well as social habits of most English clergymen have made them in many ways above their work. As to educating the poor, Dr Arnold has said, 'I never knew any poor man who could properly be said to be educated.'

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into a trial of party strength, and nothing else, between the two religious parties which divide the University at present. Personal or party motives of this description must have the discredit of having made Mr Sewell Professor of Morals; a science, above all others, requiring calmness and caution, a clear comprehensive understanding, and a loving heart. Neither is arrogance the temper, nor a kind of Irish eloquence the talent, wanted. Any page of the book at which its readers may have the luck to open, will satisfy them, not only that the writer of it has a mind intellectually incapable of distinguishing truth from falsehood, but that he could never have had five minutes conversation with any body upon any serious subject, without this most striking disqualification coming out.

When we give Mr Sewell five minutes to expose himself in, we are sure that we give him time enough. For this purpose, it will be all the same whether he shall have been expounding to his friends the theories on Christian art and Christian politics, with which he encourages mankind to hope that he may live to complete his theory of Christian morals; or whether he shall have been dilating on the only way in which, as he conceives, Natural Philosophy can be cultivated with any reasonable prospect of success. His contempt for modern science, and for the drudges digging in its mines for facts, will have prevented him from communicating with the British Association concerning the methods by which alone discoveries are to be made. But this is clear. His chapter upon the subject (ch. 22) is either greater nonsense than Swift or Munchausen durst have attributed to the academy of Laputa; or the *Novum Organum* is nothing to it. Our readers must say which.

It is declared, that Theology is the root and mother of all knowledge; and 'that the sciences which relate to matter ought 'to be studied upon Christian principles and methods, just as 'much as the sciences which relate to mind.' This being assumed, the chapter consists of two propositions:—First, the human mind, unless it be supported by a theological creed, is incapable of making a successful effort upon any subject. Next, from their inseparable connexion with the facts with which all science has to deal, the Scriptures, duly studied and applied, are the appropriate guide to every species of scientific truth. If the first of these propositions is true, no man can trust to his understanding for any purpose—and especially no man of science can expect his understanding to stand him in any stead in scientific enquiries—unless he has first settled his religious creed to the satisfaction of Mr Sewell. If the second proposition is true, Sir David Brewster and Dr Whewell may save themselves the

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trouble of discussing, whether discoverers in science can be assisted in their noble labours by any rules. They have only to read their Bibles properly, and they will find the key to the secrets of nature there. Now for the proofs of such astounding communications.

That a religious creed is necessary to preserve a man in the use of his faculties, is demonstrated as follows. Without a religious creed there can be no active moral principle; and without an active moral principle, 'the very highest productions of the 'human intellect are just as much the result of circumstan-'ces, and the work of chance, (*as what?*) as a piece of cotton 'which comes out of a mill.' Again, 'the whole earth, every 'night about twelve o'clock, becomes a vast lunatic asylum.' And, it is supposed, that man in his lucid intervals—that is, in his waking hours—would be precisely in the same state but for the control of the moral principle; in other words, (for they are spoken of as synonymous,) but for the influence of a religious creed. Our experience is appealed to for the truth of this statement. 'Scarcely any thing has been done in the present 'day for the real advancement of science by speculative men.' A religious paralysis, it is assumed, has struck their understandings. 'Whatever discoveries have been made in that ma-'chinery which is our chief boast, have been made by common 'workmen by accident. It is a notorious fact.' Let the Wattses and Babbages attend. The world has been giving them credit on false pretences. Their calculations are an affair of chance. The limits, within which Mr Sewell's disciples are allowed to look for their religious creed, are small indeed. But stretch these limits from the east unto the west; and was there ever before printed, in any age or country, such a prodigy of falsehood—as—not merely that men without religion were for the ordinary business of life no more to be depended upon than lunatics or somnambulists—but that the probability of a successful exercise of our intellectual powers, on whatever subject they are applied, rise or fall with the nature of our religious opinions. A moment's consideration * of the difference between speculative and practical reason, and of the subjects on which they are respectively exercised; and how the will, and the infirmities thereto belonging, only attach to subjects of practical as distinguished from subjects of speculative reason, would

* Mr Sewell likes the parade of obsolete learning. He will nowhere see this difference better put, than in the Prima Secundæ of Thomas Aquinas.—Quæst. xciv.

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with most people have prevented all this folly. That this would not have been the case with Mr Sewell, is but too true. Since, he says, what are termed the *speculative* doctrines of the Church, are falsely termed so: and that in one instance, morals, Bishop Butler has shown 'the Athanasian Creed to be as much the 'basis of Christian morality, so far as morality is a part of re-'ligion, and religion a part of morality, as the Ten Command-'ments.'

The use to be made, in physical investigations, of the nature, attributes, and moral government of God, is illustrated more in detail.

Before we give our readers a specimen of these details, we must observe, as Pitt observed to Wilberforce on returning him Bishop Butler's celebrated treatise, that there is nothing which *Analogy* may not prove, if it is admitted as a mode of positive proof. Its proper sphere is to remove out of the way objections, whether founded on *à priori* or other reasoning, or on supposed evidence of improbability, ill applied. If this be so, what alone can be the consequence, even in the most prudent hands, of searching for similitudes between things, which have nothing in common except their common author? More especially does the folly of quoting Scriptural analogies, on the ground of the supposed connexion of Scripture facts 'with every other branch of facts in every other science,' become quite incredible, when every body allows that much of the precise and positive language of Scripture concerning physics, as well as many of its precedents in moral and social life, are in direct contradiction with those physical truths and moral duties upon which all mankind are now agreed. The Scriptures are not the less true for their own great purpose, whatever we may think of the Astronomy and Geology which are contained in them; and whether we adopt or not Paley's explanation of the wars of Canaan, or Milton's panegyric on the polygamous marriage bed, 'as Saints and Patriarchs used.'

A study of the facts with which a particular science has to deal, will be constantly suggesting to inventive minds different hypotheses or leading ideas, among which the law of their relation is likely to be found. It is part of the divination of genius, to ascertain with the least possible cost of time and labour, which of these seeds will grow. In hammering away at nature, there will be greatly too many chips in the case even of the best workmen. But the best workman will have the fewest. Mr Sewell, we fear, is all chips. His dogmas are—first, that there can be no physical science without religion; next, that whether any science can emerge under a religion, partly true and

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partly false, will depend on the nature of the errors; and lastly, that the leading ideas which will take philosophers by the shortest and most infallible cut to all truths, physical or metaphysical, are latent in the Scriptures, if philosophers have but religion enough to find them out. 'All the great discoveries of 'speculative men have been made by first taking some theory of 'a very high and general nature, closely connected with the na- 'ture of Almighty God.' This being the case, as it has fared with speculative men in time past, we must expect that it will fare with them in time to come. If there ever was philosopher, whose course was likely to have coincided with the above assertion, it was Kepler. But we shall see, notwithstanding, that he has declared that any religious theory would have led him; not to, but from, his discovery of the Elliptical Orbits. His great contemporary, Galileo, was the head of an opposite school. He is generally understood to have been a speculative man, and to have made some discoveries; and he has recorded his opinion not merely against religious theories, but against all suppositions of preconceived relations. 'Men ignorant of geometry might per- 'haps lament that the circumference of a circle does not happen 'to be three times the diameter, or in some other assignable pro- 'portion to it, rather than such that we have not yet been able to 'explain what the ratio between them is.' We are at a loss which to admire most, Mr Sewell's recklessness in stating principles, or in stating facts.

The question, so put, resembles a question of cause and effect, more than an ordinary case of analogy. To take first the persons of no religion. From what has been said above, it would not appear to signify much, on what subject they employed themselves. Being by the supposition no more rational than somnambulists, they must employ themselves equally in vain on all. In another place, however, it is suggested, that 'a sepa- 'ration between the Athanasian creed and the discoveries of our 'human philosophy' must operate much more injuriously in our researches into the mind of man. than into the world of matter. If any inconsistency in such a writer could surprise us, it would be surprising to be told, immediately after this, that the 'effect 'of a want of knowledge of some infinite good being' was (not the stultifying of Aristotle and Plato, or the confining their contemplations to the material world, but) that of 'compelling the 'highest Greek philosophy to throw all its energies into purely 'metaphysical speculations.'

The Hindoos seem to have been worse off with their religion than they would have been with a religion which is treated in the last paragraph as equivalent to none at all. As Mr Sewell's

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style of philosophizing might lead us to expect, learned Bramins would have as much difficulty in recognizing their mythology and Avatars in the following description, as in subscribing to the supposed effects:—'The doctrine of the unity of the Di-'vine Being, exclusive of all plurality, and of the purely spi-'ritual nature of God, unconnected with the doctrine of the In-'carnation, crushed in the East all science whatever.' The reproach of the East in this place agrees but ill with the panegyric on it in another, where its learning is said to have stood like a gigantic temple on the solid foundations of antiquity—in which Plato acquired the best part of his knowledge, and in which the light of God's primitive revelations was kept alive.

But, at other times, and with other people, marvellous effects are attributed unconditionally to the simple doctrine of the unity of the Divine Being. For instance, it is said to have led to the truest ancient astronomy—and to have suggested, that the heavenly bodies were globular, and moved in circular orbits! Kepler, on the contrary, submitted his own marvellous imagination so far to facts, as to see in this supposed suggestion, the origin not of truth but error. 'If planets were carried round by angels, '(he says) their orbits would be perfectly circular; but the ellip-'tic form, in which we find them, smacks rather of the lever and 'material necessity.' Mr Sewell adds, that if the framers of this system had but believed in an author of evil, and in his final subjugation, as well as in an author of good, they might not have left it to modern astronomers to discover, that the mechanism of the heavens was full of disturbing forces, and nevertheless its regularity was faithfully maintained! In the same manner, Newton's discoveries are stated to have been owing to his belief in the unity of the Divine Being. 'The 'same line of thought would suggest the undulating theory 'of light; the whole theory of vegetable bodies as analogical to 'those of animals; the identity of electricity and lightning; the 'application of steam to navigation; the discovery of the New 'World.' It is easy to assert, that the unity of the Divine Being *would* suggest all these wonders. To make out the several steps, by which the supposed suggestion would work out its way, is not merely difficult, but impossible. If all that is meant by a belief in the unity of the Divine Being, is a belief in the uniformity of the laws of matter, atheists might make experiments, and might reason (and were just as likely to do so) on that belief. But Mr Sewell's argument requires more than a mere possibility of suggestion. It should have been shown that the doctrine of the unity of the Divine Being, or some equivalent theological tenet, *did in fact* suggest these different discoveries. If it did not, we

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must suppose them to have been made by accident; seeing Mr Sewell has before informed us that all discoveries must be made by accident, or by the means of a religious creed.

The discoveries of modern chemistry are mentioned as being among those lucky accidents, which modern science insists on calling discoveries by experiment. Mr Sewell takes as an instance of this perverseness, the principle of 'definite proportions.' This, he says, is, in other words, only the Pythagorean theory, that the world was formed by Numbers. Supposing the discovery to have been made by one of these experimental accidents, Mr Sewell is of opinion that the more natural and simple way would have been to have had recourse to one of his theories 'of 'a high and general nature connected with the nature of Al-'mighty God.' Mr Dalton should have gone at once either with Pythagoras 'to the ancient traditions of a revelation which 'invested numbers with a mysterious character, and which traced 'up their various combinations to one primitive root—the num-'ber three; and that to a still prior root of unity, which never-'theless could not be conceived to exist without the other;' or he should have taken example from 'the ancient fathers who 'made use of the same mystery as enunciated in Scripture, for 'their interpretation of the innumerable passages in Scripture, 'where numbers are introduced.' Men of science, we apprehend, have shown more wisdom in taking a warning, in the opposite direction, from the seventeen years which Kepler wasted in these bewildering mazes. Mr Sewell nevertheless expects (and his book abounds in passages, which prove how strongly the association is bound up with all his philosophical hopes,) that the mysterious numbers of the Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity, are incorporate with all knowledge. 'Perhaps the 'book of nature may be like the book of the gospel, and con-'tain a whole world of enigmas only to be opened by this 'key.' With this view, Mr Sewell notices the deficiencies of Logic and of modern Physics, as sciences of classification. He observes, that if "the recent theory of what is called circular 'arrangement—classes entering into classes, one within the other, 'vegetable, animal, and mineral—should, as is probable, change 'the face of natural history, it must modify the process of syllo-'gism also.' Now, on what is founded the probability that the new theory of circular arrangement will turn out true? On the fact, that the 'former theory did not correspond with the form 'of the Divine Nature as laid down by the church:' and, on the fact, that the 'name of circulation' was the name given to 'the true Catholic doctrine of the Holy Trinity, when it became 'necessary to state it formally, in order to contradict the very'

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'same principle of classification and subordination, which a 'logical Arianism endeavoured to introduce.'

Many very religious men have been materialists. They would be astounded at hearing, that the miracle of the Incarnation ('Perfect God and Perfect Man, of a reasonable soul and human 'flesh subsisting,') was considered to be a conclusive argument against them; whereas, they might to the full as reasonably aver, that the distinction implied in the above passage between the Man-God and ordinary man, was a conclusive argument in favour of their opinion.

The assumption, that all creation is a shadow and revelation of God himself, is connected with the inference that, in that case, even brute matter may bear on it an inscription recording the mysteries of his nature. Dr Buckland, accordingly, must begin the world anew. 'I believe, then, that a geologist, deeply 'impressed with the mystery of baptism—that mystery by 'which a 'new creature' is formed by means of 'water and 'fire'—(*how fire in baptism?*) 'would never have fallen into 'the absurdities of accounting for the formation of the globe 'solely by water, or solely by fire. He would not have main-'tained either a Vulcanian or a Neptunian theory. He would 'have suspected, as most men now suspect, that the truth lay 'in the union of both. And in conceiving a typical connexion 'between the material earth and the spiritual church, he would 'have been justified by the whole tenor of Scripture.' Can any thing be madder than this?—except what follows. For, in like manner, geologists, zoologists, and mathematicians, must take up the Cross with them in their studies. 'I believe that a 'spiritualized eye, seeing all the human race shut up in the per-'son of our Lord, having before it always the figure in which it 'pleased Almighty God to place him before us on the Cross, might 'expect to find a similar figure—the figure of the Cross—placed 'here and there all over the work of creation; as a religious spirit 'in better days than the present erected that Cross on high, where-'ever a human foot might be arrested by it; and as the ancient 'fathers detected it in the most hidden allusions of Scripture:— 'Moses stretching out his hands to the Amalekites—his rod— 'the branch which he threw into the bitter waters—the wood of 'the Ark—the tree of life. In every animal and material nature 'he would expect to discern the figure of a cross; and he would 'not be surprized to find that all mathematical figures were redu-'cible to this element; or, as modern anatomists have suggested, 'that the whole animal world is framed upon this type—a cen-'tral column with lateral processes. It is one of the grand spe-'culations of zoological science.'

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So, Oxford philologists are tutored to look on language (not merely on Greek, which, we are told, was formed for Christianity, and Latin, which was maintained by Popery, but on all language, from Sanscrit to Cherokee,) with the deepest reverence. They are not to permit themselves to dream of its being an invention of man, 'weighing carefully the mysterious title of '*the Word* given to our Lord.'

The application of this kind of reasoning to the affairs of civil life is as easy as putting on a glove. While we are disputing what proportion of the property of the country may be necessary to maintain the poor, the clergy, and the temples of God, 'we 'have forgotten the doctrine of revelation upon this subject. 'Would it be fanciful to suppose that a *tenth* might probably be 'the amount?' Does Mr Sewell mean that he would recommend the adoption of the Jewish law of tythe throughout? Does he know what it really was? And, if the law of tythe, we should like to know, what one point our return to the Mosaic dispensation is to stop at, rather than another. The mistake of the French Revolutionists in setting apart the *tenth* day for rest, in place of the *seventh*, was set right it seems by the nature of things, as well as by the fourth commandment. 'They were compelled to re-'turn to a seventh: because (?) human nature it was found could 'not labour for a longer term together.'

Among our scientific desiderata, it is supposed that we are in want of a model by which we may explain the organization of the human body, and the theory of vegetation. Such a model, it is assumed, is to be found 'in a perfect ecclesiastical polity modelled 'after the pattern seen on the Mount.' In explanation of this, we are gravely asked, if 'we have not near us a body and a tree 'full formed with all its organs more perfectly developed, written 'in larger letters, and of which we know that man's body and the 'tree are but the types and symbols?' If the church be really any such tree and body, it is no wonder that Mr Sewell and his friends attach immeasurable importance to questions of church government. In Mr Sewell's unparalleled jargon, 'the problem of reconciling plurality with unity' is constantly recurring in all questions, ecclesiastical and temporal. It is solved in the following manner; 'Let each insulated fact be made the type and representation of 'one common principle, and at once they fall into unity, however 'diversified in their accidental circumstances. Thus in the Scrip-'tures, as was said before, the Cross of Christ is seen in the tree 'of life, in the wood of the sacrifice laid on the shoulders of Isaac, 'in the rod of Moses, in the pole on which the serpent hung, 'in the staff of David, in the wood of the ark, in the bough 'thrown into the bitter waters. So the mystery of Baptism is

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'read in the deep which covered the earth, in the waters of the 'deluge, in the Red Sea, in Jordan, in the waters of the Nile 'turned into blood, in the pitcher of water changed into wine for 'the marriage of Cana, in the water borne by the man who pre-'pared the room for our Lord's passover; and so of the other 'mysteries of Christianity. *And thus also in civil society,' &c.* God help this man's pupils! And this is the light set up by Oxford to enlighten a darkened age!

We have seen Mr Sewell's way of treating a considerable variety of subjects. Having done so, we think that we may safely repeat the opinion, that it would have been difficult to find a subject, five minutes' conversation upon which with him would not have been sufficient to satisfy any rational being, that, whatever talents Mr Sewell might possess, it was impossible that there should be found among them the talent of discovering, or of communicating truth.

The subject of Christian Morals is certainly no exception. For, as much of the book, with this mendacious title, as has any bearing on them, is of a piece with the wild and insolent raving which Mr Sewell pours out upon other matters. From first to last, there is not a single observation upon Morals, by which any body can possibly be made either better, wiser, or happier; while, under the name of Christian, the subject has been undertaken with the avowed object of confounding Christianity with church government, of putting the body of the people into abject subjection to the priesthood, and of excluding almost the whole of Christendom from the benefit of the Gospel. This is done with the dashing and showy air of a most presumptuous infallibility; and with an imposing manner of familiarly appealing to one or two persons—such as Bishop Butler—whose names, we are sure, if they had but been alive, he would never have dared to utter. The atmosphere of contempt which pervades the book for all extant things and persons, except the author's own spiritual *coterie*, must be painful to good-natured readers. But the marvel of the book is, its utter indifference to credibility in the assumptions it makes, and in the consequences it draws. If we consider the Gospel as a system of Christian morals, delivered by Christ himself, and then turn to the declamation of Mr Sewell, it reads as though it were written under a different dispensation. Faith, hope, and charity have almost disappeared. —To make room for what, and whom?

The moral character of the supposed revelations of the Divine will, which have prevailed at different times in different countries, has been frequently analyzed and compared. There was ample choice, both metaphysical and historical, of the ways by which

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the relation in which Christianity stands to morals, might be expounded. But it is a scandalous misnomer to give the name to such a book as this. We will not pretend to say, that 'Church of England morals' would have been better. For we are satisfied that nine-tenths of the members of the Church of England would protest as vehemently as the rest of Christendom, against being compromised by Mr Sewell. Among a cloud of vague and desultory words, it is often almost impossible to lay hold of the meaning of any particular page or chapter. We come out of the fog as wise as we went in. But the object of the work, as a work, is, we repeat, clear enough. Mr Sewell describes it as being the restoration of the connexion so long dissevered, between the Science of Ethics, and the Catholic Christianity of the Church. We, on the other hand, should describe it as an outrage upon all Christian freedom; and as being, to say the least of it, as dogmatical a substitution of the authority of what they call the Church, for the authority of the Bible, as was ever ventured upon by Priest or Presbyter before. If there is a word of truth in the book, the clergy ought to be looked up to as a Braminical caste, not simply entitled, but solemnly bound, to exercise a paramount influence in the state. The aggrandizement of his order may not have been among the proofs* by which the author of this spider's web was guided in his researches; but it is certainly a consideration which the public will not overlook, in estimating the value of the result arrived at. The 'Christian Morals' of Mr Sewell make the Laity absolutely and necessarily dependent upon the Clergy, for all the means they can ever hope for of grace or knowledge. Upon the important point, who are the clergy, in whose keeping the benefits of Christianity are locked up, nothing positive is said, one way or another; but the reader is left with the impression, that it will not be safe for him to trust to any

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* Bishop Philpotts, who knows man—at least controversial and sacerdotal man—as well as any body, stirs up his clergy with the *argumentum ad hominem* upon this very point, in a recent charge. 'Until the people 'shall think thus of these mysteries, (the sacraments,) they will not think 'of *us*, (*sic. in orig.*) as it is far more for their benefit, than for ours, that 'they should always think.' The real presence in the sacraments is allowed to be a difficulty; but the sacramental presence in Dr Philpotts is a much greater one. The state of mind in which his Clergy must have been, when they could request their Diocesan to publish to the world at large the above singular intimation, assists us to the meaning of another passage, in which the Clergy, while restrained from meeting in Convocation, are compared to 'a maniac in a strait waistcoat.' Sir Robert Peel is a very different man from what we take him to be, if he lets them loose.—(*Charge of the Bishop of Exeter*, 1842.)

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clergyman but a clergyman of the Church of England. We shall soon see how little the Church of England, in fact, can profit by all his good intentions.

Mr Sewell shall speak for himself. His object being to restore the connexion between the Church and Morals—the first point is, to determine what Christian communities are comprehended by him under the imposing generality of the *Church*. This is soon done. According to him, Adam and the Jews had imperfect churches. But his Catholic Church, with its appropriate powers and doctrines, is another and a greater thing. It is Divine in its origin, and Episcopal in its form. It has come down from the Apostles in direct succession; and can admit of no sects or schools. It is essentially independent of any human power. Its rulers are individual bishops, assisted by councils of clergy in each diocese. Its supreme authority lies in a council of these bishops.—(Pp. 29, 50.)

These being the conditions of the Catholic Church, let us see what particular church can make good its title to be a branch of it. Is the Church of Rome successful? It can comply with some of the conditions; unfortunately not with all. The Romanist has indeed received powers; but he confesses (?) to have altered the doctrines in the course of their transmission. The Pope it was who broke up the beautiful system of a federal union of independent bishops by his personal usurpations; who blotted out the catholic character of the Church and its written word; and who left us no assurance for God's commands but the declaration of a self-chosen teacher, our choice of whom will be as erroneous as our moral character is defective.—(P. 380.) Since the Catholic Church is defined to be a church admitting neither sect nor school, the Roman Church, after this description, evidently does not belong to it. To show this must be supposed, indeed, to have been the very object with which the above description of the Roman Church was inserted here. Can the Protestant Dissenter make out a better title? On the contrary, he has no case at all from the very beginning. The tyranny and usurpations of Popery are contrasted with the still more fatal tyranny, and still more unauthorized usurpation of Dissent. It does not pretend to have received either the 'powers or the doctrines'(?)—(P. 32;) and has fallen into still worse errors even than Popery, blotting out the testimony of the Church altogether. Dissent is a vague word. Dissent from what? It would have been more in order to have stated what it was, in doctrine or discipline or institution, a dissent from which is an exclusion from the Catholic Church. It is plain, however, that the Church of England is *the Church* which was

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present to the mind of Mr Sewell, while inditing these damnatory clauses against dissent; as also, in a later passage, where dissenters are charitably informed what is the way in which 'an erroneous theological dogma becomes a moral 'crime.' But did ever monk, writing for his convent, set about his work more blindly than a self-satisfied enquirer after the Church of Christ, who, in distributing his subject, does not notice, even by name, a single national protestant communion, except the one of which he is himself a member? To be sure, the result would have been much the same; since there is not one of them—Lutheran or Calvinist, Scotch or Swiss, Dutch or German—to which any of his characteristics of the Catholic Church, whether regarding origin, government, or supreme authority, could possibly apply. It comes therefore to this. The Church of England is not only (in Oxford language) the Anglo-Catholic Church, but it is the only Catholic Church among the Western Churches. There is no *tertium quid*. Did the greatest enemies to Christianity ever say so much against it? In all the license of their irony, and satire, and malicious learning, did they ever devise so exaggerated a picture of its corruptions, of its schisms, and of the completeness of its failure? There has not been, since the days of Laud and the Nonjurors, so suicidal an attempt at cutting off the Church of England from the rest of Christendom. We do not presume to guess what is the force under which the Bishop of Exeter has been drawn into the orbit, alongst which, like an ill-omened comet, he scorched and perplexed his Diocese in his Charge of September last. He is shrewd enough to have known, that he could not burn his neighbour's house to roast his eggs by, without running a considerable risk of setting his own on fire. Whatever may be the pleasure of saying mysterious and bitter things on the preference of unity to union; of insinuating the superiority of the corporate character of a Christian over his personal; and of telling all, who are not good churchmen, that the promises of the Gospel are not for them—the price to be paid for so great a pleasure may, after all, be more than it is worth. What a spectacle for reasonable men, the excommunicating the greater part of Christendom, on points which it is not easy to make persons, in possession of their senses, understand! If the controversies of Christians among themselves have done more to stop the progress of Christianity at home and abroad,* than

* Hey, Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was a man of a very different stamp from Mr Sewell. 'It seems likely,' he says,

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all other causes put together, there is nothing that we should deprecate so much, as the possibility of Mr Sewell making out his case. Divines of common charity and common sense have been quite aware of this, from Jeremy Taylor to the Bishop of London downwards. It was for a short time, a sufficient security against any sane member of a Reformed Church—setting up extravagant pretensions in behalf of the Church in general—that it could not be done without necessarily playing into the hands of the Church of Rome. But, more than this. Every thinking Christian could not but feel that, as far he was successful in exposing particular Churches, he was to a great degree weakening the foundations and the evidence of Christianity itself. Intelligent members of the Church of England had this further consciousness: whatever were the scandals of schism, heresy, idolatry, and what not, which they might object to the Church of Rome, they must stop short, in prudence, of denying her to be a Church—seeing that it was out of the bosom of the Church of Rome that the Church of England, as it was constructed and christened at the Reformation, had been itself derived.

Modern zeal or superstition was never worse employed, than in attempting to re-adapt to the curiosity or the passions of our times, high-flown theories about the Church. As every man is said to be born a Platonist, or an Aristotelian, so, we apprehend, any person with a mind capable of being misled by Mr Sewell and the like, will have but little chance of being kept right, or of being brought back again by such books as 'the Kingdom of Christ' of Archbishop Whateley, and the Sermons of Dr Arnold.† The Bishop of London, however, is sufficient for us on this occasion. He will be found a great deal too latitudinarian for Mr Sewell. If the Catholic Church be a corporate community, apostolically descended, we can connect ourselves with it, whatever it may be, only by means of some particular Church. Now, the Bishop of

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'that the Christian religion would have been successfully taught in '*China*, had not the different sects of Christians there got into contro-'versy with one another, and carried it on in such a manner as to 'disgust the Emperor.' We once more have an opening for Christianity among those three hundred millions, who, as Hey observes, are not unimproved in that which is chiefly wanting for its reception—*morals*. Are our divines more reasonable now? What chance, to say the least, would be left for Christianity, with Oxford Missionaries, who must treat as Heathens the Missionaries of every Church, except their own?

† *Passim*.—But especially the first Appendix to the third volume, and the Introduction to his *Christian Life*.

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London, we feel certain, knows as well as we do, that the Church of England cannot so connect itself, on the terms required by Mr Sewell.

Before entering on the question of pedigree, it is right to notice that the Catholic Church of Mr Sewell has no sects or schools. Is that the case with the Church of England? Ever since the Reformation, it has comprised, under its articles of peace, a greater variety of opinions, than would be necessary to set up a greater number of schools than heathen philosophy ever knew. We question whether there are not, at the present moment even, as many sects within, as without, its pale.

But to come to the question of pedigree: the Catholic Church of Mr Sewell has come down from the Apostles in direct succession. In this case, the Church of England must connect itself with the Church of the Apostles, by means of the Church of Rome. For a question of succession is a question of pedigree, and nothing else. Now, what says Mr Sewell of the Church of Rome? He denies that, with its present constitution and doctrine, it can belong to the Catholic Church. But its constitution and doctrines at the time of the Reformation, were the same as at present. To raise a question about the Anglo-Saxon Church is beside the purpose. The only Church known in England in the reign of Henry VIII., and for many ages previous, was a local Church—a branch Church of the general Church of Rome—the same in England as the Gallican Church in France. If the Church of Rome is no part of the Catholic Church now, the English branch of it, at the time of the Reformation, could be no part of the Catholic Church then. Consequently, on the doctrine of Apostolical succession, it was incapable of transferring to itself, under the name of the Protestant Church of England, a title by descent—which title, on Mr Sewell's supposition, it had lost already. It is one of the misfortunes of cases of pedigree, that a break in the pedigree, though but for a moment, or in a single instance, can never afterwards be repaired.

So much for the case of pedigree and descent on the part of the Church of England. There is a worse flaw, however, than this, in its title to be the Catholic Church of Mr Sewell. For, granting the absurdity, that the Church of Rome could pass on to the Church of England a better title than it had itself,—the Church of England, from the very first, repudiated the notion of any transfer of the kind. It set up its own form of Church government, upon its own grounds, not only in independence of these suppositions, but in complete contradiction to them. The Church of England, so far from claiming any *Divine origin*, was, at its birth, emphatically designated '*the*

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Church as by law established.' However independent of the civil magistrate may be the truths which it professes, and the character in which it delivers them, nevertheless, in its *form and legislature*, it is a merely human institution. The legislative charter, under which this modern spiritual corporation was reformed, and reconstituted, passed at a period when the English nation was more submissive to its monarchs than at any other, before or since. It owed its existence, as a church, to the humour of Henry VIII., the interests of the guardians of Edward VI., and the political necessities of Elizabeth. Parliament made it, and Parliament can unmake it. The difference between the Church of England, as it is by law, and the Church of England, which churchmen of Mr Sewell's cast see in visions, and dream of in their dreams, cannot be better set forth than in the words of Speaker Onslow. The passage is longer than we well have room for; but it is so complete an exposure of the ignorance by which the Church of England is represented as being, by any possibility, Mr Sewell's church, that we could not put our answer into better form. 'By the constitution of the Church of England it is, that the supreme legislative power of the church is in 'King, Lords, and Commons in Parliament. And it is the same 'with regard to the King's supremacy, whose ecclesiastical jurisdiction and authority is an essential part of our church constitution, renewed and confirmed by Parliament, as the supreme 'legislature of the church, which has the same extent of true 'power in the Church of England as any church legislature ever 'had; and may therefore censure, excommunicate, deprive, degrade, &c., or may give authoritative directions to the officers 'of the church to perform any of them; and may also make laws 'and canons to bind the whole church, as they shall judge proper, not repugnant to the laws of God or nature. Nay, the 'laity in England cannot otherwise be bound but by Parliament, 'who have a right (when they think proper) to the advice and 'assistance of the convocations, or the true parliamentary meetings of the clergy, by the *præmunientes* clause in the parliamentary writs to the bishops, if the one or the other, or both, 'should be then assembled.* The legislature of the primitive 'church was in the whole body, and afterwards had many variations in its constituents, and may still vary with the consent of 'the several communities. If this distinction of legislature in 'the Parliament be true, (and I am not the first who has men-

* See the Journals of the House of Commons of the 13th, and 16th of April 1689; 1st of March, 1710, 1712, 1713.

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'tioned it,) the Church of England is freed from the imputation 'of being a creature *only* of the state, which by some sects of 'Christians has been often and much objected to, and makes it 'to be agreeable to Mr Locke's notion, indeed demonstration, '"that matters of mere religion are absolutely independent of 'the civil magistrate, as such." Where ecclesiastical jurisdic-'tions have cognizance of temporal matters, they are thus far 'civil courts; and so *vice versâ*. The King is said in our law to 'be *mixta persona*, as regards his supremacy in the execution of 'all civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and so is the Parliament 'a mixed legislature. As to which or what is the best church 'constitution, I say nothing here. But this may be said, that no 'church power, whatsoever or wheresoever placed, legislative or 'otherwise, can have any right to the sanction of civil punish-'ments—nor ought they to be—or any temporal disadvantages. 'All religions ought to have their free course, where they inter-'fere not with the peace and rights of human society; of such '*the civil power is to endow one, and to protect all.*—(See Mr 'Locke's "Treaties of Government and Toleration.") The 'convocation can by their canons bind only their own body. 'They are in the nature of by-laws; and that is now fully 'settled by a solemn determination in the King's Bench, made 'in my Lord Hardwick's times there.' *

The rulers of the Catholic Church of Mr Sewell, it must be remembered, are bishops, assisted by their clergy, and its supreme authority is in a Council of Bishops. It follows, therefore, from Speaker Onslow's statement, that the Church of England is not the Catholic Church which Mr Sewell is in quest of. Whatever rule English bishops can legally exercise, is exercised without the assistance of their clergy. The supreme authority of the Church of England is in no Council of Bishops, but in Parliament. Ages before the Reformation this was equally the case. The canons of Popes and Councils (though they have been lately called, by way of compliment, the common law of Christendom,) were admitted only partially into England; and then as *imperium sub imperio—lex sub graviore lege.* They did not become law as far as the Anglican Church was concerned, until they had received the assent of Parliament, express or implied. Witness, out of a hundred instances, the *Articuli Cleri*, and the famous answer, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.* The King was even then (10, Hen. VII.) described as *persona mixta*, exercising ecclesiastical

* *Burnet's History of his own Times*, Vol. iv. p. 17. (Note to the last edition.)

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as well as temporal authority;—an idea which was afterwards adopted and enlarged upon, in the statutes declaring the King's supremacy. (24th and 26th Henry VIII., and 1 Eliz.) So complete is the royal supremacy, that the clergy cannot even pass bye-laws in their convocation, to bind merely themselves, unless these bye-laws are confirmed afterwards by the King. Since the Reformation, the fact, that the supreme authority in legislating for the Church is Parliament, has been brought out much more clearly, as was to be expected. This is exceedingly well shown by Dr Arnold, (*Sermons*, 3d vol. app. 431.) A single paragraph from the judgment by Lord Hardwicke, referred to by Speaker Onslow, will be sufficient for our purpose. It was given more than a century ago, and has never been questioned. 'The constant uniform practice ever since the Reformation (for there is no occasion to go further back) has been, 'that when any material ordinances or regulations have been 'made to bind the laity as well as clergy, in matters merely ecclesiastical, they have been either enacted or confirmed by Parliament. Of this proposition the several acts of uniformity are 'so many proofs, for by those the whole doctrine and worship, 'the very rites and ceremonies, and the literal form of public 'prayers, are prescribed and established; and it is plain from the 'several preambles of these acts, that though the matters were 'first considered and approved in convocation, yet the convocation was only looked upon as an assembly of learned men, able 'and proper to prepare and propound them, but not to enact and 'give them their force.'—(2 Atkyns, 650.)

Lord Hardwicke gives it as his opinion, in the preceding page, that no notion of divine authority was attached to the legislative power under which the ancient canons were made, after the Roman Emperors became Christian. 'The binding force of 'these ancient canons over laymen was not derived from any 'particular prerogative or supremacy of the Emperor, as head of 'the church; but from the supreme legislative power being lodged 'in his person.' In the same manner, on the principles of the English constitution, the right to bind the laity, even in matters ecclesiastical, is in no apostolically descended body. Lord Hardwicke declares it cannot be any where but in Parliament. And why? For a common-sense English reason. In Parliament only are the laity represented. In the matter of ecclesiastical judicature and legislation, it is by no means necessary that the judge or legislator should be an ecclesiastic. We could add pages of proofs and illustrations; but the constitution of the Privy Council, and the case of lay-baptism before it, only the other day, (Martin *v.* Escott) being the most authoritative,

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solely as being the last instance, are decisive. Surely the concurring authority of Coke, Hale, Holt, and Hardwicke, upon the relation in which the Church of England stands to the State—and what is the supreme legislature therein—might satisfy even Mr Sewell, that his general propositions are larger than they are discreet. As far as the Church of England is concerned, he is evidently falling into the folly which has become a proverb, that of reckoning without his host.

Mr Sewell is already out of court. He is contending for a magnificent inheritance in the gifts and privileges of the church. But like an awkward advocate, in the very opening of his case he has laid down rules of law and evidence concerning title, which are fatal to his client. On his own showing, it is highly probable that there is no ecclesiastical heir at all. At all events the inheritance does not belong to that reverend body for which Mr Sewell is appearing. The inheritance, as described, is certainly well worth looking after. But a prior question is also worth considering. Is there really any such inheritance, except in the legendary romance of our spiritual Quixote? There is no mistaking the nature of the gifts and privileges which are supposed to be inherent in the church. They are laid down in broad and peremptory propositions. Let us hear what those are with which at present we are most concerned. Whatever moral advantages individuals are to get from Christianity, must be got through the means of membership with this unknown, or at least this unagreed upon and debated about church. These advantages consist—first, in the metaphysical change effected in our natures by the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper; next, in the help of the ecclesiastical guides, from childhood to the grave, provided for us by the Church in the persons of the clergy. Such is literally the whole of Mr Sewell's moral commentary on the Christian Bible;—the sum total of all that he can find there, worth the teaching. These are his 'grateful but mean 'acknowledgments' to the university of Oxford, for all that he owes to her wise teaching, and her blessed institutions—'a light 'in a darkened age.'

Many men have method in their madness. An instance of this is Mr Sewell's earnestness in turning every thing into revelation. Now, positive revelation is the subject of proof. Once proved, the necessity of it is of course admitted by all believing in it, to the extent to which the revelation is believed to have been made. But with some people this is not enough. They insist further on imaginary revelations, conjectural divine commissions, and arbitrary spiritual aids. What is the reason of this? Why do persons who, after all, pretty much agree on the amount of know-

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ledge and of virtue which men acquire, make the theory of the means by which it is supposed to be acquired, of such importance? One should have thought at first, that to persons living under positive revelation, it would be, in the way of speculation at least, a matter of indifference, whether God had given man from his birth a nature capable of acquiring knowledge and virtue, by what we may call in distinction merely human means; or, whether, in the first instance, he had made man's general nature more imperfect, but had afterwards supplied the deficiency partially, and from time to time, by the means of particular revelations, and the aids provided under them. Man is equally indebted to God, his Creator and Preserver, either way. But Mr Sewell and his school are looking to an object widely different from this. They are preparing the ground for Church Authority. By degrading man—by describing him, such as he has come out of the hands of his Maker ever since the days of Adam, as a being incapable, in his own nature, of knowledge and virtue—by representing the learning of the heathen world, as only the fragments of 'a forgotten revelation'—a foundation is in some sort of manner laid for the building up of a mighty spiritual structure, and the overshadowing of human life. In this manner it appears to follow, as a natural inference, that these latter days have probably also nothing else to look to for knowledge and virtue than to a revelation; and that they have no sense given them (for in that case there would be no use for it) but just as much as may enable them to see the testimony by which that revelation is established; which testimony, in Mr Sewell's language, is, and only can be, the witness of the Church. So the whole argument is conveniently concluded, as a matter of course, by the testimony of Mr Sewell's Church in its own favour. In his Cosmogony, the Church is the Elephant which supports the World.

This testimony is backed up by potent maxims. Such, for instance, as that you are to ask for no evidence—to take the Creed as it is presented to you upon trust—and, having once taken it, to make a solemn vow never to doubt its truth. The candour of the first of these maxims is exemplified by a beautiful distinction. Mr Sewell's disciple is told: 'You must ask, not 'the clergyman, but all the others who come to you, to produce 'their credentials. *I say, not the clergyman.*' But you must be sure and 'ask the dissenter—who claims to be a minister from 'God, with a right to assist you in your study, and in your prac-'tice of Christian ethics,'—by whom he is appointed? The extent to which Mr Sewell's Christians are to take their religion upon trust, is exemplified by the fact, that the first condition of enter-

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ing into relation with the Church is, that the Christian learn a creed. He can believe without understanding. The transmission of a creed is indeed matter of historical evidence. But evidence will not make a Christian. It is God who gives faith. Metaphysical abstractions are, in all things, the first conveyed to the child, and must be.—(Pp. 287, 300.) The philosophy, out of which these assertions are derived, is not satisfied with the reasonable doctrine, that in religion as in other subjects, there are many things which a child must receive on credit, in the hope that he may comprehend them afterwards; but it goes on to declare, even with regard to grown-up men, that '*the highest* '*exercise of the reason or intellect*, is the embracing as truth with-'out evidence something that you do not understand.' Baptism is elsewhere stated to endow equally all the children of the Church with the spirit of truth and wisdom; so as to qualify all equally for appreciating the higher truths of religion, as well as its mere facts. But upon this theory of belief, where is the use of wisdom, when all appreciation is disclaimed? Suppose that a Christian has been in this manner carried blindfold within the fold, the door is locked upon him by requiring of him a vow that he will not doubt. Certain circumstances are mentioned, as showing 'the wisdom of 'insisting on a pledge, vow, or promise, that he will hold fast 'what he has been taught. It is in his power to exclude doubt 'as much as to exclude any evil thought. It is his moral duty 'to do so.' What a pleasant way Mr Sewell has of conciliating such minds, as are looking out boldly but faithfully for the truth, and of representing the service of religion to be a reasonable service!

After this, Dissenters will not wonder that the University moralist leaves them out, and passes on upon the other side. 'Does your parent take you to the church? Does he tell 'you that the clergyman of the parish is to be your religious 'instructor? If this is not the case, I have little intention of 'addressing myself to you.' Yet at what peril are they omitted! For, listen to the language which he puts into the mouth of his parish clergyman:—'Look round you on this 'side and that, and in every part of the country you will see 'others like myself, each in his own district representing the 'same body, and ministering, like me, in an ancient holy 'building, especially called the Church. How came we here? 'Should I be permitted to preach in this pulpit as of my own 'will? No. We receive a special and most solemn commis-'sion from the heads and rulers of this body or society, of 'which I need not tell you that the name is the Church. '*They delegated to us the power to which, if you would ever*

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'*become good, you must have recourse at our hands.*'—(26.) We do not know whether we may test the truth of the last part of this paragraph by that of the former part. But Mr Sewell is woefully mistaken, if he thinks his parish clergyman has any title to the parish Church and parish Pulpit from bishops and councils, or otherwise than by Act of Parliament.

The University moralist proceeds in the same tone:—'Any 'discussion of ethics which does not include the fact of a 'Catholic Apostolical Church must be as faulty as a theory of 'astronomy which left out the sun.' . . . 'If you cannot 'commence any science, much less the science of morals, with- 'out learning its fundamental principles from the testimony of 'others. the very first thing to be done, is to show you which 'testimony is to be followed.' . . . . 'All inquiry into 'ethical science is virtually a treatise on education; so every 'act of education throws us back upon a search for some com- 'munication from God. Without this, education is a dream.' . . . . 'And to obtain this we must recur to Revelation; 'for Revelation we must go to the Apostles; for communica- 'tion with the Apostles we must go to the Catholic Church.' . . . . 'I have said what many will think strange, that 'man by himself is *unable* to educate man. I add now what 'many will think stranger—that without the Church he has no 'right to educate him. Education without the Church is an 'absurdity. Therefore a system of ethics, which is not based 'upon the Church, must be an absurdity likewise. Both 'parental and civil authority require the support and witness of 'the Church, or they fall to the ground. But when they thus 'recognize the existence of the Church as a commissioned 'ambassador from God, they must also recognize its full powers. 'Thus, if either parent or state attempt to educate man without 'the co-operation of the Church, without giving to it its due 'prominence and presidency, without allowing, nay, requiring 'the exercise of all the powers committed to it, they are flying 'in the face of their Lord and Master, and they must take the 'consequences.'—(40 *et passim.*)

There is a preliminary operation to be performed by the Church, the object of which is a metaphysical change in our nature, to prepare the soil for the clergyman's moral husbandry. This operation is Baptism. In consequence of the change produced by it, the Church is said to begin its education where heathen education ended. 'A system of professedly 'Christian education, which does not constantly bear in mind 'this distinction, and frame itself upon the privileges of 'Baptism, as on its fundamental fact, can only end in con-

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'fusion and mischief.' . . . . . 'Let us go back about 'fifteen hundred centuries, and imagine ourselves standing 'by the side of the cradle of an infant with a Father of the 'Church, and a heathen philosopher standing with us, and contemplating the condition and prospects of that little child. 'Before any thing can be done or hoped, a ceremony must be 'performed over the child. What is it? We are living in an 'age which despises forms, and to this contempt we owe no 'little part of our moral evils. Without rightly appreciating 'them and comprehending their use, we shall not understand the 'most essential laws of Christian ethics. . . . The Church 'commences her work of education with an outward form. If 'you know any thing of the Christianity which you profess, you 'will know that. . . . The Church educates mainly and 'chiefly by communicating to you certain gifts of immeasurable 'value. These it professes to communicate through the means 'of certain outward acts and symbols. Its great instruments of 'good are the sacraments. These sacraments 1500 years ago 'were administered with many more symbolic forms than they 'are at present: especially the sacrament of Baptism, which is 'the beginning of your Christian education: *the act in which are 'condensed all the great truths of Christian ethics.*'

One of the great truths to which these symbolic forms pointed, is the fact, that Christian education must commence by literally driving out the Devil, who 'possesses' us at our births. It is represented as being a matter of the utmost consequence, that 'we hold, and realize, and act upon the unfigurative literal personality of a spirit of evil, going about daily, seeking whom he 'may devour. On this main fact must rest the foundation of 'all Christian ethics. . . . The ancient church first took 'the child and solemnly exorcised it. The origin of evil is a 'fundamental problem in human nature; and exorcism contains 'the answer to it, which was given by the Catholic Church de'livering that answer from the lips of Almighty God.' By answer to the problem, Mr Sewell, if he means any thing, must mean discharge from the consequences; since, as to the *origin* of evil, exorcism leaves the problem where it found it.

What we are practically most concerned with is, with these consequences: that is, with the effect of exorcism; whether express as formerly, or implied as at present. In what state then does baptism place us by casting out the Devil? Greek sculpture had two statues: one, of man in an offensive, the other, in a defensive attitude. These statues, it is said, will serve to represent the fundamental difference between Christian and Heathen ethics. 'The perception of it is necessary to understand the ethical cha-

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'racter of Christian doctrine; by confusing it this doctrine was 'corrupted; and it brings out into the fullest light the wonders, 'and privileges, and responsibilities of the Church. . . . 'The very things which a heathen moralist would most desire, '—all these are described in the Bible as effected by baptism al- 'ready. It is something past and done. And the subsequent 'struggle, for struggle there must be, is to defend what we have 'received, to secure ourselves from falling from the high estate 'in which we have been placed. I repeat the distinction again 'and again, because it is of vital importance. It is the grand 'separation between Christian and heathen ethics. It is because 'all modern systems of ethics, whether treated as a science, or 'practically applied in education, have neglected this difference, 'that the science has fallen into its present degraded state, and 'education itself has become a farce.' But in the ancient church even greater things, than the destruction of the evil power, and the removal of natural pollution, were symbolized by baptism. A want of unity is at the bottom of all human weakness; and, by the miracle of baptismal regeneration we are made members of Christ, and united with God, through the inspiration of his Holy Spirit. The union with Christianity so begun is to be continued by means of the Lord's Supper. 'Until once more 'the Catholic Church in this country shall restore this awful 'mystery to its due prominence; until it makes prayer and 'praise, and even right action, subservient to the reception of 'the Holy Communion, Christian ethics will still remain a 'vague, inconsistent, fluctuating chaos of contradictory prin- 'ciples and empty feelings. Men do not choose goodness, be- 'fore it is given to them in baptism; they cannot afterwards pro- 'cure it for themselves, without the ministration of the Church. 'The nearer you approach to the Apostolic age, the more strik- 'ing is the light in which the mystery of the sacraments is placed, 'as if they were the great treasure committed to the keeping of 'the church, not merely a metaphysical creed relating to the 'nature of God, but a code of laws tending to the government 'of man.'

Mr Sewell has here again damaged his case by overstating it. He is aware of the vastness of the power which he is claiming for the Church—'a power which places it almost on a level with 'God himself.' So strongly is he aware of this, that the extravagance of the claim is made an argument in favour of it. He asks, with some simplicity, 'if any human being could dare to as- 'sume it without authority from God.'—(27.) Really it is impossible to say what any Church, heathen, or Christian may not *dare*. It will be more to the purpose to ask, whether the members of a

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church, really in possession of any such supernatural powers, would not be at once distinguishable from all other people by their moral excellence; and, whether a church, thus miraculously endowed, could have ever so far lost its hold upon mankind, that not only its distinguishing characteristic, but its very identity and existence should be matter of dispute. Certain miraculous powers—as the missionary gift of tongues—may be in suspense for ages. Others may be in daily exercise, but may lie beyond the reach of human discernment—as Roman Catholics believe to be the case with transubstantiation in the mass; and as all sober-minded Christians believe to be the case with the influences of divine grace. But the miraculous transformation of man's nature, attributed to the sacraments, especially to that of baptism, is a change which takes place, if at all, in every baptised person; while, from the nature of the change described, the difference produced by it between the baptised and the unbaptised, ought to be not merely distinctly visible, but startling. If this is not the case under the baptism of any known Christian church, (and can any body pretend it is so?)—there is only one alternative—either the theory is false, or not one of our Christian churches is the church of God. Mr Sewell has anticipated our doubt, and allows that though any person raising it would once have been highly criminal, yet in the present age, such a person is more properly the object of compassion than anger. He answers, that the work of perfecting man's nature is not performed in baptism fully, finally, and unconditionally, to those who survive it long. But this is a very insufficient answer to our doubt. We complain not that the work of perfecting is not completed, but that it has not made any visible progress at all in baptism. Mr Sewell, however, tenders us a sign of the presence of the gift, where it continues after baptism. 'There is but one infallible sign of the presence of the gift, strug-'gles and resistance.' Was there ever such a criterion imagined? It would have been much better to have honestly spoken out with Saint Augustin, and have called the virtues of the heathens splendid sins. The behaviour of most pious Christians, after baptism, only helps to embarrass Mr Sewell. It is admitted that they 'yet speak of their efforts to do right, as if they were endea-'vouring to obtain the gift of the Holy Spirit for the first time, 'instead of clinging to it as a treasure already within them. . . . 'They propose to secure to themselves the love of God and the fa-'vour of Christ, as if it had not been imparted to them while they 'were lying in the cradle.' Poor people! They do so from an entire unconsciousness that baptism has dispensed with these efforts and resolutions. Must they deny their own natures to make evidence

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for Mr Sewell? He declares, that the moral struggles of a Christian life ought to take an entirely different character under his theory, from that which he allows they take in fact. Now, on this, we have only to observe, that man appears to have been before the Fall to a great degree the same imperfect creature as he has been since; or how came he to fall? In the same manner, whatever degree of original sin baptism may remove, it leaves enough behind, to make such representations as Mr Sewell's, of the change wrought in our natures by it, evidently contrary to the fact. This appears two ways; first, positively, by the amount of evil remaining in us all; next, comparatively, by comparing the natures of the baptised and unbaptised; and for this purpose it is the same whether we look at unbaptised Pagans or misbaptised Presbyterians. In the true spirit of that philosophy which disposes of facts with a contemptuous sneer—so much the worse for facts—Mr Sewell only notices the ignorance of baptized Christians by saying, 'it is evident that such a mistake must 'introduce into all our moral acts the most startling confusion 'and contradictions. And such has been the case.' If morals are out of joint, Mr Sewell has mistaken his vocation in believing that he is born to set them right. His exaggerated views of baptismal regeneration will introduce ten times more confusion than the supernatural philosophy, as he considers it, of the seventeenth article of the Church of England will remove.

In his late Charge, the Bishop of London has shown but little judgment in reviving the insoluble question of regeneration. But here again he stops short a thousand miles of Mr Sewell. 'The plain doctrine of our church is, that baptism is 'instrumentally connected with justification.' . . . But our article says, 'not that we are *made* righteous, but that we are '*counted* righteous before God. If, indeed, we are *made* righteous, 'we must of course be *accounted* righteous; but it does not follow 'conversely, that if we are accounted righteous, we must be made 'so. The notion that God accounts us righteous by reason, and 'for the sake of any actual righteousness wrought in us by infused 'and inherent grace, seems irreconcileable with our article.' From Mr Holloway's 'Reply' to this Charge, it is abundantly clear that the Bishop has gone further on this point than the known differences of opinion in regard to it, in the Church, authorise him to go. But the remission of sins, promised by the Bishop, is one thing, the change of nature, promised by Mr Sewell, is another. The learned Selden, however, in Protestant practice, could scarcely perceive even the first. 'In England, of late years, I 'ever thought the parson baptized his own fingers rather than

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'the child.' Oxford has Selden's books. Would to God they had the motto which he inscribed in them, and the spirit that inspired it!

Mr Sewell talks of mistakes. The only mistake which the world will see, is in Mr Sewell himself, and in his intrepid preference, whether the subject be morals or physics, of hypothesis to facts. Mr Sewell casts a longing, lingering look upon the age when the rites of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and of Confirmation, were the ordinary accompaniments of the baptismal service. The practice of administering the holy Eucharist to infants is recommended to us by the following considerations:—'Our animal life is like our spiritual life; the 'nourishment of both is a sacrament. There is in each an out-'ward sign and an inward power.' A sucking child clinging to the breast of its wet nurse is compared to the condition of a young Christian with the Church for his nursing mother. The sucking child takes 'from the hand of those whom God has set to guard 'him, the mysterious symbols and vehicles in which the vital 'sustenance is embodied. He incorporates these with him in 'faith, for the support and developement of the microcosm 'of the universe of his material frame, the church of his body.' Upon this we are asked, who, duly reflecting on this analogy, 'will dare to say that there is any thing strange or incongruous 'in that theory of our spiritual life which the Church pronoun-'ced, when, immediately the germ of life had been imparted, she 'administered new sustenance and food to it through the out-'ward emblems of bread and wine?—that theory, which the 'Catholic Church at this day retains, though with a dimmer 'apprehension and fainter belief, but which a modern igno-'rance has rejected. And what has it substituted instead? A 'speculation of spiritual vitality, without any fresh support 'analogous to the reception of food.' The view of Confirmation is equally new. It belongs to the branch of the subject which Mr Sewell calls Christian Politics. Much of its significancy, it is said, depends on its close connexion with baptism. 'It appears to con-'tain in it the type and germ of the *social principle of the Church.* 'Baptism brings us as individuals into union with Christ; but 'something else is wanted to express that union with Christ can 'only be obtained by union with his body, the Church. * * The 'forms of this ceremony imply that, besides Almighty God, the 'source of all wisdom and power, there is upon earth a delegated 'power in the person of His Church; that to this delegated min-'ister we owe, under God, not only the beginning of the moral 'and spiritual blessings of Christianity, but their continuance and 'confirmation. * * * The rite is administered by the bishop,

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'and the bishop only; that, as the Christian in confirmation re-
'cognizes his allegiance to the Church, he may recognise also its
'true monarchical constitution.' So much for the more than renewal of the old cry—No Bishop, no King.

The heathens, it is said, knew little of prayer. But its importance in a system of ethics is conveyed in the announcement, that 'all the precepts and principles of ethics are summed up in 'this one practice.' We will only add—Good news for monks and hermits. 'As the creed was given to the baptized person 'before he was baptized, so the first words to be uttered afterwards 'were also taught him in the Lord's Prayer. * * * If all our 'moral duties and moral relations, as well as our physical exist-'ence, depend on the one relation between man and God, prayer '—perpetual and universal prayer—is the only form (?) in which 'such a relation can be acknowledged.'

After this exposition of the special powers and privileges of the Church in connexion with Morals, nobody can be surprised to learn that virtue, by its very definition, is necessarily traced up to the same source. 'Virtue is obedience to external law. * * * 'Every thought is bad which is erroneous, and every thought is 'erroneous which is not conformable to some external law or form, 'which you did not invent yourself, but found placed over you by 'a superior authority; and that authority emanating from God. 'Every positive institution is thus traced up to God; and 'those men only are to be taken as our guide, who are ap-'pointed by God, profess to deliver God's law, and found 'their whole authority on His commission. * * * * When 'obedience to man, as to the appointed minister of God, is made 'identical with obedience to God himself, as it is in all right 'statements of parental, and civil, and ecclesiastical authority, 'the whole of man's moral duties are brought round to this one 'simple relation. Virtue is made intelligible to the poorest 'capacity.' The witnesses to this external law are Parent, King, and Church; but parent and king are only witnesses and representatives of God, as long as they act in subordination to the Church!

Peculiar rites and peculiar knowledge are thus presented to our acceptance. Both are supposed to be indispensable alike to our goodness and our salvation. For the performance of the one, and for the attainment of the other, we are further supposed to be entirely dependent on the clergy; and our state of dependence is enforced upon us in a somewhat alarming tone. 'If 'God has been pleased to appoint that man shall be his instru-'ment and agent in conveying his blessings to mankind, and we 'choose to slight and despise man, and insist on communicating

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'with God, the sovereign of the universe, without the interven-
'tion of his ministers—to hope for blessings from other channels
'invented by ourselves—to intrude on Him without introduction
'or permission--may it not be that our very worship may be-
'come a profanation, and our prayers be turned into a curse?'

Whatever the reader may think of the spiritual powers of the Church—how far they are proved or not—and in whatever degree he may or may not shrink from the thought of taking upon himself his own responsibilities, one thing is clear, that an Englishman must be mad indeed, not to be upon his guard against Mr Sewell and his friends. We have notice served upon us in time of the forbearance which we are to expect. 'When the Church, as it once did, stood before men in its 'full stature, bearing upon it all the features and insignia of a 'divinely constituted power and ambassador of God, and acknow-'ledged as such by all that was wise and great among men, to 'dispute her word was the mark of a presuming and rebellious 'spirit, and deserved little more than chastisement. But in these 'present days, her power humbled, her body mutilated, her voice 'struck dumb, her history unknown, her noblest faculties torpid 'with disease, her name a byword among the nations, we may 'well pardon the man who asks for some proof of her assertions. 'Doubt is no longer a self-evident offence against humility and 'trustfulness. It is to be pitied more than punished. And un-'til the Church has once more put forth her strength, arrayed 'herself in her real attributes of power, and made her claims 'known and felt throughout the world, she has no right whatever 'to complain of those who look upon her suspiciously, or even 'with alarm.' What should we say if we heard such language from Salamanca, or Maynooth?

We have given more space to Mr Sewell's presumptuous hallucinations than we at first intended. But we found that, if we were to notice the book at all, this would be necessary. For the mind exhibited in it appears so marvellously strange, that we were satisfied, as we went on, that we should not be believed to be representing fairly Christian morals, as taught at Oxford, if we did not give a number of passages in the author's words. It would take up fully as much more space were we to extract an equal proportion of the hundred incidental absurdities with which the volume swarms. We will only give a specimen or two.

'The property which gives unity to plurality is the real ex-
'ternal quality in an act to which we apply the term good. . .
'It is this quality, in fine, which produces in us the internal sen-
'sation of heat.' 'Every individual Christian, (perhaps it may

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'be said that every man in the workings of his intellect,) rea-
'lizes in his own mind the fact of a Trinity in Unity, and an
'Unity in Trinity.' . . 'It seems impossible that a bad
'man should ever act wilfully. . . . Unless man acts as the
'representative and delegate of God, as doing God's will, he
'must act wrongly. Perhaps we may say rather, he cannot act
'at all; but ought rather to be considered as the unconscious
'minister of some other power, probably a power of evil. . .
'Men who are absorbed in physical or metaphysical science, or
'in mathematics, such men are in the sight of Scripture the
'most immoral. . . Are we quite aware of the real difficulty and
'mystery contained in the fact of a *covenant* between God and
'man? . . . A covenant implies two independent agents. It
'implies also another fact more wonderful. These two indepen-
'dent agents in it must also be mutually dependent. . . . It
'may be that all the hierarchy of heaven are so formed that they
'move as a mighty machine. But the relation of man to God,
'even in man's corruptible and fallen state, is far higher. It is
'the relation of two mighty potentates, capable of making a
'treaty, and binding each other by mutual conditions. The
'language is very awful; but it does not go beyond the truth.
'If I have the power of thwarting the designs of God, of mar-
'ring his creation, of disobeying his laws, I am, so far, an inde-
'pendent sovereign, and a sovereign of vast power, for it is a
'power reaching to the will of God himself.' Well may this misguided man say, that his language is sometimes 'very awful.'

Mr Sewell's account of the sympathy of the Church is very different from the parable of the good Samaritan. 'None, strictly
'speaking, possess that spontaneity which entitles them to be
'considered as *persons*, except such as are acting under the
'inspiration of God, and as members of the body of Christ.
'All others we must regard as machines, which it is our duty to
'raise into personality, by communicating to them the spirit
'of God; and which are worthless and punishable if they
'reject the communication, but which, simply as machines, can
'neither excite nor claim any moral affection or duty. Apart
'from the command of God, however signified, neither king,
'parent, friend, or fellow-creature, has a well-founded title to our
'respect or love.' From the passage last cited, it will readily be believed, that Mr Sewell has little scruple in breaking the vials of his wrath over the heads of all who differ from him. We need hardly say, that his list includes some of the most respectable names in English history, 'during the unhappy period
'of the last two centuries.' It is perhaps equally needless to mention, that his scorn begins with Queen Elizabeth

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and the Reformation, and swells and darkens, until language seems almost to refuse to do his bidding, and to choke him in the utterance of it, when he has to speak of the generation among whom he has the misfortune to be living. We will not quote any of these passages. Why need laymen know the bitterness which divines can put into Christian morals? and what harm can come to Doddridge, Locke, and Milton, from a whole university of Sewells? Zeal without humanity, talents without sense, thoughts connected by tricks of the imagination, instead of by the steps of reason, have never yet done much for the service of mankind.

While reviewing this book, we have more than once thrown it aside, from a feeling of humiliation in the employment. The author, in the statement of his case, had made it so absurd and offensive, that there was little left for criticism to do. But a production of this kind, proceeding from the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, is a circumstance not to be passed lightly over. Our readers will bear in mind, what is the place in Education, in the Church, and in general Politics, which Oxford affects to hold. When Locke (whom Mr Sewell never mentions but to abuse him) was pressed to follow up his *Essay on the Human Understanding* with an *Essay on Morals*, he replied: 'Did the world want a rule, there would be no work so neces-'sary nor so commendable. But the Gospel contains so perfect 'a body of ethics, that Reason may be excused from that en-'quiry, since she may find man's duty clearer and easier in Re-'velation than in herself.' Light and darkness certainly cannot be more opposite than the book which would have been written by Locke, and that which has been written by Mr Sewell. What is, indeed, the element which in his life and teaching Christ has added unto Morals? What is it that the best of us aspire to learn from the ennobling precepts of Christianity, from its great encouragements, from its touching voice of patience and of charity, from its paths of pleasantness and peace? Yet, what are the elements which not only predominate, but are in truth the exclusive elements, elaborated out of it in the crucible of Mr Sewell? The Gospel, the book of glad tidings, is turned into a book of Spiritual Magic, and of ecclesiastical domination. The days, however, of the black art are over, in any form of it. Selden has quaintly said:—'There never was a merry world 'since the Fairies left dancing, and the Parson left conjuring. The 'opinion of the latter kept thieves in awe, and did as much good 'in a country as a justice of peace.' But the man must be more of a conjurer than Mr Sewell, who is to persuade the English nation that Christianity and Church Government are one and the

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same thing. O'Connell begins his letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury with an old saying—'the greatest enemy to religion is a 'pious fool.' We have no means of knowing any thing for or against the piety of Mr Sewell; and he is certainly no fool, in the sense in which that uncourteous monosyllable is usually understood. But there cannot easily be a greater wrong and violence done to Religion, than to tell us, that, to be really Christians, we must hold our moral and intellectual natures, our hearts and consciences and understandings, upon no better title than the existence of a Church of Apostolical succession, the votes of a Council or a Convocation, and the spiritual guidance which we may happen to receive from the ministrations or the teaching of our Parish Priest. Men have been often told before that St Peter kept the doors of Heaven, and that without the good word of the Clergy nobody would ever get there. Terms of Communion, and terms of Salvation, we have got accustomed to see put together; and we must bear it as best we can. Accordingly, if this had been one of the ordinary impertinencies of theologians, we should have neither made nor meddled in it. But morals are another matter; and we are not as yet disposed to bear so meekly, on the mere authority of the Chair at Oxford, the imposition of a Moral Law, more oppressive than the Jewish ceremonies, and little less incredible than the Pagan superstitions, from which it is our blessing that Christianity relieved us. Mr Sewell has fortunately defined his Church in such a manner that it is utterly impossible he ever should be able to identify its existence. But were it otherwise, and could he make out, as an historical fact, the existence of such a Church, he would be as far as ever from the possibility of proving any of the consequences, which, under the fumes of a heated fancy, some ill-digested learning, and a contagious neighbourhood, he has incorporated with his imaginary fact. The Right of Private Judgment was the great prize fought for at the Reformation. It was won at the cost of many evils, but was fairly worth them all. And, at all events, Mr Sewell may make sure of this: If Protestants are called upon to surrender it to Church authority, the bosom of the Church in which they will lie down for a false unity, and false repose, will be neither the Church of England nor that of Mr Sewell.

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ART. VIII.—*American Notes for General Circulation.* By CHARLES DICKENS. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1842.

TRAVELLERS should be well-instructed and conscientious men, for the reputation of nations is in their hands. Lawyers, Physicians, and Clergymen, must pass their examinations, and receive their credentials, before they can give opinions which the public are authorized to confide in; but for a man who has been where no man else has been, it is enough if he can write—spelling, punctuation, and syntax, will be furnished by his publisher; and there is no Continent so large but he can pronounce upon the character of its laws, government, and manners, with an authority which few Professors enjoy. If there be any Englishman living who has smuggled himself through the interior of China, ascertained the colour of the Emperor's eyes and beard, eluded the officers of justice, and escaped from bowstring and bastinado down the river Yang-tse-Kiang, now is his time for a book on China and the Chinese. For three months to come, he will be an absolute authority on all the internal affairs of 'a third of the human 'race.' Every body will read his book, and every body will believe all he says. But he must not lose his tide; if he let any body get the start of him, his authority will go for little more than it is worth—unless he be able, not only to write, but to write the more readable book; for it may be generally observed, that where we have conflicting accounts of a foreign country, the opinion which carries the day is not that of the person who has taken most pains, or had the best opportunities, or is best qualified, by education and natural ability, for forming a judgment, but that of the most agreeable writer.

We say this only of the 'reading public' in general. Very many, no doubt, there are amongst us of whom it is not true. Very many there are, who are more particular about the formation of their opinions on such matters—who hold it to be not foolish only, but wrong, to let false impressions settle in the mind; and who, remembering that a few weeks' residence among strangers will not qualify a man to judge of the character of Nations and Governments, whose opinion nobody would ask on the working of the Poor Law or the Corporation Act in his own parish, require some better assurance of the worth of a traveller's judgment before they will take the character of a Continent from his representation. With such fastidious readers, in entering upon a book of travels, to learn something of the character and capacity of the writer is a primary object. Unfortunately, printed books having no physiognomy,

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but being all alike plausible, it is an object scarcely attainable; except where the writer has the rare art of impressing his character upon his composition, or where he has already written on matters which others understand. It is on this account that we have looked forward with considerable interest to a work on America by Mr Dickens;—not as a man whose views on such a subject were likely to have any conclusive value, but as one with whom the public is personally acquainted through his former works. We all know 'Boz,' though we may not have seen his face. We know what he thinks about affairs at home, with which we are all conversant—about poor-laws and rich-laws, elections, schools, courts of justice, magistrates, policemen, cab-drivers, and housebreakers—matters which lie round about us, and which we flatter ourselves we understand as well as he. We know, therefore, what to infer from his pictures of society abroad; what weight to attribute to his representations; with what caution and allowance to entertain them. If his book abound in broad pictures of social absurdities and vulgarities, we know that his tendency in that direction is so strong, that, though possessing sources of far finer and deeper humour, he can hardly refrain from indulging it to excess. If he draw bitter pictures of harsh jailers and languishing prisoners, we know that his sympathy for human suffering sometimes betrays him into an unjust antipathy to those whose duty it is to carry into effect the severities of justice. We know, in short, where we may trust his judgment, where we must take it with caution, and where we may neglect it.

Mr Dickens has many qualities which make his testimony, as a passing observer in a strange country, unusually valuable. A truly genial nature; an unwearable spirit of observation, quickened by continual exercise; an intimate acquaintance with the many varieties of life and character which are to be met with in large cities; a clear eye to see through the surface and false disguises of things; a desire to see things truly; a respect for the human soul, and the genuine face and voice of nature, under whatever disadvantages of person, situation, or repute in the world; a mind which, if it be too much to call it original in the highest sense of the word, yet uses always its own eyes, and applies itself to see the object before it takes the impression—to understand the case before it passes judgment; a wide range of sympathy, moreover—with sweetness, and a certain steady self-respect, which keeps the spirit clear from perturbations, and free to receive an untroubled image;—a mind, in short, which moves with freedom and pleasure in a wider world than has been thrown open to the generality of men. This happy combina-

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tion of rare qualities, which Mr Dickens's previous works show that he possesses, would seem to qualify him, in some respects, beyond any English traveller that has yet written about the United States,—if not to discuss the political prospects of that country, or to draw comparisons between monarchical and republican institutions, yet to receive and reproduce, for the information of the British public, a just image of its existing social condition. To balance these, however, it must be confessed that he labours under some considerable disadvantages. His education must have been desultory, and not of a kind likely to train him to habits of grave and solid speculation. A young man, a satirist both by profession and by humour, whose studies have lain almost exclusively among the odd characters in the odd corners of London, who does not appear to have attempted the systematic cultivation of his powers, or indeed to have been aware of them, until they were revealed to him by a sudden blaze of popularity which would have turned a weaker head—who has since been constantly occupied in his own peculiar field of fiction and humour—how can he have acquired the knowledge and the speculative powers necessary for estimating the character of a great people, placed in circumstances not only strange to him, but new in the history of mankind; or the working of institutions which are yet in their infancy, their hour of trial not yet come—in their present state resembling nothing by the analogy of which their tendency and final scope may be guessed at? Should he wander into prophecies or philosophic speculations, it is clear that such a guide must be followed with considerable distrust. How, indeed, can his opinions be taken without abatement and allowance, even in that which belongs more especially to his own province—the aspect and character of society as it exists? As a comic satirist, with a strong tendency to caricature, it has been his business to observe society in its irregularities and incongruities, not in the sum and total result of its operation; a habit which, even in scenes with which we are most familiar, can hardly be indulged without disturbing the judgment; and which, among strange men and manners, may easily mislead the fancy beyond the power of the most vigilant understanding to set it right. It is the nature of an Englishman to think every thing ridiculous which contrasts with what he has been used to; and it costs some effort of his reflective and imaginative powers to make him feel that the absurdity is in himself, and not in the thing he sees. In a strange country, where the conventional manners and regulations of society are not the same as in England, every room and every street must teem with provocations to this kind of amusement, which will keep a good-humoured English tra-

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veller, of average reflective powers, in continual laughter. And though Mr Dickens *knows* better, it is too much to expect of him that he should have always acted upon his better knowledge; especially when we consider that he had his character as an amusing writer to keep up. The obligation which he undoubtedly lies under to keep his readers well entertained, (failing which, any book by 'Boz' would be universally denounced as a catchpenny,) must have involved him in many temptations quite foreign to his business as an impartial observer; for any man who would resolutely abstain from seeing things in false lights, must make up his mind to forego half his triumphs as a wit, and *vice versâ*. Even his habits as a writer of fiction must have been against him; for such a man will always be tempted to study society, with a view to gather suggestions and materials for his creative faculty to work upon, rather than simply to consider and understand it. The author of 'Pickwick' will study the present as our historical novelists study the past—to find not what it is, but what he can make of it.

It is further to be borne in mind, in estimating Mr Dickens's claims to attention, that the study of America does not appear to have been his primary object in going, nor his main business while there. He went out, if we are rightly informed, as a kind of missionary in the cause of International Copyright; with the design of persuading the American public (for it was the public to which he seems to have addressed himself) to abandon their present privilege, of enjoying the produce of all the literary industry of Great Britain without paying for it;—an excellent recommendation, the adoption of which would, no doubt, in the end prove a vast national benefit. In the mean time, however, as it cannot be carried into effect, except by taxing the very many who read for the benefit of the very few who write, and the present for the benefit of the future—to attempt to get it adopted by a legislature over which the will of the many has any paramount influence, would seem to be a very arduous, if not an altogether hopeless enterprize. In this arduous, if not hopeless enterprize, Mr Dickens, having once engaged himself, must be presumed, during the short period of his visit, to have chiefly occupied his thoughts; therefore the gathering of materials for a book about America must be regarded as a subordinate and incidental task—the produce of such hours as he could spare from his main employment. Nor must it be forgotten that in this, the primary object of his visit, he decidedly failed; a circumstance (not unimportant when we are considering his position and opportunities as an observer of manners in a strange country) to which we draw attention, the rather because Mr Dickens makes no allusion to it himself.

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A man may read the volumes through without knowing that the question of International Copyright has ever been raised on either side of the Atlantic.

Our catalogue of cautions and drawbacks grows long; but there is yet another point to which, as it does not appear on the face of the book itself, we must advert. Though Mr Dickens does not tell us of it, it is a notorious fact, that throughout his stay in the United States he was besieged by the whole host of lion-hunters, whose name in that land of liberty and equality is *legion*. In England, we *preserve* our lions: to be admitted to the sight of one, except on public occasions, is a privilege granted only to the select. Persons of a certain distinction in the fashionable world are alone licensed to exhibit him; and the exhibition is open to those only whom such distinguished persons may choose to honour by admission. In America, (always excepting a skin of the right colour,) the pursuit of this kind of game requires no qualification whatever; for though society seems to form itself there, just as it does with us, into a series of circles, self-distinguished and excluded one from the other, yet there does not appear to be any generally acknowledged scale of social dignity. Each circle may assert its own pretensions, and act upon them; but they are not binding upon the rest. One citizen may not choose to dine with another, just as one party may refuse to act with another in politics; but they are not the less equal in the eye of the law. In the eye of the law and of the universe, a citizen is a citizen, and, as such, has a right to do the honours of his country to a stranger; and though there are, doubtless, many circles in which the stranger is pitied for having to receive such promiscuous attentions, there is none which seems to consider itself excluded from the privilege of offering them. Of the evils which necessarily beset a man whom every body is eager to see, this is a very serious aggravation. In London, his condition is bad enough; for the attentions which are prompted, not by respect, but by this prurient curiosity, must always be troublesome and thankless. But, in America, the whole population turns out, and the hunted animal has no escape. The popularity of Mr Dickens's works is said to be even greater there than it is at home. Copies are circulated through all corners of the land at a tenth of the native cost; readers, therefore, are ten times as numerous. The curiosity to see him, hear him, and touch him, was accordingly universal; and (if we may trust current report) his time must have been passed in one continual levee. It was not merely the profusion of hospitable offers—the crowd of callers that besieged his lodgings—the criticisms upon his person—and the regular announce-

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ment of his movements in the newspapers, that indicated this intense feeling. But if he walked in the street, he was followed; if he went to the play, he had to pass through a lane formed by rows of uncovered citizens; if he took his seat in the railway car a few minutes before the time of starting, the idlers in the neighbourhood came about him, and fell to discussing his personal appearance; if he sat in his room, boys from the street came in to look at him, and from the window beckoned their companions to follow, (Vol. i. p. 277;) if he took the wings of the evening, and fled to the farthest limits of geography, even there his notoriety pursued him. As he lay reading in a steam-boat, between Sandusky and Buffalo, he was startled by a whisper in his ear—(which came, however, from the adjoining cabin, and was not addressed to him)—'Boz is on board still, my dear.' Again, after a pause, (complainingly,) 'Boz keeps himself very close.' And once more, after a long interval of silence, 'I suppose that Boz will be writing a book by and by, and putting all our names in it.' This is the very misery of Kings, who can enjoy no privacy, nor ever see the natural face of the world they live in, but see only their own importance reflected in the faces of the gaping crowd that surrounds them. We set down the circumstance among Mr Dickens's most serious disadvantages—not because we suppose his judgment to have been biassed by it, for he has too much sense to be gratified by this kind of homage, and too much good-nature to take it unkindly; but because it must have prevented him from seeing society in its natural condition: it must have presented the New World to his eyes under circumstances of disturbance, which brought an undue proportion of the sediment to the surface, and thereby made his position as an observer very unfavourable. In the New World as in the Old, and in all classes, from the highest to the lowest, the curiosity which follows the steps of every much-talked-of man is essentially vulgar; and, in such a case as this, can hardly fail to leave upon the mind of the sufferer an undue impression of disgust.

Such being our opinion of Mr Dickens's faculties and opportunities for observation, we expected from him a book, not without large defects both positive and negative, but containing some substantial and valuable addition to our stock of information with regard to this most interesting country—interesting not only for the indissoluble connexion of its interests with our own, but likewise as the quarter from which we must look for light on the great question of these times.—What is to become of *Democracy*, and how is it to be dealt with? We cannot say that our expectations are justified by the result. But though

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the book is said to have given great offence on the other side of the Atlantic, we cannot see any sufficient reason for it.

To us it appears that Mr Dickens deserves great praise for the care with which he has avoided all offensive topics, and abstained from amusing his readers at the expense of his entertainers; and if we had an account of the temptations in this kind which he has resisted, we do not doubt that the reserve and self-control which he has exercised, would appear scarcely less than heroical. But, on the other hand, we cannot say that his book throws any new light on his subject. He has done little more than confide to the public, what should have been a series of Letters for the entertainment of his private friends. Very agreeable and amusing Letters they would have been; and as such, had they been posthumously published, would have been read with interest and pleasure. As it is, in the middle of our amusement at the graphic sketches of life and manners, the ludicrous incidents, the wayside conversations about nothing, so happily told, and the lively remarks with which these 'Notes' abound—in the middle of our respect for the tone of good sense and good humour which runs through them—and in spite of a high appreciation of the gentlemanly feeling which has induced him to refrain from all personal allusions and criticisms; and for the modesty which has kept him silent on so many subjects, concerning which most persons in the same situation (not being reminded of the worthlessness of their opinions by the general inattention of mankind to what they say) are betrayed into the delivery of oracles, —in the middle of all this, we cannot help feeling that we should have respected Mr Dickens more if he had kept his book to himself; if he had been so far dissatisfied with these 'American Notes' as to shrink from the 'general circulation' of them; if he had felt unwilling to stand by and see them trumpeted to all corners of the earth —quoted and criticized in every newspaper — passing through edition after edition in England—and settling in clouds of sixpenny copies all over the United States. That he had nothing better to say is no reproach to him. He had much to say about International Copyright, and that, we doubt not, was well worth having; we only wish it had been heard with more favour. But, having nothing better to say, why say any thing? To us it seems to imply a want of respect either for himself or for his subject, that he should be thus prompt to gratify the prominent public appetite for novelty, by bringing the fruits of his mind into the market unripe. This, however, is a matter of taste. In reputation, so easy and abundant a writer will suffer little from an occasional mistake. Though this book should only live till New-Year's day, it will

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have lived long enough for his fame: for on that day we observe that he is himself to come forth again in a series of Monthly Numbers—so that none but himself will be his extinguisher. In the mean time, as a candidate for 'general circulation,' it stands before us for judgment, and must be dealt with according to its deserts.

Concerning America in her graver aspects, we have already said that it does not add much to our existing stock of information. In comprehensiveness, completeness, and solidity, the fruits of a judicial temper, patient and persevering observation, and a mind accustomed to questions of politics and government, it is not to be compared to the work entitled 'Men and Manners in America,' by the author of Cyril Thornton.* Any one who is curious about the state of things in that country, and wishes to form some idea of its real condition, should rather look there for it, than here. There he will find the matter discussed and illustrated; here he will find little more than a loose record of the travelling impressions of Mr Dickens. Still, even this is not without its value. To know the impression made by the first aspect of a country upon a mind like his, is to know something of the country itself. The good things he has been able to say, and the good stories he has met with in his travels, are things of less real interest, though a good deal more entertaining. Good stories grow wild in all societies; no man who can tell one when found, had ever any difficulty in finding one to tell. Sketches of odd characters, specimens of the slang of coachmen and porters, ludicrous incidents, picturesque groups, whimsical phrases, or such as sound whimsical to strange ears—these things (though it is of such that the better part of these volumes consists) tell us nothing about a country. We want to know the total aspect, complexion, and constitution of society; these are only its flying humours. Leaving these, therefore, to the newspapers, (which have rarely come in for such a windfall during the recess,) we shall apply ourselves to discover from such hints as these volumes supply, what kind of people these transatlantic brethren of ours really are, and what kind of life they live. We shall not, indeed, enquire at what hour they dine; whether they wear their hair long or short; how they pronounce certain words; how they take their tobacco; and

* We are sorry to learn that the able and accomplished author of these works, (Captain Hamilton,) has very lately, while in the prime of life, been called to pay the great debt of nature. He died, we believe, in Italy.

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whether, when they wish to soften the absoluteness of their positives or negatives, they say, 'I guess,' or 'I suppose,' 'I *expect*,' or 'I *sus*pect.' In these and the like matters, the natives have our good leave to please themselves. We want to know how they act and feel in the substantial relations and emergencies of life, in their marryings and givings in marriage—in their parental, conjugal, filial duties—in the neighbourly charities—in the offices of friendship. The fire-side, the market-place, the sick-room, the place of worship and the court of justice, the school, the library—it is in the management of these that the life and being of a people must be looked for, not in their dress, or dialect, or rules of etiquette.

We must confess, indeed, that to gather any sound knowledge, and form any just opinions on these points, is a matter of extreme difficulty; and when we say that Mr Dickens has not given us much information about them, we are far from meaning it as a reproach. 'He that hath knowledge spareth his words'—and the stranger who thinks to understand a people in a fortnight, is not wise. In all his observations on a strange society, a man must have a reference, more or less direct, to that with which he is familiar at home. Without reference to some such standard he cannot explain his feeling to himself—much less to another. Yet to compare a familiar world with a strange one,—what is it but comparing the ore as it comes out of the smelting-house, with the ore as it comes out of the mine? In remembering his own country, a man takes no account of the dross; in observing another, he values the gross lump—dross and gold together. At home he has made himself comfortable—that is, he has gradually settled into the ways he likes, gathered about him the people he likes: of the things he did *not* like, he has got rid of when he could, reconciled himself to what he must, and forgotten all about the rest. Out of a hundred persons whose acquaintance he might have cultivated, he has cultivated ten. Out of a dozen places of resort that are open to him, he resorts to one. He has tried three or four servants, and at last found one that suits him. They gave him damp sheets and a bad breakfast at the Crown Inn: instead of making a note of the fact for general circulation, he went to the Bell, where they serve him better, and forgot it. And thus, out of the jarring elements of the world into which he was born, he has shaped out a small peculiar world expressly for himself, which fits him; and this private world it is that he boasts of to others, grumbles at to himself, and carries about in his thoughts as a standard to measure foreign pretensions by. In the foreign world, meanwhile, he can make neither selections nor distinctions; he looks at every thing

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alike, and every thing he looks at he sets down as alike characteristic. Some delusion from so unequal a comparison it is impossible to avoid. But it may be partly corrected—some estimate at least may be formed of the extent of correction required—by taking any given surface of ground at home, the inhabitants of which have been drawn together, not by any common interest or pursuit, but each by his several occasion; supposing yourself suddenly set down among them without any previous knowledge of their characters; and endeavouring to imagine the impression you would take of the place and people during the first exchange of visits; how they would figure in your Journal in that period of probation, before you had learned to treat them according to their qualities—to cultivate the esteemable, to avoid the disagreeable, and to think nothing about the greater number.

Fully aware, no doubt, of all this—desiring to be just and liberal in his observations—intending to write a book, but remembering withal, that 'in the multitude of words there wanteth 'not sin,' and firmly resolved to violate neither the confidence of social intercourse by revealing private conversations, nor the decency of manners by publishing criticisms upon the character and appearance of the ladies and gentlemen at whose houses he might be received—(a modern practice which, considering the activity of the press, the rapidity and regularity of communication between the two countries, and the scandalous appetite for personal sketches which afflicts both, is little better than to talk of people before their faces; and can be compared to nothing so aptly as to the conduct of the street boys in Baltimore, who came to inspect 'Boz' as he sat in the railway car*)—he landed at Boston on the 22d of January 1842. Having remained there about a fortnight, he proceeded towards New York, where he arrived on the 13th of February. How long he stayed we cannot learn; but in the middle of March we find him at Rich-

* 'Being rather early, those men and boys who happened to have nothing particular to do, *and were curious in foreigners*, came (according to custom) round the carriage in which I sat; let down all the windows; thrust in their heads and shoulders; hooked themselves on conveniently by their elbows; *and fell to comparing notes on the subject of my personal appearance, with as much indifference as if I were a stuffed figure. I never gained so much uncompromising information with reference to my own nose and eyes, the various impressions wrought by my mouth and chin on different minds, and how my head looks from behind, as on these occasions.*'—(Vol. I. p. 277.) The street boys we can excuse; but our literary ladies and gentlemen should know better.

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mond in Virginia, having already seen all he meant to see of Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore, and now turning his face towards the great West. The next six or seven weeks must have been spent almost entirely in coaches and steam-boats; for we find him passing from Richmond back to Baltimore; thence up the valley of the Susquehanna to Harrisburg; across the Alleghany mountains to Pittsburg; down the whole length of the Ohio river to its junction with the Mississippi; up the Mississippi to St Louis; back again as far as Cincinnati; thence across the state of Ohio, two or three hundred miles northward, as far as Sandusky; from Sandusky traversing the whole length of Lake Erie; and so proceeding by way of Buffalo to the Falls of Niagara, which he reached about the end of April, and remained there for ten days, in a confusion of sublime emotions, upon which he has enlarged in a passage which our respect for his genius will not permit us to extract. The next three weeks were devoted to Canada; after which he had only time for a rapid journey to New York by way of Lake Champlain, and one spare day, which he devoted to the 'Shakers' at Lebanon.

If to these dates (which we have gathered with some difficulty) we could add an account of the distances between place and place, (distances of which we, who are confined within our four seas, can form no practical conception,) it would be sufficiently apparent that, during the last half of Mr Dickens's sojourn in the United States, he did not stay long enough in any one place to become even tolerably well acquainted with its society; and that his impressions of social character throughout the vast regions lying to the west of Washington, must have been drawn entirely from the company he travelled with—a class of persons whose manners must, in all countries, be far below the average. Any general judgments he may hazard must therefore be taken with the requisite allowance. A fortnight well spent in Boston, and a month between New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, may enable a wise man to say something about the people. The rest of Mr Dickens's experience qualified him admirably well to tell us what to expect in coaches, canal boats, railway carriages, and hotels; and in these matters, if allowance be made for his habitual exaggeration—(a fault, by the way, which, we fear, increases upon him)—we dare say his authority is as good as any man's. But, as we should be sorry to have the character of England inferred from the manners of the road; or indeed to have any conclusions drawn as to our own personal proficiency in the courtesies of life, from our demeanour in the traveller's room; we shall leave his westward observations unnoticed, and endeavour to make out what kind of people he

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found in the drawing-rooms at Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington.

Every country—especially a new one—has a right to be judged by the best of its natural growths: for the best is that towards which the rest aspire. Of the manners and character of the best class in America, Mr Dickens (in common, we believe, with every gentleman who has had an opportunity of judging) gives a very favourable impression. On quitting New York, after not more than a fortnight's stay there, he says:—'I never 'thought that going back to England, returning to all who are 'dear to me, and to pursuits that have inexorably grown to be 'a part of my nature, I could have felt so much sorrow as I 'endured, when I parted at last on board this ship with the 'friends that accompanied me from this city. I never thought 'the name of any place so far away, and so lately known, could 'ever associate itself in my mind with the crowd of affectionate 'remembrances that now cluster about it.' And then follows one of Mr Dickens's fine passages, which we wish to be understood as quoting, not because we admire it, but because it shows that the last sentence was not strong enough to satisfy his feelings:—'There are those in this city who would brighten, 'to me, the darkest winter day that ever glimmered and 'went out in Lapland; and before whose presence even home 'grew dim, when they and I exchanged that painful word 'which mingles with our every thought and deed; which 'haunts our cradle-heads in infancy, and closes up the vista 'of our lives in age.'—(Vol. i. p. 230.) And in his concluding remarks, he deliberately repeats the same sentiment as applicable, not to New York only, but to the nation generally:—'They are by nature frank, brave, cordial, hospitable, 'and affectionate. Cultivation and refinement seem but to enhance 'their warmth of heart and ardent enthusiasm; and it is the possession of these latter qualities in a most remarkable degree, 'which renders an educated American one of the most endearing 'and most generous of friends. I never was so won upon as by 'this class; never yielded up my full confidence and esteem so 'readily and pleasantly as to them; never can make again, in half 'a year, so many friends for whom I seem to entertain the regard 'of half a life.'—(Vol. ii. p. 288.) Acknowledgments, scarcely less strong than these, of the merits of the best class of American gentry, are scattered through Captain Hamilton's book; and even Captain Basil Hall, in spite of his prejudices and conventional feelings—his horror at words wrong pronounced, and meats ungracefully swallowed, and his complacent persuasion that whatever is the fashion in England is right in the eye of universal

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reason—tells us, in his gossiping, good-humoured way, the very same thing of the manners and distinguishing qualities of the class to which the individuals belong who called forth the above expressions of admiration. We regret that little or nothing more of the kind can be collected from these volumes. The tone of society in Boston is only described as being 'one of perfect 'politeness, courtesy, and good breeding.' The ladies, we learn, are beautiful; and 'their education much as with us.' Their parties take place at more rational hours, and the conversation 'may possibly be a little louder and more cheerful' than with us. In other respects, a party in Boston appeared to Mr Dickens just like a party in London. In New York, we are only told that 'the tone of the best society is like that of Boston: 'here and there, it may be, with a greater infusion of the mer-'cantile spirit, but generally polished and refined, and always 'most hospitable. The houses and tables are elegant; the hours 'later, and more rakish; and there is perhaps a greater spirit of 'contention in reference to appearances, and the display of 'wealth and costly living:' the ladies are again described as 'singularly beautiful.' Of the society in Philadelphia, we only 'learn that 'what he saw of it he greatly liked'—but that it was more 'provincial' than at Boston or New York; and apparently rather *too blue* for his taste. But his stay was very short. At Washington he confines himself to legislators; and of them he speaks only as he finds them in the arena where they exhibit. His remarks on them we shall pass over—for, being in quest of the best manners in the country, we must of course avoid all places consecrated to public debate. To learn the true character and manners of the English bar, you must look at lawyers—any where but in court; and before we pronounce upon the breeding of a member of Congress, we must see him in a private drawing-room. The only persons whom he speaks of as being personally known, are those whom he specially excepts from his general censures. Of these—'the 'foremost among those politicians who are known in Europe'—he says—'to the most favourable accounts that have been writ-'ten of them, I more than fully and most heartily subscribe: and 'personal intercourse and free communication have bred within 'me, not the result predicted in the very doubtful proverb, but 'increased admiration and respect. They are striking men to 'look at, hard to deceive, prompt to act, lions in energy, Crich-'tons in varied accomplishment, Indians in fire of eye and ges-'ture, Americans in strong and generous impulse; and they as 'well represent the honour and wisdom of their country at home, 'as the distinguished gentleman who is now its minister at the

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'British court sustains its highest character abroad,' (Vol. i. p. 292.) This is another of those ambitious sentences, from which we can gather no distinct idea except that these gentlemen have inspired Mr Dickens with a strong desire to pay them a splendid compliment. We cannot doubt that his admiration of them is sincere; and we may take his known character and ability as a guarantee that it is well founded.

We do not suppose that his conversation has lain much among Professors, or that his thoughts on Universities are entitled to much authority; but we must not omit to mention, in this place, his notice of the University of Cambridge, and its influence upon the society around. 'The resident professors at that University 'are gentlemen of learning and varied attainments; and are, 'without one exception that I can call to mind, men who would 'shed a grace upon, and do honour to any society in the civi- 'lized world. Many of the resident gentry, in Boston and in 'its neighbourhood, and I think I am not mistaken in adding, a 'large majority of those who are attached to the liberal profes- 'sions there, have been educated at this same school. . . . 'It was a source of inexpressible pleasure to me to observe the 'almost imperceptible, but not less certain, effect wrought by 'this institution among the small community at Boston; and to 'note, at every turn, the humanizing tastes and desires it has 'engendered—the affectionate friendships to which it has given 'rise—the amount of vanity and prejudice it has dispelled.'

As we are not writing an essay upon the social condition of America, but trying to collect Mr Dickens's impressions of it, we must be content with these somewhat meagre notices of the manners and character of its best society. For further evidence as to its qualities, we must look to its fruits. And the fruits of the social character, as distinguished from the political regulations of a country, are to be looked for in those matters in which the baser appetites and worse dispositions of men having no temptation to interfere, sense, character, knowledge, and virtue have their natural influence—not, therefore, in the Legislature; for the composition of that depends upon the law of election and the amount of qualification; nor in the Press, for the character of that depends upon the cost of printing and paper, and the amount of taxes, direct and indirect, upon what, by courtesy, is called knowledge. The Press and the Legislature react upon the social character, but are not to be taken as representing it. The composition of the House of Representatives is not so much an index to the feelings and opinions of the American gentry, as to the number of Irish labourers who have votes. And the character of the daily and weekly Press is a measure rather of the number of un-

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educated persons who can read, than of the taste of the educated. But there are some departments in the social establishment, which the worse half of society silently leaves to the care and taste of the better. Among these, the most conspicuous are charities of all kinds, public and private; arrangements for the education of the people; asylums for persons labouring under natural defects; provision for the relief of sick persons and young children; for the treatment of prisoners, and the like. Institutions of this kind are probably the fairest expression that can be had of the feeling and character of a people, properly considered; reckoning, that is, not by numbers but by weight—counting every man as two whose opinion carries another along with it. Now, in these matters, Mr Dickens's testimony is not only very favourable and very strongly expressed; but is really of great value. Prisons and madhouses have always had strong attractions for him; he went out with the advantage of a very extensive acquaintance with establishments of this kind in England; and, wherever he heard of one in America, he appears to have stayed and seen it. His report leads irresistibly to the conclusion, that in this department New England has, as a people, taken the lead of the civilized world; and that Old England, though beginning to follow, is still a good way behind. And the superiority lies not merely in the practical recognition of the principle, that the care of these things belongs properly to the state; and should not be left, as with us, to the charity and judgment of individuals, however securely that charity may be relied on; but in the excellence of the institutions themselves in respect of arrangement and management. Our limits will not allow us to follow him through his observations and remarks on this subject; which are, however, upon the whole, the most valuable and interesting part of the book. He carefully inspected not less (we think) than ten institutions of this class; and of these he has given minute descriptions. Those at Boston, he believes to be 'as perfect as the most considerate wisdom, benevolence, and 'humanity can make them.' . . . . . 'In all of them, the unfor- 'tunate or degenerate citizens of the State are carefully instruct- 'ed in their duties both to God and man; are surrounded by all 'reasonable means of comfort and happiness that their condition 'will well admit of; are appealed to as members of the great 'human family, however afflicted, indigent, or fallen; are ruled 'by the strong heart, and not by the strong (though immeasu- 'rably weaker) hand.' And the rest, (with the exception of a lunatic asylum in Long Island, and a prison nicknamed 'The 'Tombs' at New York,) appear to deserve, so far at least as the design and the management go, the same praise. Upon

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one doubtful and difficult question, which has of late excited a good deal of controversy in England, Mr Dickens's observations will be read with great interest—we allude to the effects of the *solitary* as contrasted with the *silent* system. Against the solitary system Mr Dickens gives his most emphatic testimony; which will, no doubt, have due weight with the department on which the consideration of this question, with reference to our own prison system, devolves. For our own part, we must confess that, highly as we esteem his opinion in such a matter, and free as we are from any prejudice in favour of the system which he condemns, we are not altogether satisfied. His manner of handling the question does not assure us that he is master of it. His facts, as stated by himself, do not appear to us to fit his theory. If not inconsistent with it, they are certainly not conclusive in favour of it. We sometimes cannot help doubting whether his *judging* faculty is strongly developed, and whether he does not sometimes mistake pictures in his mind for facts in nature. He is evidently proud of his powers of intuition—of his faculty of inferring a whole history from a passing expression. Show him any man's face, and he will immediately tell you his life and adventures. A very pretty and probable story he will make of it; and, provided we do not forget that it is all *fiction*, a very instructive one. But, in discussing disputed points in nature or policy, we cannot admit these works of his imagination as legitimate evidence. The case before us supplies a striking illustration of Mr Dickens's power in this way; and likewise, we suspect, of his tendency to be misled by it. We shall take the opportunity of quoting a long passage, which will serve the threefold purpose of exhibiting a favourable specimen of Mr Dickens's style, of justifying the doubts we have expressed as to his judging faculty, and of presenting the case against the solitary in a strong light.

He commences his remarks on the subject by declaring his belief 'that very few men are capable of estimating the immense 'amount of torture and agony which this dreadful punishment, 'prolonged for years, inflicts upon the sufferers,' and that, 'in 'guessing at it himself, and in reasoning from *what he has seen* '*written upon their faces, and what to his certain knowledge they* '*feel within*, he is only the more convinced that there is a depth 'of terrible endurance in it, which none but the sufferers them-'selves can fathom, and which no man has a right to inflict upon 'his fellow-creature.'—(Vol. i. p. 239.) He then proceeds to describe the regulations of the prison, and the condition and appearance of several of the prisoners. The sight, and the feelings of awe and pity which the sight awakens, set his 'shaping spirit of imagination' at work, and he thus goes on:—

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'As I walked among these solitary cells, and looked at the faces of the men within them, I tried to picture to myself the thoughts and feelings natural to their condition; I imagined the hood just taken off, and the scene of their captivity disclosed to them in all its dismal monotony.

'At first, the man is stunned. His confinement is a hideous vision; and his old life a reality. He throws himself upon his bed, and lies there abandoned to despair. By degrees the insupportable solitude and barrenness of the place rouses him from this stupor, and when the trap in his grated door is opened, he humbly begs and prays for work. "Give me some work to do, or I shall go raving mad!"

'He has it; and by fits and starts applies himself to labour; but every now and then there comes upon him a burning sense of the years that must be wasted in that stone coffin, and an agony so piercing in the recollection of those who are hidden from his view and knowledge, that he starts from his seat, and striding up and down the narrow room, with both hands clasped on his uplifted head, hears spirits tempting him to beat his brains out on the wall.

'Again he falls upon his bed, and lies there, moaning. Suddenly he starts up, wondering whether any other man is near; whether there is another cell like that on either side of him; and listens keenly.

'There is no sound: but other prisoners may be near for all that. He remembers to have heard once—when he little thought of coming there himself—that the cells were so constructed that the prisoners could not hear each other, though the officers could hear them. Where is the nearest man—upon the right, or on the left? or is there one in both directions? Where is he sitting now—with his face to the light? or is he walking to and fro? How is he dressed? Has he been there long? Is he much worn away? Is he very white and spectre-like? Does *he* think of his neighbour too?

'Scarcely venturing to breathe, and listening while he thinks, he conjures up a figure with its back towards him, and imagines it moving about in this next cell. He has no idea of the face; but he is certain of the dark form of a stooping man. In the cell upon the other side, he puts another figure, whose face is hidden from him also. Day after day, and often when he wakes up in the middle of the night, he thinks of these two men until he is almost distracted. He never changes them. There they are always as he first imagined them—an old man on the right; a younger man on the left—whose hidden features torture him to death, and have a mystery that makes him tremble.

'The weary days pass on with solemn pace, like mourners at a funeral; and slowly he begins to feel that the white walls of his cell have something dreadful in them: that their colour is horrible: that their smooth surface chills his blood: that there is one hateful corner which torments him. Every morning when he wakes, he hides his head beneath the coverlet, and shudders to see the ghastly ceiling looking down upon him. The blessed light of day itself peeps in—an ugly phantom face—through the unchangeable crevice which is his prison window.

'By slow but sure degrees, the terrors of that hateful corner swell

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until they beset him at all times; invade his rest, make his dreams hideous, and his nights dreadful. At first, he took a strange dislike to it; feeling as though it gave birth in his brain to something of corresponding shape, which ought not to be there, and racked his head with pains. Then he began to fear it, then to dream of it; and of men whispering its name and pointing to it. Then he could not bear to look at it, nor yet to turn his back upon it. Now, it is every night the lurking place of a ghost—a shadow—a silent something, horrible to see; but whether bird or beast, or muffled human shape, he cannot tell.

'When he is in his cell by day, he fears the little yard without. When he is in the yard, he dreads to re-enter the cell. When night comes, there stands the phantom in the corner. If he have the courage to stand in its place and drive it out, (he had once, being desperate,) it broods upon his bed. In the twilight, and always at the same hour, a voice calls to him by name; as the darkness thickens, his loom begins to live; and even that, his comfort, is a hideous figure, watching him till daybreak.

'Again, by slow degrees, these horrible fancies depart from him one by one; returning sometimes unexpectedly, but at longer intervals, and in less alarming shapes. He has talked upon religious matters with the gentleman who visits him; and has read his Bible, and has written a prayer upon his slate, and has hung it up as a kind of protection, and an assurance of heavenly companionship. He dreams now sometimes of his children or his wife, but is sure that they are dead or have deserted him. He is easily moved to tears; is gentle, submissive, and broken-spirited. Occasionally the old agony comes back; a very little thing will revive it; even a familiar sound, or the scent of summer flowers in the air; but it does not last long now; for the world without has come to be the vision, and this solitary life the sad reality.

'If his term of imprisonment be short—I mean comparatively, for short it cannot be—the last half-year is almost worse than all; for then he thinks the prison will take fire and he be burned in the ruins, or that he is doomed to die within the walls, or that he will be detained on some false charge and sentenced for another term: or that something, no matter what, must happen to prevent his going at large. And this is natural, and impossible to be reasoned against; because, after his long separation from human life, and his great suffering, any event will appear to him more probable in the contemplation than the being restored to liberty and his fellow-creatures.

'If his period of confinement have been very long, the prospect of release bewilders and confuses him. His broken heart may flutter for a moment when he thinks of the world outside, and what it might have been to him in all those lonely years; but that is all. The cell door has been closed too long on all his hopes and cares. Better to have hanged him in the beginning than bring him to this pass, and send him forth among his kind, who are his kind no more.'

Now this is a most powerful sketch of a *possible* case. Had it occurred in a professed work of fiction, as a description of the actual condition of one of the characters, we should have thought it re-

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markable not only for force but for truth. It is terrible, but not monstrous; we can imagine a man feeling and doing all that is described. But when we are enquiring into the actual and ordinary effects of solitary confinement upon the mind of a prisoner, we are constrained to ask Mr Dickens what authority he has for his many facts? How does he know that prisoners are affected in this manner? And, above all, how does he know that it is the general case? He will say that he saw it in their faces; they had all the same expression; and that expression told him the whole story. But he should at least show that his interpretation of the countenance was corroborated by other indications of less doubtful character. Let us refer to the individual sufferers whom he saw and conversed with in several stages of punishment, and see whether their demeanour (as he himself describes it) accords with his supposition. There are but nine cases of which he gives any detailed report: we will take them all, placing them, however in our own order. First, a German who had been brought in the day before—he was imploring for work. Second, an English thief, who had been in only a few days; still savage. These two cases may be set aside: the effects of the system not having had time to show itself. Third, A man convicted as a receiver of stolen goods; but who denied his guilt. He had been in for six years, and was to remain three more. 'He stopped his work when we 'went in, took off his spectacles, and answered freely to every 'thing that was said to him. * * * * He wore a paper hat of 'his own making, and was pleased to have it noticed and com-'mended. He had very ingeniously manufactured a sort of 'Dutch clock from some disregarded odds and ends; and his vine-'gar bottle served for the pendulum. Seeing me interested in 'this contrivance, he looked up at it with a great deal of pride, 'and said that he had been thinking of improving it, and that he 'hoped the hammer and a little piece of broken glass beside it 'would play music before long. He had extracted some colours 'from the yarn with which he worked, and painted a few poor 'figures on the wall.' Surely this is not the demeanour, nor these the ways, of a man whose spirit is crushed and faculties destroyed—who suffers day and night from horrible fancies. Fourth, a German imprisoned for larceny; has been in for two years, and has three to come. 'With colours prepared in the same 'manner, he had painted every inch of the walls and ceiling quite 'beautifully. He had laid out the few feet of ground behind 'with exquisite neatness, and had made a little bed in the centre, 'which looked, by the by, like a grave. The taste and ingenuity 'he had displayed in every thing were most extraordinary.' Here again is very strange evidence of the destructive effects of

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solitude upon the faculties. Mr Dickens goes on, it is true, to assure us that 'he never saw such a picture of forlorn affliction 'and distress of mind;' that 'his heart bled for him,' &c. And very unhappy he may well have been; people are not sent to prison to be made happy; but the question is, whether he was the worse or the better for it. Fifth, a negro burglar, notorious for his boldness and hardihood, and for the number of previous convictions—*his time nearly out.* He was at work making screws. 'He entertained us with a long account of his achievements, 'which he narrated with such infinite relish that he actually 'seemed to lick his lips as he told us racy anecdotes of stolen 'plate,' &c. Here, at any rate, we have a man who has not been made too miserable. Sixth, a man, of whom we are told no more than that he was allowed to keep rabbits as an indulgence; that he came out of his cell with one in his breast, and that Mr Dickens thought it hard to say which was the nobler animal of the two. Seventh, 'a poet, who, *after doing two days work in every four-* 'and-twenty hours, one for himself and one for the prison, *wrote* 'verses about ships, (he was by trade a mariner,) and "the mad- 'dening wine-cup," and his friends at home.' Here, again, Mr Dickens must have selected his examples very oddly—or one would think that solitary confinement called out a man's resources instead of paralyzing them. Eighth, at last we come to a case (probably *the* case) in point: a sailor who had been confined for *eleven years*, and would be free in a few months. Mr D. does indeed here draw the picture of a man stupified by suffering; and we can well believe that the picture is just. But the most strenuous advocates of the solitary system will hardly maintain that there may not be too much of it. Try a man who has been in *two* years, and is going to be released next day, and see whether *his* case is hopeless. And here we have him—No. Nine, 'I have the face of 'this man before me now. It is almost more memorable in its hap- 'piness then the other faces in their misery. How easy and how 'natural was it for him to say that the system was a good one; 'and that the time went "pretty quick considering;" and that, 'when a man once felt he had offended the law and must satisfy 'it, "he got along somehow;" and so forth!' Upon women Mr Dickens acknowledges that the effect of this punishment is different. He thinks it quite as wrong and cruel in their case; but admits that their faces are humanized and refined by it, and thinks it may be 'because of their *better nature*, which is *elicited* '*in solitude.*'

Upon the question at issue, we offer no opinion; but with these discrepancies between Mr Dickens's facts and fancies, we can hardly be rash in saying that his authority, great as it is,

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should not be taken as decisive. Commending the matter, therefore, to the further consideration of the inspectors of prisons, we shall return to our own proper subject; which is the character of the American people as expressed in their civil institutions. In the case of this Philadelphia prison, Mr Dickens's objections are confined to the principle. To the intentions, motives, and characters of those who are concerned in the management of it, as well as to the efficacy of the arrangements, he gives unqualified praise.

Another thing on which the true character of a people in its substantial qualities must be expected to impress itself, is the administration of Justice; and we wish that Mr Dickens had frequented the Courts a little more. Except on extraordinary occasions, politics and party find no business there; and where that is the case, the ablest man will naturally have the best place yielded to him, and the true interests (as distinguished from the fleeting inclinations) of the public will be consulted in all forms and proceedings; and in this, after all, consists the true health of the body politic. Let person and property be secured from violence, and let affairs be equitably adjusted between man and man, and what reasonable person would grudge his legislators their long speeches, their personal altercations, or even their *spittoons?* From the scanty notices on this head scattered through these volumes, we should infer that America has no reason to shrink from this test. The high character of the Supreme Court is notorious through Europe. And Mr Dickens tells us that in every place he visited, the Judges were men of high character and attainments; which is saying much, considering that in some of the States they are, we believe, annually elected by the people. Of their modes of proceeding he tells us nothing beyond the general picturesque effect; and we are left to infer from his silence, that the want of wigs and gowns, and of raised platforms for witnesses and prisoners, does not obstruct the course of justice.

The condition of the Church in America is another thing which should throw great light on the character of the people; for in this also politics do not interfere: each party can do as it pleases, and therefore no two need quarrel. Unfortunately there is a great want of sound information on this subject in England; the popular notion of the style of religious worship in America being built, we believe, upon Mrs Trollope's account of a *Revival.* Mr Dickens does not tell us much: from what he does say we should imagine, that the prevailing character of the Church in New England, has more of old Puritanism in it than of modern Methodism. And we have heard it maintained by gentle-

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men who have resided in America for months together, and visited different places of worship, that they have rarely met with any symptoms of fanaticism or sycophancy in the preacher, or of enthusiasm in the congregation; but that the service, whatever the persuasion, was generally characterized by decency and dulness.

Of the system of Education in the United States, and the provision for it, (which should stand perhaps next in order as an illustration of the social character.) Mr Dickens says but little. We hear occasionally of a College or a School; and we gather generally, that sufficient provision is made by each State to enable every citizen to receive some degree of education. The proportion of adults who cannot read and write is consequently extremely small; and among these we believe there are scarcely any native Americans. Beyond this fact, which is of great importance, we can learn nothing that is much to our purpose. We could have wished to know, first, the amount of knowledge, and the kind of intellectual cultivation which a man must have, in order to take rank in general opinion as a well-educated man; and, next, the style and amount of accomplishments which are requisite to *distinguish* him in that rank. This would show in what direction the great body of the intellect of the country is working. It would also be very interesting to know something about the composition of American Libraries, especially private ones. What kind of books do you find *permanently* established on the shelves in a gentleman's study; and of these which appear to have been most used. We say permanently; because it is of much less consequence to know which, among the publications of the day, are the most popular. These are read, as newspapers are, not because they are congenial to the taste, but because reading is fashionable, and they are of the newest fashion. Their universal popularity indicates little in the national character beyond a general appetite for light stimulants; and produces little alteration in it except perhaps some general debilitation from swallowing such a deluge of slops. But for the most part, we believe this kind of literature passes through the mind with as little effect upon it for good or for evil, as the conversation of a morning-caller. It is the favourite, not the fashionable, book that betrays the character of the man; and it is the book which works itself into public favour *against* the fashion that indicates the character of the people. That the miscellaneous writings of Mr Carlyle had been collected and printed in America, before his name was generally known in England, is a fact which tells much more about the intellectual and spiritual capacities of the people, than we can infer from

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knowing that the whole brood of New-Burlington Street are circulated as fast as they come out, for an annual subscription of a few dollars. The character of the native periodical literature of the costlier class, and therefore of more limited circulation, would throw further light on the matter; for it would show not only what the more select class of readers will pay for, but what the better class of writers can produce. The North American, and the New York Reviews, for instance, will give a juster, as well as a higher idea of the tendencies and prospects of American literature, than the most ambitious and elaborate pamphlets, speeches, and state papers—all of which are addressed to a wider, but a lower, circle.

Whether Mr Dickens has much considered the subject of American literature in its true bearings, we are not informed. From these volumes, we can only gather that he is deeply read in their Newspapers; the character of which he denounces in his bitterest, and by no means his best style. Of the justice of his censures, not having ourselves gone through the nauseous course of reading by which he has qualified himself to speak, we can form no opinion. We shall only say, that, looking at the condition of our own Daily Press, and imagining what it would be were it turned loose in a land of cheap printing and no stamp duties—where every body could read, and every body took a part in politics; and without any capital city in which public opinion might gather to a head and express itself with authority—we can readily believe it to be true in the full extent. Thanks to London, which concentrates and represents the feelings of the British people, the leading London Journals (and from them the provincial press throughout the country takes its tone) are held under some restraint. Gross violations of manners are not countenanced; and wanton slander of private persons would not be tolerated. Moreover, the enormous amount of information which is demanded of an English Newspaper, cannot be supplied at first hand without a costly establishment and machinery; and this, requiring large capital to start with, excludes the worst class of adventurers from competition; and insures in the proprietor that kind and amount of respectability which in England always accompanies substance. A man with something to lose will not offend the feelings of the mass of his customers; a man with nothing, cannot get up a Paper which has any chance of general circulation. We fear, however, that it is imposible to answer for more than this. Private houses, we trust, are (from the stamped press at least) secure. But what conspicuous public man can be insured against the most malignant slander from one party, and the grossest adulation from the other — both equally unprin-

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cipled? What measure of what party was ever discussed by the Daily Press, on either side, upon its real merits, or with a desire to represent it truly? What misrepresentation is too gross for our most respectable Newspapers to take up? What rumour too injurious and too ill-founded for them to spread? What sophism so palpable, that if it can be used with effect to damage the character of a political opponent, they will not employ it? And the worst is, that in the guilt of this, the respectability of England is directly implicated. It cannot be said that the disease is incident to liberty, and must be borne with; for, strange to say, this kind of licentious writing, (known as it is, and thoroughly understood to be licentious,) is what the great mass of news *readers* like. The writer has no interest in his malice; he may be a very good-humoured man, with no wish to injure any body. But the readers must have what they call *vigour*. Their party spirit must be at once roused and gratified by powerful attacks, and powerful vindications. A leading article, written in a spirit of candour and justice, (unless it be known to proceed from some responsible quarter, in which case it has a separate and superior interest,) is felt to be insipid. It is true, that the influence of these compositions is not so great as might appear at first, because they impose on nobody; every body knows that they are full of falsehoods. Convict a newspaper of the grossest misrepresentation, and which of its 'constant readers' will be shocked?—even though the writer should not acknowledge his fault. Their influence is, however, considerable, and, so far as it goes, most pernicious. We cannot but regard the condition of our own Daily Press, as a morning and evening witness against the moral character of the people; for if this kind of scurrility were as distasteful to the public, as the grosser kinds of licentiousness are, it would at once disappear. That its condition is still worse in America, we can, for the reasons above indicated, easily believe; but we doubt whether it be fair to draw the same inference from the fact, as to the moral tastes and feelings of the people; for the respectability of America, not having the same means of expressing its will that the respectability of England has, cannot be held in the same degree answerable. In the mean time, we hope that Mr Dickens is mistaken as to the degree in which the Press in the United States impresses and influences the general feeling. We cannot but think that, if his description of it be just, the strength of the poison must act as an antidote. Does any well-educated man in America, read these papers *with respect?*

Among other circumstances, from which something as to the social characteristics of the people may be safely inferred, cer-

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tain definite, and generally established reputations of society may be mentioned;—such, for instance, as the courtesy which every body is expected, as a matter of course, to pay to women and to strangers. And we should be inclined to draw very favourable inferences from the fact, that in all public places, including public conveyances, a woman is entitled to the best place, *occupied or unoccupied*, for possession on the part of the man goes for nothing; and also from the courtesies of the Custom-House, which, we believe, all foreigners will bear witness to. Captain Hamilton, indeed, was so possessed with the notion that this business could not be transacted without intolerable annoyance, that he kept away. But Captain Basil Hall gives a pleasant anecdote, to show in how gentlemanly a manner the thing may be done. And Mr Dickens commends to our special consideration and imitation the 'attention, politeness, and good-humour, with which the custom-house officers at Boston discharged their duty.'

We have now nearly exhausted these volumes of the information which they supply, available for the purpose with which we set out. Of the manners of the mass of the people, Mr Dickens gives many amusing illustrations; most of which have been already quoted in various publications, and have made us all very merry. It is but justice to him, however, to say, that he saw all these things in their true light; and that, while indulging his sense of the ludicrous by a hearty English laugh, he was not betrayed by them into any foolish conclusions, or illiberal (we wish we could add *un-English*) contempt. The following sensible remarks are worth extracting, not because they tell us any thing which is not obvious to any man who thinks; but because so few people trouble themselves with thinking about the matter. The scene is Sandusky, at the south-western extremity of Lake Erie.

'We put up at a comfortable little hotel. . . . . Our host, who was very attentive, and anxious to make us comfortable, was a handsome middle-aged man, who had come to this town from New England, in which part of the country he was "raised." When I say that he constantly walked in and out of the room with his hat on, and stopped to converse in the same free-and-easy state, and lay down on our sofa, and pulled his newspaper out of his pocket and read it at his ease—I merely mention these traits as characteristic of the country; not at all as being matter of complaint, or as having been disagreeable to me. I should undoubtedly be offended by such proceedings at home, because there they are not the custom, and where they are not, they would be impertinences. But in America the only desire of a good-natured fellow of this kind is to treat his guests hospitably and well; and I had no more right, and I can truly say no more disposition, to measure his conduct by our

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English rule and standard, than I had to quarrel with him for not being of the exact stature which would qualify him for admission into the Queen's Grenadier Guards. As little inclination had I to find fault with a funny old lady, who was an upper domestic in this establishment, and who, when she came to wait upon us at any meal, sat herself down comfortably in the most convenient chair, and, producing a large pin to pick her teeth with, remained performing that ceremony, and steadfastly regarding us meanwhile with much gravity and composure, (now and then pressing us to eat a little more,) until it was time to clear away. It was enough for us, that whatever we wished done was done with great civility and readiness, and a desire to oblige, not only here but every where else; and that all our wants were in general zealously anticipated.'—Vol. ii. p. 170.

Further on in the volume, a good story about an American bootmaker, which has been quoted every where, is introduced by the following general remark, which has not yet, we believe, been any where quoted.

'The republican institutions of America undoubtedly lead the people to assert their self-respect and their equality; but a traveller is bound to bear those institutions in his mind, and not hastily to resent the near approach of a class of strangers, who at home would keep aloof. This characteristic, when it is tinctured by no foolish pride, and stops short of no honest service, never offended me; and I very seldom, if ever, experienced its rude or unbecoming display.'—Vol. ii. p. 300.

The political condition of the United States has been discussed, on various occasions, in this Journal. Mr Dickens's *Notes* do not throw any new light upon it; and, as no peculiar interest attaches to his opinions on such subjects, we do not feel called upon to criticize them. We have treated the work gravely, out of respect for its author, and the gravity of the subject; and partly because the superior attractiveness and general quotation of the lighter parts is likely, we fear, to give a false impression of the tone and spirit of the whole. In thus endeavouring to collect the substance of his more serious observations, we have no doubt, in a great measure, lost sight of the prevailing character and spirit of his book. But of this it is enough to say, that it leaves our opinion of Mr Dickens's powers just as before.

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ART. IX.—*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay.* Five vols. 8vo. London: 1842.

THOUGH the world saw and heard little of Madame D'Arblay during the last forty years of her life, and though that little did not add to her fame, there were thousands, we believe, who felt a singular emotion when they learned that she was no longer among us. The news of her death carried the minds of men back at one leap, clear over two generations, to the time when her first literary triumphs were won. All those whom we had been accustomed to revere as intellectual patriarchs, seemed children when compared with her; for Burke had sate up all night to read her writings, and Johnson had pronounced her superior to Fielding, when Rogers was still a schoolboy, and Southey still in petticoats. Yet more strange did it seem that we should just have lost one whose name had been widely celebrated before any body had heard of some illustrious men who, twenty, thirty, or forty years ago, were, after a long and splendid career, borne with honour to the grave. Yet so it was. Frances Burney was at the height of fame and popularity before Cowper had published his first volume, before Porson had gone up to college, before Pitt had taken his seat in the House of Commons, before the voice of Erskine had been once heard in Westminster Hall. Since the appearance of her first work, sixty-two years had passed; and this interval had been crowded, not only with political, but also with intellectual revolutions. Thousands of reputations had, during that period, sprung up, bloomed, withered, and disappeared. New kinds of composition had come into fashion, had gone out of fashion, had been derided, had been forgotten. The fooleries of Della Crusca, and the fooleries of Kotzebue, had for a time bewitched the multitude, but had left no trace behind them; nor had misdirected genius been able to save from decay the once flourishing schools of Godwin, of Darwin, and of Radcliffe. Many books, written for temporary effect, had run through six or seven editions, and had then been gathered to the novels of Afra Behn, and the epic poems of Sir Richard Blackmore. Yet the early works of Madame D'Arblay, in spite of the lapse of years, in spite of the change of manners, in spite of the popularity deservedly obtained by some of her rivals, continued to hold a high place in the public esteem. She lived to be a classic. Time set on her fame, before she went hence, that seal which is seldom set except on the fame of the departed. Like Sir Condy Rackrent in the tale, she survived her own wake, and overheard the judgment of posterity.

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Having always felt a warm and sincere, though not a blind admiration for her talents, we rejoiced to learn that her Diary was about to be made public. Our hopes, it is true, were not unmixed with fears. We could not forget the fate of the Memoirs of Dr Burney, which were published ten years ago. That unfortunate book contained much that was curious and interesting. Yet it was received with a cry of disgust, and was speedily consigned to oblivion. The truth is, that it deserved its doom. It was written in Madame D'Arblay's later style—the worst style that has ever been known among men. No genius, no information, could save from proscription a book so written. We, therefore, opened the Diary with no small anxiety, trembling lest we should light upon some of that peculiar rhetoric which deforms almost every page of the Memoirs, and which it is impossible to read without a sensation made up of mirth, shame, and loathing. We soon, however, discovered to our great delight that this Diary was kept before Madame D'Arblay became eloquent. It is, for the most part, written in her earliest and best manner; in true woman's English, clear, natural, and lively. The two works are lying side by side before us, and we never turn from the Memoirs to the Diary without a sense of relief. The difference is as great as the difference between the atmosphere of a perfumer's shop, fetid with lavender water and jasmine soap, and the air of a heath on a fine morning in May. Both works ought to be consulted by every person who wishes to be well acquainted with the history of our literature and our manners. But to read the Diary is a pleasure; to read the Memoirs will always be a task.

We may, perhaps, afford some harmless amusement to our readers if we attempt, with the help of these two books, to give them an account of the most important years of Madame D'Arblay's life.

She was descended from a family which bore the name of Macburney, and which, though probably of Irish origin, had been long settled in Shropshire, and was possessed of considerable estates in that county. Unhappily, many years before her birth, the Macburneys began, as if of set purpose and in a spirit of determined rivalry, to expose and ruin themselves. The heir-apparent, Mr James Macburney, offended his father by making a runaway match with an actress from Goodman's Fields. The old gentleman could devise no more judicious mode of wreaking vengeance on his undutiful boy, than by marrying the cook. The cook gave birth to a son named Joseph, who succeeded to all the lands of the family, while James was cut off with a shilling. The favourite son, however, was so extravagant, that he soon became

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as poor as his disinherited brother. Both were forced to earn their bread by their labour. Joseph turned dancing-master, and settled in Norfolk. James struck off the Mac from the beginning of his name, and set up as a portrait-painter at Chester. Here he had a son named Charles, well known as the author of the History of Music, and as the father of two remarkable children, of a son distinguished by learning, and of a daughter still more honourably distinguished by genius.

Charles early showed a taste for that art, of which, at a later period, he became the historian. He was apprenticed to a celebrated musician in London, and applied himself to study with vigour and success. He early found a kind and munificent patron in Fulk Greville, a high-born and high-bred man, who seems to have had in large measure all the accomplishments and all the follies, all the virtues and all the vices which, a hundred years ago, were considered as making up the character of a fine gentleman. Under such protection, the young artist had every prospect of a brilliant career in the capital. But his health failed. It became necessary for him to retreat from the smoke and river fog of London, to the pure air of the coast. He accepted the place of organist at Lynn, and settled at that town with a young lady who had recently become his wife.

At Lynn, in June 1752, Frances Burney was born. Nothing in her childhood indicated that she would, while still a young woman, have secured for herself an honourable and permanent place among English writers. She was shy and silent. Her brothers and sisters called her a dunce, and not altogether without some show of reason; for at eight years old she did not know her letters.

In 1760, Mr Burney quitted Lynn for London, and took a house in Poland Street; a situation which had been fashionable in the reign of Queen Anne, but which, since that time, had been deserted by most of its wealthy and noble inhabitants. He afterwards resided in St Martin's Street, on the south side of Leicester Square. His house there is still well known, and will continue to be well known as long as our island retains any trace of civilisation; for it was the dwelling of Newton, and the square turret which distinguishes it from all the surrounding buildings was Newton's observatory.

Mr Burney at once obtained as many pupils of the most respectable description as he had time to attend, and was thus enabled to support his family, modestly indeed, and frugally, but in comfort and independence. His professional merit obtained for him the degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Oxford; and his works on subjects connected with his art gained

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for him a place, respectable, though certainly not eminent, among men of letters.

The progress of the mind of Frances Burney, from her ninth to her twenty-fifth year, well deserves to be recorded. When her education had proceeded no further than the horn-book, she lost her mother, and thenceforward she educated herself. Her father appears to have been as bad a father as a very honest, affectionate, and sweet-tempered man can well be. He loved his daughter dearly; but it never seems to have occurred to him that a parent has other duties to perform to children than that of fondling them. It would indeed have been impossible for him to superintend their education himself. His professional engagements occupied him all day. At seven in the morning he began to attend his pupils, and, when London was full, was sometimes employed in teaching till eleven at night. He was often forced to carry in his pocket a tin box of sandwiches, and a bottle of wine and water, on which he dined in a hackney-coach while hurrying from one scholar to another. Two of his daughters he sent to a seminary at Paris; but he imagined that Frances would run some risk of being perverted from the Protestant faith if she were educated in a Catholic country, and he therefore kept her at home. No governess, no teacher of any art or of any language, was provided for her. But one of her sisters showed her how to write; and, before she was fourteen, she began to find pleasure in reading.

It was not, however, by reading that her intellect was formed. Indeed, when her best novels were produced, her knowledge of books was very small. When at the height of her fame, she was unacquainted with the most celebrated works of Voltaire and Molière; and, what seems still more extraordinary, had never heard or seen a line of Churchill, who, when she was a girl, was the most popular of living poets. It is particularly deserving of observation, that she appears to have been by no means a novel-reader. Her father's library was large; and he had admitted into it so many books which rigid moralists generally exclude, that he felt uneasy, as he afterwards owned, when Johnson began to examine the shelves. But in the whole collection there was only a single novel, Fielding's Amelia.

An education, however, which to most girls would have been useless, but which suited Fanny's mind better than elaborate culture, was in constant progress during her passage from childhood to womanhood. The great book of human nature was turned over before her. Her father's social position was very peculiar. He belonged in fortune and station to the middle class. His daughters seem to have been suffered to mix freely with those whom

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butlers and waiting-maids call vulgar. We are told that they were in the habit of playing with the children of a wig-maker who lived in the adjoining house. Yet few nobles could assemble in the most stately mansions of Grosvenor Square or St James's Square, a society so various and so brilliant as was sometimes to be found in Dr Burney's cabin. His mind, though not very powerful or capacious, was restlessly active; and, in the intervals of his professional pursuits, he had contrived to lay up much miscellaneous information. His attainments, the suavity of his temper, and the gentle simplicity of his manners, had obtained for him ready admission to the first literary circles. While he was still at Lynn, he had won Johnson's heart by sounding with honest zeal the praises of the English Dictionary. In London the two friends met frequently, and agreed most harmoniously. One tie, indeed, was wanting to their mutual attachment. Burney loved his own art passionately; and Johnson just knew the bell of St Clement's church from the organ. They had, however, many topics in common; and on winter nights their conversations were sometimes prolonged till the fire had gone out, and the candles had burned away to the wicks. Burney's admiration of the powers which had produced Rasselas and The Rambler, bordered on idolatry. He gave a singular proof of this at his first visit to Johnson's ill-furnished garret. The master of the apartment was not at home. The enthusiastic visiter looked about for some relique which he might carry away; but he could see nothing lighter than the chairs and the fire-irons. At last he discovered an old broom, tore some bristles from the stump, wrapped them in silver paper, and departed as happy as Louis IX. when the holy nail of St Denis was found. Johnson, on the other hand, condescended to growl out that Burney was an honest fellow, a man whom it was impossible not to like.

Garrick, too, was a frequent visiter in Poland Street and St Martin's Lane. That wonderful actor loved the society of children, partly from good-nature, and partly from vanity. The ecstasies of mirth and terror which his gestures and play of countenance never failed to produce in a nursery, flattered him quite as much as the applause of mature critics. He often exhibited all his powers of mimicry for the amusement of the little Burneys, awed them by shuddering and crouching as if he saw a ghost, scared them by raving like a maniac in St Luke's, and then at once became an auctioneer, a chimney-sweeper, or an old woman, and made them laugh till the tears ran down their cheeks.

But it would be tedious to recount the names of all the men of letters and artists whom Frances Burney had an opportunity

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of seeing and hearing. Colman, Twining, Harris, Baretti, Hawkesworth, Reynolds, Barry, were among those who occasionally surrounded the tea-table and supper-tray at her father's modest dwelling. This was not all. The distinction which Dr Burney had acquired as a musician, and as the historian of music, attracted to his house the most eminent musical performers of that age. The greatest Italian singers who visited England regarded him as the dispenser of fame in their art, and exerted themselves to obtain his suffrage. Pachierotti became his intimate friend. The rapacious Agujari, who sang for nobody else under fifty pounds an air, sang her best for Dr Burney without a fee; and in the company of Dr Burney even the haughty and eccentric Gabrielli constrained herself to behave with civility. It was thus in his power to give, with scarcely any expense, concerts equal to those of the aristocracy. On such occasions the quiet street in which he lived was blocked up by coroneted chariots, and his little drawing-room was crowded with peers, peeresses, ministers, and ambassadors. On one evening, of which we happen to have a full account, there were present Lord Mulgrave, Lord Bruce, Lord and Lady Edgecumbe, Lord Barrington from the War-Office, Lord Sandwich from the Admiralty, Lord Ashburnham, with his gold key dangling from his pocket, and the French Ambassador, M. De Guignes, renowned for his fine person and for his success in gallantry. But the great show of the night was the Russian Ambassador, Count Orloff, whose gigantic figure was all in a blaze with jewels, and in whose demeanour the untamed ferocity of the Scythian might be discerned through a thin varnish of French politeness. As he stalked about the small parlour, brushing the ceiling with his toupee, the girls whispered to each other, with mingled admiration and horror, that he was the favoured lover of his august mistress; that he had borne the chief part in the revolution to which she owed her throne; and that his huge hands, now glittering with diamond rings, had given the last squeeze to the windpipe of her unfortunate husband.

With such illustrious guests as these were mingled all the most remarkable specimens of the race of lions—a kind of game which is hunted in London every spring with more than Meltonian ardour and perseverance. Bruce, who had washed down steaks cut from living oxen with water from the fountains of the Nile, came to swagger and talk about his travels. Omai lisped broken English, and made all the assembled musicians hold their ears by howling Otaheitean love-songs, such as those with which Oberea charmed her Opano.

With the literary and fashionable society which occasionally

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met under Dr Burney's roof, Frances can scarcely be said to have mingled. She was not a musician, and could therefore bear no part in the concerts. She was shy almost to awkwardness, and scarcely ever joined in the conversation. The slightest remark from a stranger disconcerted her; and even the old friends of her father who tried to draw her out could seldom extract more than a Yes or a No. Her figure was small, her face not distinguished by beauty. She was therefore suffered to withdraw quietly to the background, and, unobserved herself, to observe all that passed. Her nearest relations were aware that she had good sense, but seem not to have suspected, that under her demure and bashful deportment were concealed a fertile invention and a keen sense of the ridiculous. She had not, it is true, an eye for the fine shades of character. But every marked peculiarity instantly caught her notice and remained engraven on her imagination. Thus, while still a girl, she had laid up such a store of materials for fiction as few of those who mix much in the world are able to accumulate during a long life. She had watched and listened to people of every class, from princes and great officers of state down to artists living in garrets, and poets familiar with subterranean cook-shops. Hundreds of remarkable persons had passed in review before her, English, French, German, Italian, lords and fiddlers, deans of cathedrals and managers of theatres, travellers leading about newly caught savages, and singing women escorted by deputy-husbands.

So strong was the impression made on the mind of Frances by the society which she was in the habit of seeing and hearing, that she began to write little fictitious narratives as soon as she could use her pen with ease, which, as we have said, was not very early. Her sisters were amused by her stories. But Dr Burney knew nothing of their existence; and in another quarter her literary propensities met with serious discouragement. When she was fifteen, her father took a second wife. The new Mrs Burney soon found out that her daughter-in-law was fond of scribbling, and delivered several good-natured lectures on the subject. The advice no doubt was well-meant, and might have been given by the most judicious friend; for at that time, from causes to which we may hereafter advert, nothing could be more disadvantageous to a young lady than to be known as a novel-writer. Frances yielded, relinquished her favourite pursuit, and made a bonfire of all her manuscripts.*

* There is some difficulty here as to the chronology. 'This sacrifice,' says the editor of the Diary, 'was made in the young authoress's fifteenth

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She now hemmed and stitched from breakfast to dinner with scrupulous regularity. But the dinners of that time were early; and the afternoon was her own. Though she had given up novel-writing, she was still fond of using her pen. She began to keep a diary, and she corresponded largely with a person who seems to have had the chief share in the formation of her mind. This was Samuel Crisp, an old friend of her father. His name, well known, near a century ago, in the most splendid circles of London, has long been forgotten. His history is, however, so interesting and instructive, that it tempts us to venture on a digression.

Long before Frances Burney was born, Mr Crisp had made his entrance into the world, with every advantage. He was well connected and well educated. His face and figure were conspicuously handsome; his manners were polished; his fortune was easy; his character was without stain; he lived in the best society; he had read much; he talked well; his taste in literature, music, painting, architecture, sculpture, was held in high esteem. Nothing that the world can give seemed to be wanting to his happiness and respectability, except that he should understand the limits of his powers, and should not throw away distinctions which were within his reach in the pursuit of distinctions which were unattainable.

'It is an uncontrolled truth,' says Swift, 'that no man ever 'made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good 'one who mistook them.' Every day brings with it fresh illustrations of this weighty saying; but the best commentary that we remember is the history of Samuel Crisp. Men like him have their proper place, and it is a most important one, in the Commonwealth of Letters. It is by the judgment of such men that the rank of authors is finally determined. It is neither to the multitude, nor to the few who are gifted with great creative genius, that we are to look for sound critical decisions. The multitude, unacquainted with the best models, are captivated by whatever stuns and dazzles them. They deserted Mrs Siddons to run after Master Betty; and they now prefer, we have no doubt, Jack Sheppard to Von Artevelde. A man of great original genius, on the other hand, a man who has attained to mastery in some high walk of art, is by no means to be implicitly

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year.' This could not be; for the sacrifice was the effect, according to the editor's own showing, of the remonstrances of the second Mrs Burney; and Frances was in her sixteenth year when her father's second marriage took place.

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trusted as a judge of the performances of others. The erroneous decisions pronounced by such men are without number. It is commonly supposed that jealousy makes them unjust. But a more creditable explanation may easily be found. The very excellence of a work shows that some of the faculties of the author have been developed at the expense of the rest; for it is not given to the human intellect to expand itself widely in all directions at once, and to be at the same time gigantic and well-proportioned. Whoever becomes pre-eminent in any art, nay, in any style of art, generally does so by devoting himself with intense and exclusive enthusiasm to the pursuit of one kind of excellence. His perception of other kinds of excellence is therefore too often impaired. Out of his own department he praises and blames at random, and is far less to be trusted than the mere connoisseur, who produces nothing, and whose business is only to judge and enjoy. One painter is distinguished by his exquisite finishing. He toils day after day to bring the veins of a cabbage-leaf, the folds of a lace veil, the wrinkles of an old woman's face, nearer and nearer to perfection. In the time which he employs on a square foot of canvass, a master of a different order covers the walls of a palace with gods burying giants under mountains, or makes the cupola of a church alive with seraphim and martyrs. The more fervent the passion of each of these artists for his art, the higher the merit of each in his own line, the more unlikely it is that they will justly appreciate each other. Many persons who never handled a pencil, probably do far more justice to Michael Angelo than would have been done by Gerhard Douw, and far more justice to Gerhard Douw than would have been done by Michael Angelo.

It is the same with literature. Thousands who have no spark of the genius of Dryden or Wordsworth, do to Dryden the justice which has never been done by Wordsworth, and to Wordsworth the justice which, we suspect, would never have been done by Dryden. Gray, Johnson, Richardson, Fielding, are all highly esteemed by the great body of intelligent and well-informed men. But Gray could see no merit in Rasselas; and Johnson could see no merit in the Bard. Fielding thought Richardson a solemn prig; and Richardson perpetually expressed contempt and disgust for Fielding's lowness.

Mr Crisp seems, as far as we can judge, to have been a man eminently qualified for the useful office of a connoisseur. His talents and knowledge fitted him to appreciate justly almost every species of intellectual superiority. As an adviser he was inesti-

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mable. Nay, he might probably have held a respectable rank as a writer, if he would have confined himself to some department of literature in which nothing more than sense, taste, and reading was required. Unhappily he set his heart on being a great poet, wrote a tragedy in five acts on the death of Virginia, and offered it to Garrick, who was his personal friend. Garrick read, shook his head, and expressed a doubt whether it would be wise in Mr Crisp to stake a reputation which stood high on the success of such a piece. But the author, blinded by self-love, set in motion a machinery such as none could long resist. His intercessors were the most eloquent man and the most lovely woman of that generation. Pitt was induced to read Virginia, and to pronounce it excellent. Lady Coventry, with fingers which might have furnished a model to sculptors, forced the manuscript into the reluctant hand of the manager; and, in the year 1754, the play was brought forward.

Nothing that skill or friendship could do was omitted. Garrick wrote both prologue and epilogue. The zealous friends of the author filled every box; and, by their strenuous exertions, the life of the play was prolonged during ten nights. But, though there was no clamorous reprobation, it was universally felt that the attempt had failed. When Virginia was printed, the public disappointment was even greater than at the representation. The critics, the Monthly Reviewers in particular, fell on plot, characters, and diction without mercy, but, we fear, not without justice. We have never met with a copy of the play; but, if we may judge from the lines which are extracted in the Gentleman's Magazine, and which do not appear to have been malevolently selected, we should say that nothing but the acting of Garrick, and the partiality of the audience, could have saved so feeble and unnatural a drama from instant damnation.

The ambition of the poet was still unsubdued. When the London season closed, he applied himself vigorously to the work of removing blemishes. He does not seem to have suspected, what we are strongly inclined to suspect, that the whole piece was one blemish, and that the passages which were meant to be fine, were, in truth, bursts of that tame extravagance into which writers fall, when they set themselves to be sublime and pathetic in spite of nature. He omitted, added, retouched, and flattered himself with hopes of a complete success in the following year; but, in the following year, Garrick showed no disposition to bring the amended tragedy on the stage. Solicitation and remonstrance were tried in vain. Lady Coventry, drooping

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under that malady which seems ever to select what is loveliest for its prey, could render no assistance. The manager's language was civilly evasive; but his resolution was inflexible.

Crisp had committed a great error; but he had escaped with a very slight penance. His play had not been hooted from the boards. It had, on the contrary, been better received than many very estimable performances have been—than Johnson's Irene, for example, and Goldsmith's Good-Natured Man. Had Crisp been wise, he would have thought himself happy in having purchased self-knowledge so cheap. He would have relinquished without vain repinings the hope of poetical distinction, and would have turned to the many sources of happiness which he still possessed. Had he been, on the other hand, an unfeeling and unblushing dunce, he would have gone on writing scores of bad tragedies in defiance of censure and derision. But he had too much sense to risk a second defeat, yet too little to bear his first defeat like a man. The fatal delusion that he was a great dramatist, had taken firm possession of his mind. His failure he attributed to every cause except the true one. He complained of the ill-will of Garrick, who appears to have done every thing that ability and zeal could do; and who, from selfish motives, would, of course, have been well pleased if Virginia had been as successful as the Beggar's Opera. Nay, Crisp complained of the languor of the friends whose partiality had given him three benefit-nights to which he had no claim. He complained of the injustice of the spectators, when, in truth, he ought to have been grateful for their unexampled patience. He lost his temper and spirits, and became a cynic and a hater of mankind. From London he retired to Hampton, and from Hampton to a solitary and long-deserted mansion, built on a common in one of the wildest tracts of Surrey. No road, not even a sheep-walk, connected his lonely dwelling with the abodes of men. The place of his retreat was strictly concealed from his old associates. In the spring he sometimes emerged, and was seen at exhibitions and concerts in London. But he soon disappeared, and hid himself, with no society but his books, in his dreary hermitage. He survived his failure about thirty years. A new generation sprang up around him. No memory of his bad verses remained among men. How completely the world had lost sight of him, will appear from a single circumstance. We looked for his name in a copious Dictionary of Dramatic Authors published while he was still alive, and we found only that Mr Samuel Crisp, of the Custom-house, had written a play called Virginia, acted in 1754. To the last, however, the unhappy man continued to brood over the injustice of the manager and the pit, and tried to convince himself and

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others that he had missed the highest literary honours, only because he had omitted some fine passages in compliance with Garrick's judgment. Alas, for human nature! that the wounds of vanity should smart and bleed so much longer than the wounds of affection! Few people, we believe, whose nearest friends and relations died in 1754, had any acute feeling of the loss in 1782. Dear sisters and favourite daughters, and brides snatched away before the honeymoon was passed, had been forgotten, or were remembered only with a tranquil regret. But Samuel Crisp was still mourning for his tragedy, like Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted. 'Never,' such was his language twenty-eight years after his disaster, 'never give up or alter a tittle unless it perfectly coincides with 'your own inward feelings. I can say this to my sorrow and 'my cost. But, mum!' Soon after these words were written, his life—a life which might have been eminently useful and happy—ended in the same gloom in which, during more than a quarter of a century, it had been passed. We have thought it worth while to rescue from oblivion this curious fragment of literary history. It seems to us at once ludicrous, melancholy, and full of instruction.

Crisp was an old and very intimate friend of the Burneys. To them alone was confided the name of the desolate old hall in which he hid himself like a wild beast in a den. For them were reserved such remains of his humanity as had survived the failure of his play. Frances Burney he regarded as his daughter. He called her his Fannikin, and she in return called him her dear Daddy. In truth, he seems to have done much more than her real father for the development of her intellect; for though he was a bad poet, he was a scholar, a thinker, and an excellent counsellor. He was particularly fond of Dr Burney's concerts. They had, indeed, been commenced at his suggestion, and when he visited London he constantly attended them. But when he grew old, and when gout, brought on partly by mental irritation, confined him to his retreat, he was desirous of having a glimpse of that gay and brilliant world from which he was exiled, and he pressed Fannikin to send him full accounts of her father's evening parties. A few of her letters to him have been published; and it is impossible to read them without discerning in them all the powers which afterwards produced Evelina and Cecilia, the quickness in catching every odd peculiarity of character and manner, the skill in grouping, the humour, often richly comic, sometimes even farcical.

Fanny's propensity to novel-writing had for a time been kept down. It now rose up stronger than ever. The heroes and heroines

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of the tales which had perished in the flames, were still present to the eye of her mind. One favourite story, in particular, haunted her imagination. It was about a certain Caroline Evelyn, a beautiful damsel who made an unfortunate love match, and died, leaving an infant daughter. Frances began to image to herself the various scenes, tragic and comic, through which the poor motherless girl, highly connected on one side, meanly connected on the other, might have to pass. A crowd of unreal beings, good and bad, grave and ludicrous, surrounded the pretty, timid, young orphan; a coarse sea-captain; an ugly insolent fop, blazing in a superb court-dress; another fop, as ugly and as insolent, but lodged on Snow-Hill, and tricked out in second-hand finery for the Hampstead ball; an old woman, all wrinkles and rouge, flirting her fan with the air of a Miss of seventeen, and screaming in a dialect made up of vulgar French and vulgar English; a poet lean and ragged, with a broad Scotch accent. By degrees these shadows acquired stronger and stronger consistence: the impulse which urged Frances to write became irresistible; and the result was the history of Evelina.

Then came, naturally enough, a wish, mingled with many fears, to appear before the public; for, timid as Frances was, and bashful, and altogether unaccustomed to hear her own praises, it is clear that she wanted neither a strong passion for distinction, nor a just confidence in her own powers. Her scheme was to become, if possible, a candidate for fame without running any risk of disgrace. She had not money to bear the expense of printing. It was therefore necessary that some bookseller should be induced to take the risk; and such a bookseller was not readily found. Dodsley refused even to look at the manuscript unless he were trusted with the name of the author. A publisher in Fleet Street, named Lowndes, was more complaisant. Some correspondence took place between this person and Miss Burney, who took the name of Grafton, and desired that the letters addressed to her might be left at the Orange Coffee-House. But, before the bargain was finally struck, Fanny thought it her duty to obtain her father's consent. She told him that she had written a book, that she wished to have his permission to publish it anonymously, but that she hoped that he would not insist upon seeing it. What followed may serve to illustrate what we meant when we said that Dr Burney was as bad a father as so good-hearted a man could possibly be. It never seems to have crossed his mind that Fanny was about to take a step on which the whole happiness of her life might depend, a step which might raise her to an honourable eminence, or cover her with ridicule and contempt.

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Several people had already been trusted, and strict concealment was therefore not to be expected. On so grave an occasion, it was surely his duty to give his best counsel to his daughter, to win her confidence, to prevent her from exposing herself if her book were a bad one, and, if it were a good one, to see that the terms which she made with the publisher were likely to be beneficial to her. Instead of this, he only stared, burst out a laughing, kissed her, gave her leave to do as she liked, and never even asked the name of her work. The contract with Lowndes was speedily concluded. Twenty pounds were given for the copyright, and were accepted by Fanny with delight. Her father's inexcusable neglect of his duty, happily caused her no worse evil than the loss of twelve or fifteen hundred pounds.

After many delays Evelina appeared in January 1778. Poor Fanny was sick with terror, and durst hardly stir out of doors. Some days passed before any thing was heard of the book. It had, indeed, nothing but its own merits to push it into public favour. Its author was unknown. The house by which it was published, was not, we believe, held in high estimation. No body of partisans had been engaged to applaud. The better class of readers expected little from a novel about a young lady's entrance into the world. There was, indeed, at that time a disposition among the most respectable people to condemn novels generally: nor was this disposition by any means without excuse; for works of that sort were then almost always silly, and very frequently wicked.

Soon, however, the first faint accents of praise began to be heard. The keepers of the circulating libraries reported that every body was asking for Evelina, and that some person had guessed Anstey to be the author. Then came a favourable notice in the London Review; then another still more favourable in the Monthly. And now the book found its way to tables which had seldom been polluted by marble-covered volumes. Scholars and statesmen who contemptuously abandoned the crowd of romances to Miss Lydia Languish and Miss Sukey Saunter, were not ashamed to own that they could not tear themselves away from Evelina. Fine carriages and rich liveries, not often seen east of Temple Bar, were attracted to the publisher's shop in Fleet Street. Lowndes was daily questioned about the author; but was himself as much in the dark as any of the questioners. The mystery, however, could not remain a mystery long. It was known to brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins: and they were far too proud and too happy to be discreet. Dr Burney wept over the book in rapture. Daddy Crisp shook his

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fist at his Fannikin in affectionate anger at not having been admitted to her confidence. The truth was whispered to Mrs Thrale; and then it began to spread fast.

The book had been admired while it was ascribed to men of letters long conversant with the world, and accustomed to composition. But when it was known that a reserved, silent young woman had produced the best work of fiction that had appeared since the death of Smollett, the acclamations were redoubled. What she had done was, indeed, extraordinary. But, as usual, various reports improved the story till it became miraculous. Evelina, it was said, was the work of a girl of seventeen. Incredible as this tale was, it continued to be repeated down to our own time. Frances was too honest to confirm it. Probably she was too much a woman to contradict it; and it was long before any of her detractors thought of this mode of annoyance. Yet there was no want of low minds and bad hearts in the generation which witnessed her first appearance. There was the envious Kenrick and the savage Wolcot, the asp George Steevens and the polecat John Williams. It did not, however, occur to them to search the parish-register of Lynn, in order that they might be able to twit a lady with having concealed her age. That truly chivalrous exploit was reserved for a bad writer of our own time, whose spite she had provoked by not furnishing him with materials for a worthless edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, some sheets of which our readers have doubtless seen round parcels of better books.

But we must return to our story. The triumph was complete. The timid and obscure girl found herself on the highest pinnacle of fame. Great men, on whom she had gazed at a distance with humble reverence, addressed her with admiration, tempered by the tenderness due to her sex and age. Burke, Windham, Gibbon, Reynolds, Sheridan, were among her most ardent eulogists. Cumberland acknowledged her merit, after his fashion, by biting his lips and wriggling in his chair whenever her name was mentioned. But it was at Streatham that she tasted, in the highest perfection, the sweets of flattery, mingled with the sweets of friendship. Mrs Thrale, then at the height of prosperity and popularity—with gay spirits, quick wit, showy though superficial acquirements, pleasing though not refined manners, a singularly amiable temper, and a loving heart—felt towards Fanny as towards a younger sister. With the Thrales Johnson was domesticated. He was an old friend of Dr Burney; but he had probably taken little notice of Dr Burney's daughters, and Fanny, we imagine, had never in her life dared to speak to him, unless to ask whether

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he wanted a nineteenth or a twentieth cup of tea. He was charmed by her tale, and preferred it to the novels of Fielding, to whom, indeed, he had always been grossly unjust. He did not, indeed, carry his partiality so far as to place Evelina by the side of Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison; yet he said that his little favourite had done enough to have made even Richardson feel uneasy. With Johnson's cordial approbation of the book was mingled a fondness, half gallant half paternal, for the writer; and this fondness his age and character entitled him to show without restraint. He began by putting her hand to his lips. But soon he clasped her in his huge arms, and implored her to be a good girl. She was his pet, his dear love, his dear little Burney, his little character-monger. At one time, he broke forth in praise of the good taste of her caps. At another time, he insisted on teaching her Latin. That, with all his coarseness and irritability, he was a man of sterling benevolence, has long been acknowledged. But how gentle and endearing his deportment could be, was not known till the Recollections of Madame D'Arblay were published.

We have mentioned a few of the most eminent of those who paid their homage to the author of Evelina. The crowd of inferior admirers would require a catalogue as long as that in the second book of the Iliad. In that catalogue would be Mrs Cholmondeley, the sayer of odd things, and Seward, much given to yawning, and Baretti, who slew the man in the Haymarket, and Paoli, talking broken English, and Langton, taller by the head than any other member of the club, and Lady Millar, who kept a vase wherein fools were wont to put bad verses, and Jerningham, who wrote verses fit to be put into the vase of Lady Millar, and Dr Franklin—not, as some have dreamed, the great Pennsylvanian Dr Franklin, who could not then have paid his respects to Miss Burney without much risk of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, but Dr Franklin the less—

> Αἴας
> μείων, οὔτι τόσος γε ὅσος Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
> ἀλλὰ πολὺ μείων

It would not have been surprising if such success had turned even a strong head, and corrupted even a generous and affectionate nature. But, in the Diary, we can find no trace of any feeling inconsistent with a truly modest and amiable disposition. There is, indeed, abundant proof that Frances enjoyed, with an intense, though a troubled, joy, the honours which her genius

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had won; but it is equally clear that her happiness sprang from the happiness of her father, her sister, and her dear Daddy Crisp. While flattered by the great, the opulent, and the learned, while followed along the Steyne at Brighton and the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells by the gaze of admiring crowds, her heart seems to have been still with the little domestic circle in St Martin's Street. If she recorded with minute diligence all the compliments, delicate and coarse, which she heard wherever she turned, she recorded them for the eyes of two or three persons who had loved her from infancy, who had loved her in obscurity, and to whom her fame gave the purest and most exquisite delight. Nothing can be more unjust than to confound these outpourings of a kind heart, sure of perfect sympathy, with the egotism of a blue-stocking, who prates to all who come near her about her own novel or her own volume of sonnets.

It was natural that the triumphant issue of Miss Burney's first venture should tempt her to try a second. Evelina, though it had raised her fame, had added nothing to her fortune. Some of her friends urged her to write for the stage. Johnson promised to give her his advice as to the composition. Murphy, who was supposed to understand the temper of the pit as well as any man of his time, undertook to instruct her as to stage-effect. Sheridan declared that he would accept a play from her without even reading it. Thus encouraged she wrote a comedy named The Witlings. Fortunately it was never acted or printed. We can, we think, easily perceive from the little which is said on the subject in the Diary, that The Witlings would have been damned, and that Murphy and Sheridan thought so, though they were too polite to say so. Happily Frances had a friend who was not afraid to give her pain. Crisp, wiser for her than he had been for himself, read the manuscript in his lonely retreat, and manfully told her that she had failed, that to remove blemishes here and there would be useless, that the piece had abundance of wit but no interest, that it was bad as a whole, that it would remind every reader of the *Femmes Savantes*, which, strange to say, she had never read, and that she could not sustain so close a comparison with Molière. This opinion, in which Dr Burney concurred, was sent to Frances in what she called 'a hissing, groaning, cat-calling epistle.' But she had too much sense not to know that it was better to be hissed and cat-called by her Daddy than by a whole sea of heads in the pit of Drury-Lane Theatre; and she had too good a heart not to be grateful for so rare an act of friendship. She returned an answer which shows how well she deserved to have a judicious, faithful, and affectionate adviser. 'I intend,' she wrote, 'to

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'console myself for your censure by this greatest proof I have 'ever received of the sincerity, candour, and, let me add, esteem, 'of my dear daddy. And as I happen to love myself rather 'more than my play, this consolation is not a very trifling one. 'This, however, seriously I do believe, that when my two dad-'dies put their heads together to concert that hissing, groaning, 'cat-calling epistle they sent me, they felt as sorry for poor little 'Miss Bayes as she could possibly do for herself. You see I 'do not attempt to repay your frankness with the air of pre-'tended carelessness. But, though somewhat disconcerted just 'now, I will promise not to let my vexation live out another 'day. Adieu, my dear daddy! I won't be mortified, and I 'won't be *downed;* but I will be proud to find I have, out of 'my own family, as well as in it, a friend who loves me well 'enough to speak plain truth to me.'

Frances now turned from her dramatic schemes to an undertaking far better suited to her talents. She determined to write a new tale, on a plan excellently contrived for the display of the powers in which her superiority to other writers lay. It was in truth a grand and various picture-gallery, which presented to the eye a long series of men and women, each marked by some strong peculiar feature. There were avarice and prodigality, the pride of blood and the pride of money, morbid restlessness and morbid apathy, frivolous garrulity, supercilious silence, a Democritus to laugh at every thing, and a Heraclitus to lament over every thing. The work proceeded fast, and in twelve months was completed. It wanted something of the simplicity which had been among the most attractive charms of Evelina; but it furnished ample proof that the four years which had elapsed since Evelina appeared, had not been unprofitably spent. Those who saw Cecilia in manuscript pronounced it the best novel of the age. Mrs Thrale laughed and wept over it. Crisp was even vehement in applause, and offered to insure the rapid and complete success of the book for half a crown. What Miss Burney received for the copyright is not mentioned in the Diary; but we have observed several expressions from which we infer that the sum was considerable. That the sale would be great nobody could doubt; and Frances now had shrewd and experienced advisers, who would not suffer her to wrong herself. We have been told that the publishers gave her two thousand pounds, and we have no doubt that they might have given a still larger sum without being losers.

Cecilia was published in the summer of 1782. The curiosity of the town was intense. We have been informed by persons who remember those days, that no romance of Sir Walter Scott

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was more impatiently awaited, or more eagerly snatched from the counters of the booksellers. High as public expectation was, it was amply satisfied; and Cecilia was placed, by general acclamation, among the classical novels of England.

Miss Burney was now thirty. Her youth had been singularly prosperous; but clouds soon began to gather over that clear and radiant dawn. Events deeply painful to a heart so kind as that of Frances, followed each other in rapid succession. She was first called upon to attend the death-bed of her best friend, Samuel Crisp. When she returned to St Martin's Street, after performing this melancholy duty, she was appalled by hearing that Johnson had been struck with paralysis; and, not many months later, she parted from him for the last time with solemn tenderness. He wished to look on her once more; and on the day before his death she long remained in tears on the stairs leading to his bedroom, in the hope that she might be called in to receive his blessing. But he was then sinking fast, and, though he sent her an affectionate message, was unable to see her. But this was not the worst. There are separations far more cruel than those which are made by death. Frances might weep with proud affection for Crisp and Johnson. She had to blush as well as to weep for Mrs Thrale.

Life, however, still smiled upon her. Domestic happiness, friendship, independence, leisure, letters, all these things were hers; and she flung them all away.

Among the distinguished persons to whom Miss Burney had been introduced, none appears to have stood higher in her regard than Mrs Delany. This lady was an interesting and venerable relique of a past age. She was the niece of George Granville Lord Lansdowne, who, in his youth, exchanged verses and compliments with Edmund Waller, and who was among the first to applaud the opening talents of Pope. She had married Dr Delany, a man known to his contemporaries as a profound scholar and an eloquent preacher, but remembered in our time chiefly as one of the small circle in which the fierce spirit of Swift, tortured by disappointed ambition, by remorse, and by the approaches of madness, sought for amusement and repose. Doctor Delany had long been dead. His widow, nobly descended, eminently accomplished, and retaining, in spite of the infirmities of advanced age, the vigour of her faculties and the serenity of her temper, enjoyed and deserved the favour of the royal family. She had a pension of three hundred a-year; and a house at Windsor, belonging to the crown, had been fitted up for her accommodation. At this house the King and Queen sometimes called, and found a very natural pleasure in thus

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catching an occasional glimpse of the private life of English families.

In December 1785, Miss Burney was on a visit to Mrs Delany at Windsor. The dinner was over. The old lady was taking a nap. Her grand-niece, a little girl of seven, was playing at some Christmas game with the visiters, when the door opened, and a stout gentleman entered unannounced, with a star on his breast, and 'What? what? what?' in his mouth. A cry of 'The King' was set up. A general scampering followed. Miss Burney owns that she could not have been more terrified if she had seen a ghost. But Mrs Delany came forward to pay her duty to her royal friend, and the disturbance was quieted. Frances was then presented, and underwent a long examination and cross-examination about all that she had written and all that she meant to write. The Queen soon made her appearance, and his Majesty repeated, for the benefit of his consort, the information which he had extracted from Miss Burney. The good-nature of the royal pair might have softened even the authors of the Probationary Odes, and could not but be delightful to a young lady who had been brought up a Tory. In a few days the visit was repeated. Miss Burney was more at ease than before. His Majesty, instead of seeking for information, condescended to impart it, and passed sentence on many great writers, English and foreign. Voltaire he pronounced a monster. Rousseau he liked rather better. 'But 'was there ever,' he cried, 'such stuff as great part of Shak-'speare? Only one must not say so. But what think you? 'What? Is there not sad stuff? What? What?'

The next day Frances enjoyed the privilege of listening to some equally valuable criticism uttered by the Queen touching Goethe and Klopstock, and might have learned an important lesson of economy from the mode in which her Majesty's library had been formed. 'I picked the book up on a stall,' said the Queen. 'Oh, it is amazing what good books there are on stalls!' Mrs Delany, who seems to have understood from these words that her Majesty was in the habit of exploring the booths of Moorfields and Holywell Street in person, could not suppress an exclamation of surprise. 'Why,' said the Queen, 'I don't 'pick them up myself. But I have a servant very clever; and, 'if they are not to be had at the booksellers, they are not for 'me more than for another.' Miss Burney describes this conversation as delightful; and, indeed, we cannot wonder that, with her literary tastes, she should be delighted at hearing in how magnificent a manner the greatest lady in the land encouraged literature.

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The truth is, that Frances was fascinated by the condescending kindness of the two great personages to whom she had been presented. Her father was even more infatuated than herself. The result was a step of which we cannot think with patience, but which, recorded as it is, with all its consequences, in these volumes, deserves at least this praise, that it has furnished a most impressive warning.

A German lady of the name of Haggerdorn, one of the keepers of the Queen's robes, retired about this time; and her Majesty offered the vacant post to Miss Burney. When we consider that Miss Burney was decidedly the most popular writer of fictitious narrative then living, that competence, if not opulence, was within her reach, and that she was more than usually happy in her domestic circle, and when we compare the sacrifice which she was invited to make with the remuneration which was held out to her, we are divided between laughter and indignation.

What was demanded of her was, that she should consent to be almost as completely separated from her family and friends as if she had gone to Calcutta, and almost as close a prisoner as if she had been sent to jail for a libel; that with talents which had instructed and delighted the highest living minds, she should now be employed only in mixing snuff and sticking pins; that she should be summoned by a waiting-woman's bell to a waiting-woman's duties; that she should pass her whole life under the restraints of a paltry etiquette, should sometimes fast till she was ready to swoon with hunger, should sometimes stand till her knees gave way with fatigue; that she should not dare to speak or move without considering how her mistress might like her words and gestures. Instead of those distinguished men and women, the flower of all political parties, with whom she had been in the habit of mixing on terms of equal friendship, she was to have for her perpetual companion the chief keeper of the robes, an old hag from Germany, of mean understanding, of insolent manners, and of temper which, naturally savage, had now been exasperated by disease. Now and then, indeed, poor Frances might console herself for the loss of Burke's and Windham's society, by joining in the 'celestial colloquy sublime' of his Majesty's Equerries.

And what was the consideration for which she was to sell herself into this slavery? A peerage in her own right? A pension of two thousand a-year for life? A seventy-four for her brother in the navy? A deanery for her brother in the Church? Not so. The price at which she was valued was her board, her lodging, the attendance of a man-servant, and two hundred pounds a-year.

The man who, even when hard pressed by hunger, sells his

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birthright for a mess of pottage, is unwise. But what shall we say of him who parts with his birthright, and does not get even the pottage in return? It is not necessary to enquire whether opulence be an adequate compensation for the sacrifice of bodily and mental freedom; for Frances Burney paid for leave to be a prisoner and a menial. It was evidently understood as one of the terms of her engagement, that, while she was a member of the royal household, she was not to appear before the public as an author: and, even had there been no such understanding, her avocations were such as left her no leisure for any considerable intellectual effort. That her place was incompatible with her literary pursuits, was indeed frankly acknowledged by the King when she resigned. 'She has given up,' he said, 'five years of her pen.' That during those five years she might, without painful exertion—without any exertion that would not have been a pleasure—have earned enough to buy an annuity for life much larger than the precarious salary which she received at court, is quite certain. The same income, too, which in St Martin's Street would have afforded her every comfort, must have been found scanty at St James's. We cannot venture to speak confidently of the price of millinery and jewellery; but we are greatly deceived if a lady who had to attend Queen Charlotte on many public occasions, could possibly save a farthing out of a salary of two hundred a-year. The principle of the arrangement was, in short, simply this, that Frances Burney should become a slave, and should be rewarded by being made a beggar.

With what object their Majesties brought her to their palace, we must own ourselves unable to conceive. Their object could not be to encourage her literary exertions; for they took her from a situation in which it was almost certain that she would write, and put her into a situation in which it was impossible for her to write. Their object could not be to promote her pecuniary interest; for they took her from a situation where she was likely to become rich, and put her into a situation in which she could not but continue poor. Their object could not be to obtain an eminently useful waiting-maid; for it is clear that, though Miss Burney was the only woman of her time who could have described the death of Harrel, thousands might have been found more expert in tying ribands and filling snuff-boxes. To grant her a pension on the civil list would have been an act of judicious liberality, honourable to the court. If this was impracticable, the next best thing was to let her alone. That the King and Queen meant her nothing but kindness, we do not in the least doubt. But their kindness was the kindness of persons raised high above the mass of mankind, accustomed to be addressed with profound deference, accus-

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tomed to see all who approach them mortified by their coldness and elated by their smiles. They fancied that to be noticed by them, to be near them, to serve them, was in itself a kind of happiness; and that Frances Burney ought to be full of gratitude for being permitted to purchase, by the surrender of health, wealth, freedom, domestic affection, and literary fame, the privilege of standing behind a royal chair, and holding a pair of royal gloves.

And who can blame them? Who can wonder that Princes should be under such a delusion, when they are encouraged in it by the very persons who suffer from it most cruelly? Was it to be expected that George the Third and Queen Charlotte should understand the interest of Frances Burney better, or promote it with more zeal, than herself and her father? No deception was practised. The conditions of the house of bondage were set forth with all simplicity. The hook was presented without a bait; the net was spread in sight of the bird. And the naked hook was greedily swallowed; and the silly bird made haste to entangle herself in the net.

It is not strange indeed that an invitation to court should have caused a fluttering in the bosom of an inexperienced woman. But it was the duty of the parent to watch over the child, and to show her that on the one side were only infantine vanities and chimerical hopes, on the other liberty, peace of mind, affluence, social enjoyments, honourable distinctions. Strange to say, the only hesitation was on the part of Frances. Dr Burney was transported out of himself with delight. Not such are the raptures of a Circassian father who has sold his pretty daughter well to a Turkish slave-merchant. Yet Dr Burney was an amiable man, a man of good abilities, a man who had seen much of the world. But he seems to have thought that going to court was like going to heaven; that to see Princes and Princesses was a kind of beatific vision; that the exquisite felicity enjoyed by royal persons was not confined to themselves, but was communicated by some mysterious efflux or reflection to all who were suffered to stand at their toilettes, or to bear their trains. He overruled all his daughter's objections, and himself escorted her to her prison. The door closed. The key was turned. She, looking back with tender regret on all that she had left, and forward with anxiety and terror to the new life on which she was entering, was unable to speak or stand; and he went on his way homeward rejoicing in her marvellous prosperity.

And now began a slavery of five years, of five years taken from the best part of life, and wasted in menial drudgery or in recreations duller than even menial drudgery, under galling restraints and amidst unfriendly or uninteresting companions. The

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history of an ordinary day was this: Miss Burney had to rise and dress herself early, that she might be ready to answer the royal bell, which rang at half after seven. Till about eight she attended in the Queen's dressing-room, and had the honour of lacing her august mistress's stays, and of putting on the hoop, gown, and neck-handkerchief. The morning was chiefly spent in rummaging drawers and laying fine clothes in their proper places. Then the Queen was to be powdered and dressed for the day. Twice a week her majesty's hair was curled and craped; and this operation appears to have added a full hour to the business of the toilette. It was generally three before Miss Burney was at liberty. Then she had two hours at her own disposal. To these hours we owe great part of her Diary. At five she had to attend her colleague, Madame Schwellenberg, a hateful old toad-eater, as illiterate as a chambermaid, as proud as a whole German Chapter, rude, peevish, unable to bear solitude, unable to conduct herself with common decency in society. With this delightful associate Frances Burney had to dine, and pass the evening. The pair generally remained together from five to eleven; and often had no other company the whole time, except during the hour from eight to nine, when the Equerries came to tea. If poor Frances attempted to escape to her own apartment, and to forget her wretchedness over a book, the execrable old woman railed and stormed, and complained that she was neglected. Yet, when Frances stayed, she was constantly assailed with insolent reproaches. Literary fame was, in the eyes of the German crone, a blemish, a proof that the person who enjoyed it was meanly born, and out of the pale of good society. All her scanty stock of broken English was employed to express the contempt with which she regarded the author of Evelina and Cecilia. Frances detested cards, and indeed knew nothing about them; but she soon found that the least miserable way of passing an evening with Madame Schwellenberg was at the card-table, and consented, with patient sadness, to give hours, which might have called forth the laughter and the tears of many generations, to the king of clubs and the knave of spades. Between eleven and twelve the bell rang again. Miss Burney had to pass twenty minutes or half an hour in undressing the Queen, and was then at liberty to retire, and dream that she was chatting with her brother by the quiet hearth in St Martin's Street, that she was the centre of an admiring assemblage at Mrs Crewe's, that Burke was calling her the first woman of the age, or that Dilly was giving her a cheque for two thousand guineas.

Men, we must suppose, are less patient than women; for we are utterly at a loss to conceive how any human being could

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endure such a life; while there remained a vacant garret in Grub Street, a crossing in want of a sweeper, a parish workhouse, or a parish vault. And it was for such a life that Frances Burney had given up liberty and peace, a happy fireside, attached friends, a wide and splendid circle of acquaintance, intellectual pursuits in which she was qualified to excel, and the sure hope of what to her would have been affluence.

There is nothing new under the sun. The last great master of Attic eloquence and Attic wit, has left us a forcible and touching description of the misery of a man of letters, who, lured by hopes similar to those of Frances, had entered the service of one of the magnates of Rome:—'Unhappy that I am,' cries the victim of his own childish ambition, 'would nothing content 'me but that I must leave mine old pursuits and mine old com-'panions, and the life which was without care, and the sleep 'which had no limit save mine own pleasure, and the walks 'which I was free to take where I listed, and fling myself into 'the lowest pit of a dungeon like this? And, O God! for 'what? Is this the bait which enticed me? Was there no way 'by which I might have enjoyed in freedom comforts even 'greater than those which I now earn by servitude? Like a 'lion which has been made so tame that men may lead him about 'with a thread, I am dragged up and down, with broken and 'humbled spirit, at the heels of those to whom, in mine own do-'main, I should have been an object of awe and wonder. And, 'worst of all, I feel that here I gain no credit, that here I give 'no pleasure. The talents and accomplishments, which charmed 'a far different circle, are here out of place. I am rude in the arts 'of palaces, and can ill bear comparison with those whose calling, 'from their youth up, has been to flatter and to sue. Have I 'then, two lives, that, after I have wasted one in the service of 'others, there may yet remain to me a second, which I may live 'unto myself?'

Now and then, indeed, events occurred which disturbed the wretched monotony of Frances Burney's life. The court moved from Kew to Windsor, and from Windsor back to Kew. One dull colonel went out of waiting, and another dull colonel came into waiting. An impertinent servant made a blunder about tea, and caused a misunderstanding between the gentlemen and the ladies. A half-witted French Protestant minister talked oddly about conjugal fidelity. An unlucky member of the household mentioned a passage in the Morning Herald reflecting on the Queen, and forthwith Madame Schwellenberg began to storm in bad English, and told him that he made her 'what you call perspire!'

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A more important occurrence was the royal visit to Oxford. Miss Burney went in the Queen's train to Nuneham, was utterly neglected there in the crowd, and could with difficulty find a servant to show the way to her bed-room, or a hairdresser to arrange her curls. She had the honour of entering Oxford in the last of a long string of carriages which formed the royal procession, of walking after the Queen all day through refectories and chapels, and of standing, half-dead with fatigue and hunger, while her august mistress was seated at an excellent cold collation. At Magdalene College, Frances was left for a moment in a parlour, where she sank down on a chair. A good-natured Equerry saw that she was exhausted, and shared with her some apricots and bread, which he had wisely put into his pockets. At that moment the door opened; the Queen entered; the wearied attendants sprang up; the bread and fruit were hastily concealed. 'I found,' says poor Miss Burney, 'that our appe-'tites were to be supposed annihilated, at the same moment that 'our strength was to be invincible.'

Yet Oxford, seen even under such disadvantages, 'revived in 'her,' to use her own words, 'a consciousness to pleasure which 'had long lain nearly dormant.' She forgot, during one moment, that she was a waiting-maid, and felt as a woman of true genius might be expected to feel amidst venerable remains of antiquity, beautiful works of art, vast repositories of knowledge, and memorials of the illustrious dead. Had she still been what she was before her father induced her to take the most fatal step of her life, we can easily imagine what pleasure she would have derived from a visit to the noblest of English cities. She might, indeed, have been forced to travel in a hack-chaise, and might not have worn so fine a gown of Chambery gauze as that in which she tottered after the royal party; but with what delight would she have then paced the cloisters of Magdalene, compared the antique gloom of Merton with the splendour of Christ Church, and looked down from the dome of the Radcliffe Library on the magnificent sea of turrets and battlements below! How gladly would learned men have laid aside for a few hours Pindar's Odes and Aristotle's Ethics, to escort the author of Cecilia from college to college? What neat little banquets would she have found set out in their monastic cells? With what eagerness would pictures, medals, and illuminated missals have been brought forth from the most mysterious cabinets for her amusement? How much she would have had to hear and to tell about Johnson as she walked over Pembroke, and about Reynolds in the ante-chapel of New College! But these indulgences were not for one who had sold herself into bondage.

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About eighteen months after the visit to Oxford, another event diversified the wearisome life which Frances led at court. Warren Hastings was brought to the bar of the House of Peers. The Queen and Princesses were present when the trial commenced, and Miss Burney was permitted to attend. During the subsequent proceedings a day-rule for the same purpose was occasionally granted to her; for the Queen took the strongest interest in the trial, and, when she could not go herself to Westminster Hall, liked to receive a report of what passed from a person who had singular powers of observation, and who was, moreover, personally acquainted with some of the most distinguished managers. The portion of the Diary which relates to this celebrated proceeding is lively and picturesque. Yet we read it, we own, with pain; for it seems to us to prove that the fine understanding of Frances Burney was beginning to feel the pernicious influence of a mode of life which is as incompatible with health of mind as the air of the Pomptine marshes with health of body. From the first day she espouses the cause of Hastings with a presumptuous vehemence and acrimony quite inconsistent with the modesty and suavity of her ordinary deportment. She shudders when Burke enters the Hall at the head of the Commons. She pronounces him the cruel oppressor of an innocent man. She is at a loss to conceive how the managers can look at the defendant, and not blush. Windham comes to her from the manager's box, to offer her refreshment. 'But,' says she, 'I could not break 'bread with him.' Then, again, she exclaims—'Ah, Mr Windham, 'how came you ever engaged in so cruel, so unjust a cause?' 'Mr 'Burke saw me,' she says, 'and he bowed with the most marked 'civility of manner.' This, be it observed, was just after his opening speech, a speech which had produced a mighty effect, and which certainly no other orator that ever lived could have made. 'My curtsy,' she continues, 'was the most ungrateful, distant, 'and cold; I could not do otherwise; so hurt I felt to see him 'the head of such a cause.' Now, not only had Burke treated her with constant kindness, but the very last act which he performed on the day on which he was turned out of the Pay-Office, about four years before this trial, was to make Dr Burney organist of Chelsea Hospital. When, at the Westminster election, Dr Burney was divided between his gratitude for this favour and his Tory opinions, Burke in the noblest manner disclaimed all right to exact a sacrifice of principle. 'You have little or no 'obligations to me,' he wrote; 'but if you had as many as I 'really wish it were in my power, as it is certainly in my desire, 'to lay on you, I hope you do not think me capable of conferring 'them, in order to subject your mind or your affairs to a painful

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'and mischievous servitude.' Was this a man to be uncivilly treated by a daughter of Dr Burney, because she chose to differ from him respecting a vast and most complicated question, which he had studied deeply during many years, and which she had never studied at all? It is clear from Miss Burney's own statement, that when she behaved so unkindly to Mr Burke, she did not even know of what Hastings was accused. One thing, however, she must have known, that Burke had been able to convince a House of Commons, bitterly prejudiced against him, that the charges were well founded; and that Pitt and Dundas had concurred, with Fox and Sheridan, in supporting the impeachment. Surely a woman of far inferior abilities to Miss Burney, might have been expected to see that this never could have happened unless there had been a strong case against the late Governor-General. And there was, as all reasonable men now admit, a strong case against him. That there were great public services to be set off against his great crimes, is perfectly true. But his services and his crimes were equally unknown to the lady who so confidently asserted his perfect innocence, and imputed to his accusers, that is to say, to all the greatest men of all parties in the state, not merely error, but gross injustice and barbarity.

She had, it is true, occasionally seen Mr Hastings, and had found his manners and conversation agreeable. But surely she could not be so weak as to infer from the gentleness of his deportment in a drawing-room, that he was incapable of committing a great state crime, under the influence of ambition and revenge. A silly Miss, fresh from a boarding-school, might fall into such a mistake; but the woman who had drawn the character of Mr Monckton should have known better.

The truth is, that she had been too long at Court. She was sinking into a slavery worse than that of the body. The iron was beginning to enter into the soul. Accustomed during many months to watch the eye of a mistress, to receive with boundless gratitude the slightest mark of royal condescension, to feel wretched at every symptom of royal displeasure, to associate only with spirits long tamed and broken in, she was degenerating into something fit for her place. Queen Charlotte was a violent partisan of Hastings; had received presents from him, and had so far departed from the severity of her virtue as to lend her countenance to his wife, whose conduct had certainly been as reprehensible as that of any of the frail beauties who were then rigidly excluded from the English Court. The King, it was well known, took the same side. To the King and Queen all the members of the household looked submissively for guidance. The impeachment, therefore, was an atrocious persecution; the mana-

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gers were rascals; the defendant was the most deserving, and the worst used man in the kingdom. This was the cant of the whole palace, from Gold Stick in Waiting, down to the Table-Deckers and Yeomen of the Silver Scullery; and Miss Burney canted like the rest, though in livelier tones, and with less bitter feelings.

The account which she has given of the King's illness, contains much excellent narrative and description, and will, we think, be more valued by the historians of a future age than any equal portion of Pepys' or Evelyn's Diaries. That account shows also, how affectionate and compassionate her nature was. But it shows also, we must say, that her way of life was rapidly impairing her powers of reasoning, and her sense of justice. We do not mean to discuss, in this place, the question, whether the views of Mr Pitt or those of Mr Fox respecting the regency were the more correct. It is, indeed, quite needless to discuss that question: for the censure of Miss Burney falls alike on Pitt and Fox, on majority and minority. She is angry with the House of Commons for presuming to enquire whether the King was mad or not, and whether there was a chance of his recovering his senses. 'A melancholy day,' she writes; 'news bad both at 'home and abroad. At home the dear unhappy king still 'worse; abroad new examinations voted of the physicians. 'Good heavens! what an insult does this seem from Parliamen-'tary power, to investigate and bring forth to the world every 'circumstance of such a malady as is ever held sacred to secrecy 'in the most private families! How indignant we all feel here, 'no words can say.' It is proper to observe, that the motion which roused all this indignation at Kew was made by Mr Pitt himself; and that, if withstood by Mr Pitt, it would certainly have been rejected. We see, therefore, that the loyalty of the minister, who was then generally regarded as the most heroic champion of his Prince, was lukewarm indeed when compared with the boiling zeal which filled the pages of the back-stairs and the women of the bed-chamber. Of the Regency bill, Pitt's own bill, Miss Burney speaks with horror. 'I shuddered,' she says, 'to hear it named.' And again—'Oh, how dreadful will 'be the day when that unhappy bill takes place! I cannot 'approve the plan of it.' The truth is, that Mr Pitt, whether a wise and upright statesman or not, was a statesman; and whatever motives he might have for imposing restrictions on the regent, felt that in some way or other there must be some provision made for the execution of some part of the kingly office, or that no government would be left in the country. But this was a matter of which the household never thought. It never occur-

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red, as far as we can see, to the Exons and Keepers of the Robes, that it was necessary that there should be somewhere or other a power in the state to pass laws, to preserve order, to pardon criminals, to fill up offices, to negotiate with foreign governments, to command the army and navy. Nay, these enlightened politicians, and Miss Burney among the rest, seem to have thought that any person who considered the subject with reference to the public interest, showed himself to be a bad-hearted man. Nobody wonders at this in a gentleman-usher; but it is melancholy to see genius sinking into such debasement.

During more than two years after the King's recovery, Frances dragged on a miserable existence at the palace. The consolations which had for a time mitigated the wretchedness of servitude, were one by one withdrawn. Mrs Delany, whose society had been a great resource when the Court was at Windsor, was now dead. One of the gentlemen of the royal establishment, Colonel Digby, appears to have been a man of sense, of taste, of some reading, and of prepossessing manners. Agreeable associates were scarce in the prison-house, and he and Miss Burney were therefore naturally attached to each other. She owns that she valued him as a friend; and it would not have been strange if his attentions had led her to entertain for him a sentiment warmer than friendship. He quitted the Court, and married in a way which astonished Miss Burney greatly, and which evidently wounded her feelings, and lowered him in her esteem. The palace grew duller and duller; Madame Schwellenberg became more and more savage and insolent. And now the health of poor Frances began to give way; and all who saw her pale face, her emaciated figure, and her feeble walk, predicted that her sufferings would soon be over.

Frances uniformly speaks of her royal mistress, and of the princesses, with respect and affection. The princesses seem to have well deserved all the praise which is bestowed on them in the Diary. They were, we doubt not, most amiable women. But 'the sweet queen,' as she is constantly called in these volumes, is not by any means an object of admiration to us. She had undoubtedly sense enough to know what kind of deportment suited her high station, and self-command enough to maintain that deportment invariably. She was, in her intercourse with Miss Burney, generally gracious and affable, sometimes, when displeased, cold and reserved, but never, under any circumstances, rude, peevish, or violent. She knew how to dispense, gracefully and skilfully, those little civilities which, when paid by a sovereign, are prized at many times their intrinsic value; how to pay a

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compliment; how to lend a book; how to ask after a relation. But she seems to have been utterly regardless of the comfort, the health, the life of her attendants, when her own convenience was concerned. Weak, feverish, hardly able to stand, Frances had still to rise before seven, in order to dress the sweet queen, and to sit up till midnight, in order to undress the sweet queen. The indisposition of the handmaid could not, and did not, escape the notice of her royal mistress. But the established doctrine of the Court was, that all sickness was to be considered as a pretence until it proved fatal. The only way in which the invalid could clear herself from the suspicion of malingering, as it is called in the army, was to go on lacing and unlacing, till she dropped down dead at the royal feet. 'This,' Miss Burney wrote, when she was suffering cruelly from sickness, watching, and labour, 'is by no means from hardness of heart; far other-'wise. There is no hardness of heart in any one of them; but 'it is prejudice, and want of personal experience.'

Many strangers sympathized with the bodily and mental sufferings of this distinguished woman. All who saw her saw that her frame was sinking, that her heart was breaking. The last, it should seem, to observe the change was her father. At length, in spite of himself, his eyes were opened. In May 1790, his daughter had an interview of three hours with him, the only long interview which they had had since he took her to Windsor in 1786. She told him that she was miserable, that she was worn with attendance and want of sleep, that she had no comfort in life, nothing to love, nothing to hope, that her family and friends were to her as though they were not, and were remembered by her as men remember the dead. From daybreak to midnight the same killing labour, the same recreations, more hateful than labour itself, followed each other without variety, without any interval of liberty and repose.

The Doctor was greatly dejected by this news; but was too good-natured a man not to say that, if she wished to resign, his house and arms were open to her. Still, however, he could not bear to remove her from the Court. His veneration for royalty amounted in truth to idolatry. It can be compared only to the grovelling superstition of those Syrian devotees who made their children pass through the fire to Moloch. When he induced his daughter to accept the place of Keeper of the Robes, he entertained, as she tells us, a hope that some worldly advantage or other, not set down in the contract of service, would be the result of her connexion with the Court. What advantage he expected we do not know, nor did he probably know himself. But, whatever he expected, he certainly got nothing. Miss Burney had been

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hired for board, lodging, and two hundred a-year. Board, lodging, and two hundred a-year, she had duly received. We have looked carefully through the Diary, in the hope of finding some trace of those extraordinary benefactions on which the Doctor reckoned. But we can discover only a promise, never performed, of a gown; and for this promise Miss Burney was expected to return thanks, such as might have suited the beggar with whom Saint Martin, in the legend, divided his cloak. The experience of four years was, however, insufficient to dispel the illusion which had taken possession of the Doctor's mind; and, between the dear father and the sweet queen, there seemed to be little doubt that some day or other Frances would drop down a corpse. Six months had elapsed since the interview between the parent and the daughter. The resignation was not sent in. The sufferer grew worse and worse. She took bark; but it soon ceased to produce a beneficial effect. She was stimulated with wine; she was soothed with opium; but in vain. Her breath began to fail. The whisper that she was in a decline spread through the Court. The pains in her side became so severe that she was forced to crawl from the card-table of the old fury to whom she was tethered, three or four times in an evening, for the purpose of taking hartshorn. Had she been a negro slave, a humane planter would have excused her from work. But her Majesty showed no mercy. Thrice a day the accursed bell still rang; the Queen was still to be dressed for the morning at seven, and to be dressed for the day at noon, and to be undressed at eleven at night.

But there had arisen, in literary and fashionable society, a general feeling of compassion for Miss Burney, and of indignation against both her father and the Queen. 'Is it possible,' said a great French lady to the Doctor, 'that your daughter is 'in a situation where she is never allowed a holiday?' Horace Walpole wrote to Frances, to express his sympathy. Boswell, boiling over with good-natured rage, almost forced an entrance into the palace to see her. 'My dear ma'am, why do you stay? 'It won't do, ma'am; you must resign. We can put up with it 'no longer. Some very violent measures, I assure you, will be 'taken. We shall address Dr Burney in a body.' Burke and Reynolds, though less noisy, were zealous in the same cause. Windham spoke to Dr Burney; but found him still irresolute. 'I will set the Literary Club upon him,' cried Windham; 'Miss 'Burney has some very true admirers there, and I am sure they 'will eagerly assist.' Indeed the Burney family seem to have been apprehensive that some public affront, such as the Doctor's unpardonable folly, to use the mildest term, had richly deserved,

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would be put upon him. The medical men spoke out, and plainly told him that his daughter must resign or die.

At last paternal affection, medical authority, and the voice of all London crying shame, triumphed over Doctor Burney's love of courts. He determined that Frances should write a letter of resignation. It was with difficulty that, though her life was at stake, she mustered spirit to put the paper into the Queen's hands. 'I could not,' so runs the Diary, 'summon courage to 'present my memorial—my heart always failed me from seeing 'the Queen's entire freedom from such an expectation. For 'though I was frequently so ill in her presence that I could 'hardly stand, I saw she concluded me, while life remained, in-'evitably hers.'

At last with a trembling hand the paper was delivered. Then came the storm. Juno, as in the Æneid, delegated the work of vengeance to Alecto. The Queen was calm and gentle; but Madame Schwellenberg raved like a maniac in the incurable ward of Bedlam. Such insolence! Such ingratitude! Such folly! Would Miss Burney bring utter destruction on herself and her family? Would she throw away the inestimable advantage of royal protection? Would she part with privileges which, once relinquished, could never be regained? It was idle to talk of health and life. If people could not live in the palace, the best thing that could befall them was to die in it. The resignation was not accepted. The language of the medical men became stronger and stronger. Doctor Burney's parental fears were fully roused; and he explicitly declared, in a letter meant to be shown to the Queen, that his daughter must retire. The Schwellenberg raged like a wild-cat. 'A scene almost horrible 'ensued,' says Miss Burney. 'She was too much enraged for 'disguise, and uttered the most furious expressions of indignant 'contempt at our proceedings. I am sure she would gladly have 'confined us both in the Bastile, had England such a misery, as 'a fit place to bring us to ourselves, from a daring so outrageous 'against imperial wishes.' This passage deserves notice, as being the only one in the Diary, as far as we have observed, which shows Miss Burney to have been aware that she was a native of a free country, that she could not be pressed for a waiting-maid against her will, and that she had just as good a right to live, if she chose, in St Martin's street, as Queen Charlotte had to live at St James's.

The Queen promised that, after the next birth-day, Miss Burney should be set at liberty. But the promise was ill kept; and her Majesty showed displeasure at being reminded of it. At length Frances was informed that in a fortnight her attendance should cease. 'I heard this,' she says, 'with a fearful presenti-

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'ment I should surely never go through another fortnight, in so 'weak and languishing and painful a state of health. . . As the 'time of separation approached, the Queen's cordiality rather di-'minished, and traces of internal displeasure appeared sometimes, 'arising from an opinion I ought rather to have struggled on, 'live or die, than to quit her. Yet I am sure she saw how poor 'was my own chance, except by a change in the mode of life, 'and at least ceased to wonder, though she could not approve.' Sweet Queen! What noble candour, to admit that the undutifulness of people who did not think the honour of adjusting her tuckers worth the sacrifice of their own lives, was, though highly criminal, not altogether unnatural!

We perfectly understand her Majesty's contempt for the lives of others where her own pleasure was concerned. But what pleasure she can have found in having Miss Burney about her, it is not so easy to comprehend. That Miss Burney was an eminently skilful keeper of the robes is not very probable. Few women, indeed, had paid less attention to dress. Now and then, in the course of five years, she had been asked to read aloud or to write a copy of verses. But better readers might easily have been found: and her verses were worse than even the Poet-Laureate's Birth-day Odes. Perhaps that economy which was among her Majesty's most conspicuous virtues, had something to do with her conduct on this occasion. Miss Burney had never hinted that she expected a retiring pension; and indeed would gladly have given the little that she had for freedom. But her Majesty knew what the public thought, and what became her dignity. She could not for very shame suffer a woman of distinguished genius, who had quitted a lucrative career to wait on her, who had served her faithfully for a pittance during five years, and whose constitution had been impaired by labour and watching, to leave the Court without some mark of royal liberality. George the Third, who, on all occasions where Miss Burney was concerned, seems to have behaved like an honest, good-natured gentleman, felt this, and said plainly that she was entitled to a provision. At length, in return for all the misery which she had undergone, and for the health which she had sacrificed, an annuity of one hundred pounds was granted to her, dependent on the Queen's pleasure.

Then the prison was opened, and Frances was free once more. Johnson, as Burke observed, might have added a striking page to his poem on the Vanity of Human Wishes, if he had lived to see his little Burney as she went into the palace and as she came out of it.

The pleasures, so long untasted, of liberty, of friendship, of domestic affection, were almost too acute for her shattered frame.

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But happy days and tranquil nights soon restored the health which the Queen's toilette and Madame Schwellenberg's card-table had impaired. Kind and anxious faces surrounded the invalid. Conversation the most polished and brilliant revived her spirits. Travelling was recommended to her; and she rambled by easy journeys from cathedral to cathedral, and from watering-place to watering-place. She crossed the New Forest, and visited Stonehenge and Wilton, the cliffs of Lyme, and the beautiful valley of Sidmouth. Thence she journeyed by Powderham Castle, and by the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, to Bath, and from Bath, when the winter was approaching, returned well and cheerful to London. There she visited her old dungeon, and found her successor already far on the way to the grave, and kept to strict duty, from morning till midnight, with a sprained ankle and a nervous fever.

At this time England swarmed with French exiles driven from their country by the Revolution. A colony of these refugees settled at Juniper Hall in Surrey, not far from Norbury Park, where Mr Lock, an intimate friend of the Burney family, resided. Frances visited Norbury, and was introduced to the strangers. She had strong prejudices against them; for her Toryism was far beyond, we do not say that of Mr Pitt, but that of Mr Reeves; and the inmates of Juniper Hall were all attached to the constitution of 1791, and were therefore more detested by the Royalists of the first emigration than Petion or Marat. But such a woman as Miss Burney could not long resist the fascination of that remarkable society. She had lived with Johnson and Windham, with Mrs Montague and Mrs Thrale. Yet she was forced to own that she had never heard conversation before. The most animated eloquence, the keenest observation, the most sparkling wit, the most courtly grace, were united to charm her. For Madame de Staël was there, and M. de Talleyrand. There too was M. de Narbonne, a noble representative of French aristocracy; and with M. de Narbonne was his friend and follower General D'Arblay, an honourable and amiable man, with a handsome person, frank soldier-like manners, and some taste for letters.

The prejudices which Frances had conceived against the constitutional royalists of France rapidly vanished. She listened with rapture to Talleyrand and Madame de Staël, joined with M. D'Arblay in execrating the Jacobins, and in weeping for the unhappy Bourbons, took French lessons from him, fell in love with him, and married him on no better provision than a precarious annuity of one hundred pounds.

Here the Diary stops for the present. We will, therefore, bring our narrative to a speedy close, by rapidly recounting the

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[illegible] important events which we know to have befallen Madame D'Arblay during the latter part of her life.

M. D'Arblay's fortune had perished in the general wreck of the French [illegible]; and in a foreign country his talents, whatever they may have been, could scarcely make him rich. The task of providing for the family devolved on his wife. In the year [illegible] she published by subscription her third novel, Camilla. It was impatiently expected by the public; and the sum which she [illegible] by it was, we believe, greater than had ever at that time been received for a novel. We have heard that she cleared more than three thousand guineas. But we give this merely as a rumour. Camilla, however, never attained popularity [illegible] that which Evelina and Cecilia had enjoyed; and it [illegible] that there was a perceptible falling off, not [illegible] power of portraying character, but in grace and [illegible] of style.

[illegible] this time, a tragedy by Madame D'Arblay was performed without success. We do not know whether it was ever printed; nor indeed have we had time to [illegible] into its history or merits.

During the short time which followed the treaty of Amiens, M. D'Arblay visited France. Lauriston and La Fayette represented his claims to the French government, and obtained a promise that he should be reinstated in his military rank. M. D'Arblay, however, insisted that he should never be required to serve against the countrymen of his wife. The First Consul, of course, would not hear of such a condition; and ordered the general's commission to be instantly revoked.

Madame D'Arblay joined her husband at Paris a short time before the war [illegible] broke out; and remained in France ten [illegible] intercourse with the land of her [illegible] Napoleon was on his march to Moscow, she [illegible] from his ministers permission [illegible] company with her son, who was a [illegible] She returned in time to receive the last [illegible] who died in his eighty-seventh year. In [illegible] the Wanderer, a book which [illegible] memory will attempt to draw from the [illegible] fallen. In the same year her [illegible] was sent to Cambridge. He obtained an honour[illegible] among the wranglers of his year, and was elected a [illegible] But his reputation at the University [illegible] be inferred from his success in aca[illegible] education had not fitted him for [illegible] the Senate-House; but in pure mathematics, we have been assured by some of his competitors that he had very

few equals. He went into the Church, and it was thought likely that he would attain high eminence as a preacher; but he died before his mother. All that we have heard of him leads us to believe, that he was such a son as such a mother deserved to have. In 1832, Madame D'Arblay published the 'Memoirs of her Father;' and, on the 6th of January 1840, she died in her eighty-eighth year.

We now turn from the life of Madame D'Arblay to her writings. There can, we apprehend, be little difference of opinion as to the nature of her merit, whatever differences may exist as to its degree. She was emphatically what Johnson called her, a character-monger. It was in the exhibition of human passions and whims that her strength lay; and in this department of art she had, we think, very distinguished skill.

But in order that we may, according to our duty as Kings-at-Arms, versed in the laws of literary precedence, marshal her to the exact seat to which she is entitled, we must carry our examination somewhat further.

There is, in one respect, a remarkable analogy between the faces and the minds of men. No two faces are alike; and yet very few faces deviate very widely from the common standard. Among the eighteen hundred thousand human beings who inhabit London, there is not one who could be taken by his acquaintance for another; yet we may walk from Paddington to Mile-end without seeing one person in whom any feature is so overcharged that we turn round to stare at it. An infinite number of varieties lies between limits which are not very far asunder. The specimens which pass those limits on either side, form a very small minority.

It is the same with the characters of men. Here, too, the variety passes all enumeration. But the cases in which the deviation from the common standard is striking and grotesque, are very few. In one mind avarice predominates; in another, pride; in a third, love of pleasure—just as in one countenance the nose is the most marked feature, while in others the chief expression lies in the brow, or in the lines of the mouth. But there are very few countenances in which nose, brow, and mouth do not contribute, though in unequal degrees, to the general effect; and so there are few characters in which one overgrown propensity makes all others utterly insignificant.

It is evident that a portrait-painter, who was able only to represent faces and figures such as those which we pay money to see at fairs, would not, however spirited his execution might be, take rank among the highest artists. He must always be placed below those who have skill to seize peculiarities which do not amount to deformity. The slighter those peculiarities the greater

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is the merit of the limner who can catch them and transfer them to his canvass. To paint Daniel Lambert or the Living Skeleton, the Pig-faced Lady or the Siamese Twins, so that nobody can mistake them, is an exploit within the reach of a sign-painter. A third-rate artist might give us the squint of Wilkes, and the depressed nose and protuberant cheeks of Gibbon. It would require a much higher degree of skill to paint two such men as Mr Canning and Sir Thomas Lawrence, so that nobody who had ever seen them could for a moment hesitate to assign each picture to its original. Here the mere caricaturist would be quite at fault. He would find in neither face any thing on which he could lay hold for the purpose of making a distinction. Two ample bald foreheads, two regular profiles, two full faces of the same oval form, would baffle his art; and he would be reduced to the miserable shift of writing their names at the foot of his picture. Yet there was a great difference; and a person who had seen them once, would no more have mistaken one of them for the other than he would have mistaken Mr Pitt for Mr Fox. But the difference lay in delicate lineaments and shades, reserved for pencils of a rare order.

This distinction runs through all the imitative arts. Foote's mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but it was all caricature. He could take off only some strange peculiarity, a stammer or a lisp, a Northumbrian burr or an Irish brogue, a stoop or a shuffle. 'If a man,' said Johnson, 'hops on one leg, Foote can 'hop on one leg.' Garrick, on the other hand, could seize those differences of manner and pronunciation, which, though highly characteristic, are yet too slight to be described. Foote, we have no doubt, could have made the Haymarket Theatre shake with laughter by imitating a dialogue between a Scotchman and a Somersetshireman. But Garrick could have imitated a dialogue between two fashionable men, both models of the best breeding, Lord Chesterfield for example, and Lord Albemarle; so that no person could doubt which was which, although no person could say that, in any point, either Lord Chesterfield or Lord Albemarle spoke or moved otherwise than in conformity with the usages of the best society.

The same distinction is found in the drama and in fictitious narrative. Highest among those who have exhibited human nature by means of dialogue, stands Shakspeare. His variety is like the variety of nature, endless diversity, scarcely any monstrosity. The characters of which he has given us an impression, as vivid as that which we receive from the characters of our own associates, are to be reckoned by scores. Yet in all these scores hardly one character is to be found which deviates widely from the common standard, and which we should call very eccentric

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if we met it in real life. The silly notion that every man has one ruling passion, and that this clue, once known, unravels all the mysteries of his conduct, finds no countenance in the plays of Shakspeare. There man appears as he is, made up of a crowd of passions, which contend for the mastery over him, and govern him in turn. What is Hamlet's ruling passion? Or Othello's? Or Harry the Fifth's? Or Wolsey's? Or Lear's? Or Shylock's? Or Benedick's? Or Macbeth's? Or that of Cassius? Or that of Falconbridge? But we might go on for ever. Take a single example—Shylock. Is he so eager for money as to be indifferent to revenge? Or so eager for revenge as to be indifferent to money? Or so bent on both together as to be indifferent to the honour of his nation and the law of Moses? All his propensities are mingled with each other; so that, in trying to apportion to each its proper part, we find the same difficulty which constantly meets us in real life. A superficial critic may say, that hatred is Shylock's ruling passion. But how many passions have amalgamated to form that hatred? It is partly the result of wounded pride: Antonio has called him dog. It is partly the result of covetousness: Antonio has hindered him of half a million; and, when Antonio is gone, there will be no limit to the gains of usury. It is partly the result of national and religious feeling: Antonio has spit on the Jewish gaberdine; and the oath of revenge has been sworn by the Jewish Sabbath. We might go through all the characters which we have mentioned, and through fifty more in the same way; for it is the constant manner of Shakspeare to represent the human mind as lying, not under the absolute dominion of one despotic propensity, but under a mixed government, in which a hundred powers balance each other. Admirable as he was in all parts of his art, we most admire him for this, that, while he has left us a greater number of striking portraits than all other dramatists put together, he has scarcely left us a single caricature.

Shakspeare has had neither equal nor second. But among the writers who, in the point which we have noticed, have approached nearest to the manner of the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen, a woman of whom England is justly proud. She has given us a multitude of characters, all, in a certain sense, common-place, all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as perfectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings. There are, for example, four clergymen, none of whom we should be surprised to find in any parsonage in the kingdom, Mr Edward Ferrars, Mr Henry Tilney, Mr Edmund Bertram, and Mr Elton. They are all specimens of the upper part of the middle class.

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They have all been liberally educated. They all lie under the restraints of the same sacred profession. They are all young. They are all in love. Not one of them has any hobbyhorse, to use the phrase of Sterne. Not one has a ruling passion, such as we read of in Pope. Who would not have expected them to be insipid likenesses of each other? No such thing. Harpagon is not more unlike to Jourdain, Joseph Surface is not more unlike to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, than every one of Miss Austen's young divines to all his reverend brethren. And almost all this is done by touches so delicate, that they elude analysis, that they defy the powers of description, and that we know them to exist only by the general effect to which they have contributed.

A line must be drawn, we conceive, between artists of this class, and those poets and novelists whose skill lies in the exhibiting of what Ben Johnson called humours. The words of Ben are so much to the purpose, that we will quote them:—

> 'When some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
> All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
> In their confluxions all to run one way,
> This may be truly said to be a humour.'

There are undoubtedly persons, in whom humours such as Ben describes have attained a complete ascendency. The avarice of Elwes, the insane desire of Sir Egerton Brydges for a barony to which he had no more right than to the crown of Spain, the malevolence which long meditation on imaginary wrongs generated in the gloomy mind of Bellingham, are instances. The feeling which animated Clarkson and other virtuous men against the slave-trade and slavery, is an instance of a more honourable kind.

Seeing that such humours exist, we cannot deny that they are proper subjects for the imitations of art. But we conceive that the imitation of such humours, however skilful and amusing, is not an achievement of the highest order; and, as such humours are rare in real life, they ought, we conceive, to be sparingly introduced into works which profess to be pictures of real life. Nevertheless, a writer may show so much genius in the exhibition of these humours, as to be fairly entitled to a distinguished and permanent rank among classics. The chief seats of all, however, the places on the dais and under the canopy, are reserved for the few who have excelled in the difficult art of portraying characters in which no single feature is extravagantly overcharged.

If we have expounded the law soundly, we can have no difficulty in applying it to the particular case before us. Madame

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D'Arblay has left us scarcely any thing but humours. Almost every one of her men and women has some one propensity developed to a morbid degree. In Cecilia, for example, Mr Delvile never opens his lips without some allusion to his own birth and station; or Mr Briggs, without some allusion to the hoarding of money; or Mr Hobson, without betraying the self-indulgence and self-importance of a purse-proud upstart; or Mr Simkins, without uttering some sneaking remark for the purpose of currying favour with his customers; or Mr Meadows, without expressing apathy and weariness of life; or Mr Albany, without declaiming about the vices of the rich and the misery of the poor; or Mrs Belfield, without some indelicate eulogy on her son; or Lady Margaret, without indicating jealousy of her husband. Morrice is all skipping, officious impertinence, Mr Gosport all sarcasm, Lady Honoria all lively prattle, Miss Larolles all silly prattle. If ever Madame D'Arblay aimed at more, as in the character of Monckton, we do not think that she succeeded well.

We are, therefore, forced to refuse to Madame D'Arblay a place in the highest rank of art; but we cannot deny that, in the rank to which she belonged, she had few equals, and scarcely any superior. The variety of humours which is to be found in her novels is immense; and though the talk of each person separately is monotonous, the general effect is not monotony, but a very lively and agreeable diversity. Her plots are rudely constructed and improbable, if we consider them in themselves. But they are admirably framed for the purpose of exhibiting striking groups of eccentric characters, each governed by his own peculiar whim, each talking his own peculiar jargon, and each bringing out by opposition the oddities of all the rest. We will give one example out of many which occur to us. All probability is violated in order to bring Mr Delvile, Mr Briggs, Mr Hobson, and Mr Albany into a room together. But when we have them there, we soon forget probability in the exquisitely ludicrous effect which is produced by the conflict of four old fools, each raging with a monomania of his own, each talking a dialect of his own, and each inflaming all the others anew every time he opens his mouth.

Madame D'Arblay was most successful in comedy, and indeed in comedy which bordered on farce. But we are inclined to infer from some passages, both in Cecilia and Camilla, that she might have attained equal distinction in the pathetic. We have formed this judgment, less from those ambitious scenes of distress which lie near the catastrophe of each of those novels, than from some exquisite strokes of natural tenderness which take us here and there by surprise. We would mention as ex-

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amples, Mrs Hill's account of her little boy's death in Cecilia, and the parting of Sir Hugh Tyrold and Camilla, when the honest baronet thinks himself dying.

It is melancholy to think that the whole fame of Madame D'Arblay rests on what she did during the earlier half of her life, and that every thing which she published during the forty-three years which preceded her death, lowered her reputation. Yet we have no reason to think that at the time when her faculties ought to have been in their maturity, they were smitten with any blight. In the Wanderer, we catch now and then a gleam of her genius. Even in the Memoirs of her Father, there is no trace of dotage. They are very bad; but they are so, as it seems to us, not from a decay of power, but from a total perversion of power.

The truth is, that Madame D'Arblay's style underwent a gradual and most pernicious change,—a change which, in degree at least, we believe to be unexampled in literary history, and of which it may be useful to trace the progress.

When she wrote her letters to Mr Crisp, her early journals, and the novel of Evelina, her style was not indeed brilliant or energetic; but it was easy, clear, and free from all offensive faults. When she wrote Cecilia she aimed higher. She had then lived much in a circle of which Johnson was the centre; and she was herself one of his most submissive worshippers. It seems never to have crossed her mind that the style even of his best writings was by no means faultless, and that even had it been faultless, it might not be wise in her to imitate it. Phraseology which is proper in a disquisition on the Unities, or in a preface to a Dictionary, may be quite out of place in a tale of fashionable life. Old gentlemen do not criticize the reigning modes, nor do young gentlemen make love, with the balanced epithets and sonorous cadences which, on occasions of great dignity, a skilful writer may use with happy effect.

In an evil hour the author of Evelina took the Rambler for her model. This would not have been wise even if she could have imitated her pattern as well as Hawkesworth did. But such imitation was beyond her power. She had her own style. It was a tolerably good one; and might, without any violent change, have been improved into a very good one. She determined to throw it away, and to adopt a style in which she could attain excellence only by achieving an almost miraculous victory over nature and over habit. She could cease to be Fanny Burney; it was not so easy to become Samuel Johnson.

In Cecilia the change of manner began to appear. But in Cecilia the imitation of Johnson, though not always in the best taste, is sometimes eminently happy; and the passages which

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are so verbose as to be positively offensive, are few. There were people who whispered that Johnson had assisted his young friend, and that the novel owed all its finest passages to his hand. This was merely the fabrication of envy. Miss Burney's real excellences were as much beyond the reach of Johnson, as his real excellences were beyond her reach. He could no more have written the Masquerade scene, or the Vauxhall scene, than she could have written the Life of Cowley or the Review of Soame Jenyns. But we have not the smallest doubt that he revised Cecilia, and that he retouched the style of many passages. We know that he was in the habit of giving assistance of this kind most freely. Goldsmith, Hawkesworth, Boswell, Lord Hailes, Mrs Williams, were among those who obtained his help. Nay, he even corrected the poetry of Mr Crabbe, whom, we believe, he had never seen. When Miss Burney thought of writing a comedy, he promised to give her his best counsel, though he owned that he was not particularly well qualified to advise on matters relating to the stage. We therefore think it in the highest degree improbable that his little Fanny, when living in habits of the most affectionate intercourse with him, would have brought out an important work without consulting him; and, when we look into Cecilia, we see such traces of his hand in the grave and elevated passages, as it is impossible to mistake. Before we conclude this article, we will give two or three examples.

When next Madame D'Arblay appeared before the world as a writer, she was in a very different situation. She would not content herself with the simple English in which Evelina had been written. She had no longer the friend who, we are confident, had polished and strengthened the style of Cecilia. She had to write in Johnson's manner, without Johnson's aid. The consequence was, that in Camilla every passage which she meant to be fine is detestable; and that the book has been saved from condemnation only by the admirable spirit and force of those scenes in which she was content to be familiar.

But there was to be a still deeper descent. After the publication of Camilla, Madame D'Arblay resided ten years at Paris. During those years there was scarcely any intercourse between France and England. It was with difficulty that a short letter could occasionally be transmitted. All Madame D'Arblay's companions were French. She must have written, spoken, thought, in French. Ovid expressed his fear that a shorter exile might have affected the purity of his Latin. During a shorter exile, Gibbon unlearned his native English. Madame D'Arblay had carried a bad style to France. She brought back

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a style which we are really at a loss to describe. It is a sort of broken Johnsonese, a barbarous *patois*, bearing the same relation to the language of Rasselas, which the gibberish of the Negroes of Jamaica bears to the English of the House of Lords. Sometimes it reminds us of the finest, that is to say, the vilest parts, of Mr Galt's novels; sometimes of the perorations of Exeter Hall; sometimes of the leading articles of the Morning Post. But it most resembles the puffs of Mr Rowland and Dr Goss. It matters not what ideas are clothed in such a style. The genius of Shakspeare and Bacon united, would not save a work so written from general derision.

It is only by means of specimens that we can enable our readers to judge how widely Madame D'Arblay's three styles differed from each other.

The following passage was written before she became intimate with Johnson. It is from Evelina:—

'His son seems weaker in his understanding, and more gay in his temper; but his gaiety is that of a foolish overgrown schoolboy, whose mirth consists in noise and disturbance. He disdains his father for his close attention to business and love of money, though he seems himself to have no talents, spirit, or generosity to make him superior to either. His chief delight appears to be in tormenting and ridiculing his sisters, who in return most cordially despise him. Miss Branghton, the eldest daughter, is by no means ugly; but looks proud, ill-tempered, and conceited. She hates the city, though without knowing why; for it is easy to discover she has lived nowhere else. Miss Polly Branghton is rather pretty, very foolish, very ignorant, very giddy, and, I believe, very good-natured."

This is not a fine style, but simple, perspicuous, and agreeable. We now come to Cecilia, written during Miss Burney's intimacy with Johnson; and we leave it to our readers to judge whether the following passage was not at least corrected by his hand:—

'It is rather an imaginary than an actual evil, and, though a deep wound to pride, no offence to morality. Thus have I laid open to you my whole heart, confessed my perplexities, acknowledged my vain-glory, and exposed with equal sincerity the sources of my doubts and the motives of my decision. But now, indeed, how to proceed I know not. The difficulties which are yet to encounter I fear to enumerate, and the petition I have to urge I have scarce courage to mention. My family, mistaking ambition for honour, and rank for dignity, have long planned a splended connexion for me, to which, though my invariable repugnance has stopped any advances, their wishes and their views immoveably adhere. I am but too certain they will now listen to no other. I dread, therefore, to make a trial where I despair of success. I know not how to risk a prayer with those who may silence me by a command.'

Take now a specimen of Madame D'Arblay's later style.

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This is the way in which she tells us that her father, on his journey back from the Continent, caught the rheumatism:—

'He was assaulted, during his precipitated return, by the rudest fierceness of wintry elemental strife; through which, with bad accommodations and innumerable accidents, he became a prey to the merciless pangs of the acutest spasmodic rheumatism, which barely suffered him to reach his home, ere, long and piteously, it confined him, a tortured prisoner, to his bed. Such was the check that almost instantly curbed, though it could not subdue, the rising pleasure of his hopes of entering upon a new species of existence—that of an approved man of letters; for it was on the bed of sickness, exchanging the light wines of France, Italy, and Germany, for the black and loathsome potions of the Apothecaries' Hall, writhed by darting stitches, and burning with fiery fever, that he felt the full force of that sublunary equipoise that seems evermore to hang suspended over the attainment of long-sought and uncommon felicity, just as it is ripening to burst forth with enjoyment!'

Here is a second passage from Evelina:—

'Mrs Selwyn is very kind and attentive to me. She is extremely clever. Her understanding, indeed, may be called masculine; but unfortunately her manners deserve the same epithet. For, in studying to acquire the knowledge of the other sex, she has lost all the softness of her own. In regard to myself, however, as I have neither courage nor inclination to argue with her, I have never been personally hurt at her want of gentleness—a virtue which nevertheless seems so essential a part of the female character, that I find myself more awkward and less at ease with a woman who wants it than I do with a man.'

This is a good style of its kind; and the following passage from Cecilia is also in a good style, though not in a faultless one. We say with confidence—Either Sam Johnson or the Devil:—

'Even the imperious Mr Delvile was more supportable here than in London. Secure in his own castle, he looked round him with a pride of power and possession which softened while it swelled him. His superiority was undisputed; his will was without control. He was not, as in the great capital of the kingdom, surrounded by competitors. No rivalry disturbed his peace; no equality mortified his greatness. All he saw were either vassals of his power, or guests bending to his pleasure. He abated, therefore, considerably the stern gloom of his haughtiness, and soothed his proud mind by the courtesy of condescension.'

We will stake our reputation for critical sagacity on this, that no such paragraph as that which we have last quoted, can be found in any of Madame D'Arblay's works except Cecilia. Compare with it the following sample of her later style:—

'If beneficence be judged by the happiness which it diffuses, whose claim, by that proof, shall stand higher than that of Mrs Montagu, from the munificence with which she celebrated her annual festival for those hapless artificers who perform the most abject offices of any authorized

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calling, in being the active guardians of our blazing hearths? Not to vain-glory, then, but to kindness of heart, should be adjudged the publicity of that superb charity which made its jetty objects, for one bright morning, cease to consider themselves as degraded outcasts from all society.'

We add one or two shorter samples. Sheridan refused to permit his lovely wife to sing in public, and was warmly praised on this account by Johnson.

'The last of men,' says Madame D'Arblay, 'was Doctor 'Johnson to have abetted squandering the delicacy of integrity 'by nullifying the labours of talents.'

The club, Johnson's club, did itself no honour by rejecting on political grounds two distinguished men, the one a Tory, the other a Whig. Madame D'Arblay tells the story thus:—'A 'similar ebullition of political rancour with that which so diffi-'cultly had been conquered for Mr Canning, foamed over the 'ballot-box to the exclusion of Mr Rogers.'

An offence punishable with imprisonment is, in this language, an offence 'which produces incarceration.' To be starved to death is, 'to sink from inanition into nonentity.' Sir Isaac Newton is, 'the developer of the skies in their embodied movements;' and Mrs Thrale, when a party of clever people sat silent, is said to have been 'provoked by the dulness of a taci-'turnity that, in the midst of such renowned interlocutors, pro-'duced as narcotic a torpor as could have been caused by a 'dearth the most barren of all human faculties.' In truth, it is impossible to look at any page of Madame D'Arblay's later works, without finding flowers of rhetoric like these. Nothing in the language of those jargonists at whom Mr Gosport laughed, nothing in the language of Sir Sedley Clarendel, approaches this new Euphuism.

It is from no unfriendly feeling to Madame D'Arblay's memory that we have expressed ourselves so strongly on the subject of her style. On the contrary, we conceive that we have really rendered a service to her reputation. That her later works were complete failures, is a fact too notorious to be dissembled; and some persons, we believe, have consequently taken up a notion that she was from the first an over-rated writer, and that she had not the powers which were necessary to maintain her on the eminence on which good-luck and fashion had placed her. We believe, on the contrary, that her early popularity was no more than the just reward of distinguished merit, and would never have undergone an eclipse, if she had only been content to go on writing in her mother-tongue. If she failed when she quitted her own province, and attempted to occupy one in which she had neither part nor lot, this reproach is common to her with a crowd of

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distinguished men. Newton failed when he turned from the courses of the stars, and the ebb and flow of the ocean, to apocalyptic seals and vials. Bentley failed when he turned from Homer and Aristophanes to edite Paradise Lost. Inigo failed when he attempted to rival the Gothic churches of the fourteenth century. Wilkie failed when he took it into his head that the Blind Fiddler and the Rent-Day were unworthy of his powers, and challenged competition with Lawrence as a portrait-painter. Such failures should be noted for the instruction of posterity; but they detract little from the permanent reputation of those who have really done great things.

Yet one word more. It is not only on account of the intrinsic merit of Madame d'Arblay's early works that she is entitled to honourable mention. Her appearance is an important epoch in our literary history. Evelina was the first tale written by a woman, and purporting to be a picture of life and manners, that lived or deserved to live. The Female Quixote is no exception. That work has undoubtedly great merit, when considered as a wild satirical harlequinade; but, if we consider it as a picture of life and manners, we must pronounce it more absurd than any of the romances which it was designed to ridicule.

Indeed, most of the popular novels which preceded Evelina, were such as no lady would have written; and many of them were such as no lady could without confusion own that she had read. The very name of novel was held in horror among religious people. In decent families which did not profess extraordinary sanctity, there was a strong feeling against all such works. Sir Anthony Absolute, two or three years before Evelina appeared, spoke the sense of the great body of sober fathers and husbands, when he pronounced the circulating library an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge. This feeling, on the part of the grave and reflecting, increased the evil from which it had sprung. The novelist, having little character to lose, and having few readers among serious people, took without scruple liberties which in our generation seem almost incredible.

Miss Burney did for the English novel what Jeremy Collier did for the English drama; and she did it in a better way. She first showed that a tale might be written in which both the fashionable and the vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force, and with broad comic humour, and which yet should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality, or even with virgin delicacy. She took away the reproach which lay on a most useful and delightful species of composition. She vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in a fair and noble province of letters. Several accomplished women have followed in

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her track. At present, the novels which we owe to English ladies form no small part of the literary glory of our country. No class of works is more honourably distinguished by fine observation, by grace, by delicate wit, by pure moral feeling. Several among the successors of Madame D'Arblay have equalled her; two, we think, have surpassed her. But the fact that she has been surpassed, gives her an additional claim to our respect and gratitude; for in truth we owe to her, not only Evelina, Cecilia, and Camilla, but also Mansfield Park and the Absentee.

NOTE to the Article, in last Number, on the *New Biographical Dictionary* of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

We have been informed that in mentioning, in the above Article, the Biographical Dictionary of the late Dr Aikin, we committed a mistake in stating that it was not completed, which we now very willingly correct. We had said that it stopped with letter *S*, on the conclusion of its eighth volume; whereas we find that it was actually completed, and a Supplement added, by Dr Aikin;—the whole extending to ten volumes, of which the two last were published in 1814 and 1815. But though a valuable, it is not by any means a *universal* Biography, being professedly limited to lives of 'eminent persons,'—a very different sort of undertaking from one that aspires to notice every individual who has done any thing either in Letters or Art, or in any line likely to attract the curiosity of mankind, whether eminent or not. Such we understand to be the object of the New Biographical Dictionary, and this gives it a vast superiority, in respect of plan, over that of Dr Aikin, and every other work of the kind that has been produced or attempted in this country.

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LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

DURING

October, November, and December 1842.

ABERCROMBIE.—Essays and Tracts. By John Abercrombie, M.D. (Collected into 1 volume.) 18mo. (Edinburgh,) pp. 306, 4s. . [1

ADCOCK'S Engineer's Pocket-Book for the Year 1843, containing Tables of Weights and Measures; Steam-Engines. 12mo. with an Almanack, roan tuck, 6s. . . [2

ADDISON.—The Temple Church. By C. G. Addison, Esq., Author of 'The History of the Knights Templars.' Square crown 8vo. pp. 136, with 5 plates, cloth, 5s. . . [3

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ALLEE NEEMROO, the Buchtiaree Adventurer: a Tale of Louristan. By J. Baillie Fraser, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. pp. 978, boards, 31s, 6d. [9

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Edinburgh: Printed by Ballantyne & Hughes, Paul's Work.

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